

★ Oct. 25, 1947

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ALL MY SONS—This play by Arthur Miller concerning a war profiteer and his family suffers from plot trouble and a superabundance of rhetoric, but its intensity may interest you. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

COMMAND DECISION—A taut and expert drama about our Air Forces in England and their difficulties with the boys in the Pentagon. With Paul Kelly, Jay Fasset, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE HEIRESS—An adaptation of Henry James' "Washington Square" that is both a penetrating study of New York society in 1850 and an exciting play. Wendy Hiller is magnificent at the head of a cast that includes Basil Rathbone and Patricia Collinge. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HOW I WONDER—Donald Ogden Stewart's rather embarrassing mélange of high thought and low comedy. Garson Kanin has directed a fine cast of players, among them Raymond Massey, Everett Sloane, Carol Goodner, and Meg Mundy. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

JOHN LOVES MARY—A smooth, waxy piece of hokum having to do with a soldier's postwar difficulties, aided a good deal by smart direction and a talented troupe. Loring Smith, Nina Foch, Margaret Bannerman, and William Prince. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MAN AND SUPERMAN—It's probably not much news these days that women chase men, but Maurice Evans has given this Shaw revival a very nice production in spite of the antiquity of its theme. He also stars in it and is helped out by Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OUR LAN'—A predominantly Negro company sings effectively from time to time, but this play about the Reconstruction has very little else to recommend it. With William Veasey, Muriel Smith, and Julie Haydon. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY—Something to do with the reformation of a sissy at a children's summer camp. You may as well skip it. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

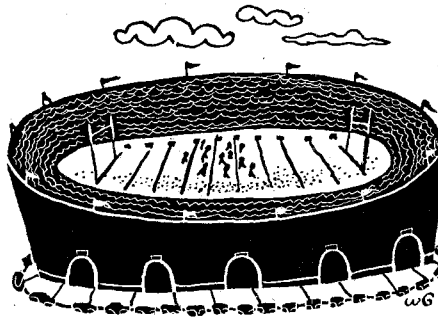
LONG RUNS—BORN YESTERDAY: Judy Holliday as an enlightened tramp and Paul Douglas as a scheming junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BURLESQUE: Bert Lahr in the revival of the 1927 hit. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY: The testimonial to Helen Hayes. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

HARVEY: Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and that six-foot, invisible rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE: Harvey Stephens is the latest inductee for the sergeant's role, and Phyllis Ryder and Peggy French play his two girls. (Martin



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

MEDEA—Judith Anderson, John Gielgud, and Florence Reed in Robinson Jeffers' adaptation of the Euripides play. Directed by Mr. Gielgud, and produced by Robert Whitehead and Oliver Rea. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

AN INSPECTOR CALLS—A play by J. B. Priestley, with a cast that includes Thomas Mitchell, Melville Cooper, Doris Lloyd, and John Buckmaster. Directed by Cedric Hardwicke, and produced by Courtney Burr and Lassar H. Grosberg. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees at 2:40 Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter.)

THE DRUID CIRCLE—Leo G. Carroll in a new play written and directed by John van Druten. The producer is Alfred de Liagre, Jr. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun-

days, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

ALLEGRO—A play with music, but no jokes, about the first thirty-five years in a doctor's life. Richard Rodgers' music is all right, but Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's ballets don't help at all. Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, Roberta Jonay, Kathryn Lee, Muriel O'Malley, and Lisa Kirk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BRIGADOON—A good-looking and tuneful show, of Scottish persuasion. It is full of nice people, among them David Brooks and Pamela Britton, but its laughs, too, are thin. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HIGH BUTTON SHOES—Some nonsense dealing with the 1913 Rutgers football team and a couple of confidence men made into a highly agreeable evening by Nanette Fabray's stylish performance and Jerome Robbins' wonderful Mack Sennett ballet. With Phil Silvers and Joey Faye. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE MEDIUM AND THE TELEPHONE—Two short plays by Gian-Carlo Menotti, in which the actors sing Mr. Menotti's lines to Mr. Menotti's music and do a sharp job of it. Marie Powers, Marilyn Cotlow, Evelyn Keller, and Frank Rogier head the cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 1.)

MUSIC IN MY HEART—In spite of occasional bits of Tchaikowsky's music, this operetta, based on some little entanglement in his life, is about as dull and tasteless as it can be. With Charles Fredericks, Vivienne Segal, and Martha Wright. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

UNDER THE COUNTER—Cicely Courtneidge is very funny in this imported musical, mainly about the black market. Unfortunately, the plot is a terrible nuisance. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 25.)

LONG RUNS—ANNIE GET YOUR GUN: The celebrated Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CALL ME MISTER: Life as it never was in the Army—or out of it, either. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

FINIAN'S RAINBOW: The one about a leprechaun. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Stage Relief Fund, Sunday evening, Oct. 26.)

OKLAHOMA!: In saecula saeculorum. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to check dates and curtain times.)

THE WINSLOW BOY—A new play by Terence Rattigan, with a cast headed by Alan Webb, Valerie White, and Frank Allenby. Directed by Glen Byam Shaw, and produced by the Theatre Guild, H. M. Tennent, Ltd., and John C. Wilson. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 29. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

EDITH Piaf—The French singer, who has been causing such a stir in Paris, along with a

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THE NEW YORKER

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NEW YORK

BEVERLY HILLS

DETROIT

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

group of compatriot aides. Opens Thursday, Oct. 30. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

RODEO—The usual mélange of cowboys, irascible horses, and formidable Brahma bulls, along with Gene Autry and his horse Champion, both of whom are even-tempered. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Friday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 26.)

ICETIME OF 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

ASADATA DAFORA—With his group, in a program of African dances and songs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Thursday evening, Oct. 23, at 8:40.)

CHILDREN'S PLAYS—The King-Coit Children's Theatre presenting "Aucassin and Nicolette." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday afternoon, Oct. 26, at 3:30. For tickets, call BU 8-6877.) ... "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," offered by the Children's Drama Guild. (Children's Theatre, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday afternoons, Oct. 25 and Nov. 1, at 2:30. For tickets, call CH 4-1943.) ... "Jack and the Beanstalk," put on by the Children's World Theatre. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Saturday afternoon, Nov. 1, at 2:30.)

CHILDREN'S MOVIES—Films of interest to small fry are shown on Saturday mornings at 11 at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre (Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180). ... "The Beacon Theatre (Broadway at 74th St., TR 4-9132) provides children's films and vaudeville every Saturday from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000).—In the Trianon Room, Lary Siry's band still gives forth its timeless, deb-party music. A rumba band, too.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000).—Lanny Ross looses his pear-shaped tones at dinner and supper in the lofty Bowman Room. Two dance orchestras.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223).—Lucienne Boyer will yield the floor to Jimmy Savo on Friday, Oct. 24, resulting in a considerable change of pace. Abbey Albert's orchestra supplies dance music.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374).—As much of a fixture in Ivy League curricula as Freshman English. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769).—In the front room, the customers speak only to Cabots; in the Champagne Room they speak only to God. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900).—The Cotillion Room offers, at dinner and supper, some very pleasant footwork by a pair of infants named McLerie and Butler. Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing all evening. ... In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740).—Liberace, trifling at the piano with everything from Chopin to Tin Pan Alley; Marge and Gower Champion doing some of the prettiest and gayest dancing in town. Dance music by Joel Herron's and Mark Monte's orchestras.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600).—Harold Sandler's orchestra during dinner in the Oval Room; no dancing.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500).—The Iridium Room has returned to its prewar elegance this year; evening dress is required on the dance floor. Paul Sparr's orchestra.

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... "The Maisonette has two dance orchestras and Beryl Davis, who carries a torch in a good-looking if very British fashion.

SAYOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600).—Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band supply dance music in the Café Lounge for a glossy clientele. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940).—Everybody here wants to get into the act, and often does. Payson Ré's orchestra, which will be replaced on Monday, Oct. 27, by Ernie Warren's, and a rumba band alternate for dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310).—Dwight Fiske, a fun-loving Rover Boy and as prankish as ever, backed up by Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000).—Jean Sablon, whose mannerisms are all French and a yard wide, sings in the Sert Room at supertime, and there is dancing all evening to the orchestras of Nat Brandwynne and Mischa Borr. ... "Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600).—Cy Walter plays piano after nine o'clock, and Les Crosley spells him at cocktails and dinner. ... **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887).—Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band, playing jauntily for dancing in a well-groomed setting. ... **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300).—After eight-thirty, Les Crosley's piano in a fragile Chinese Chippendale stage set. ... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131).—Roger Stearns' dulcet and dignified piano music. ... **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800).—Earl Fox, playing the piano after ten-thirty. ... **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234).—Piano music. ... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425).—Lou Hawkins, playing the piano after ten. ... **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737).—Nellie Lutch, a merry and uproarious singer of songs in the manner of a merrier and more uproarious era; Dorothy Jarnac; and Dave Martin's orchestra. ... **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000).—Jules Lande's dance orchestra until nine; piano music after that. ... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760).—Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty. ... **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54th St. (CI 7-2700).—The Joe Mooney Quartet rerouting some familiar arias all around Robin Hood's barn. ... **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800).—A pleasant, if not particularly lively, corner, with a small orchestra for dancing. ... **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116).—A lot of old Russian hoopla, as exuberant as it is traditional. ... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).—Fiesta time in the Village means one of those Spanish shows and plenty of ardent rumbas for the amateur Latin.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122).—Ray Bolger, dancing in his deadpan, triple-jointed fashion, along with the usual deafening show. ... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060).—Joe E. Lewis has only to brush a piece of lint from his lapel to start the regulars laughing themselves into a collapse. Michael Dursio's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing. ... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737).—Willie Howard, a valiant humorist, unbent, undismayed, and as funny as he was when he played before Grover Cleveland.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.) **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998).—Hand-



some good humor (mostly Alice Pearce and Phil Gordon) and a handsome new décor (mostly Amanda Lane), with music to match by the Three Flames and the Ellis Larkin Trio. ... **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787).—Maxine Sullivan at her sotto-voce best, which is all you need to know. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355).—Truly a bargain basement, what with Chippie Hill, a blues singer of the old school; Jay Marshall's disarmingly casual foolishness; and Don Frye at the piano; dancing. ... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322).—It's the woman that was born to trouble, and Spivy and Sheila Barrett aren't going to let you forget it. ... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000).—Light-hearted railery by Louise Howard.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639).—George Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, Peanuts Hucko, and a couple of associates, all trying to blow each other down. Tuesday nights are uninhibited free-for-alls, with other students of the art dropping in to take a hand. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683).—Muggsy Spanier, Freddie Ohms, Pee Wee Russell, and their colleagues, huffing and puffing with animation. Thursday night is visitors' night here. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600).—Sidney Bechet's trio; a jam session every Sunday afternoon. ... **FAMOUS DOOR**, 56 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8148).—A quintet headed by Roy Eldridge (through Wednesday, Oct. 29), and Stuff Smith's trio. ... **ONYX**, 57 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-7835).—Chubby Jackson's band, through Thursday, Oct. 30.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000).—Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. ... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300).—Richard Humber's orchestra. ... **NEW YORKER**, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (ME 3-1000).—Sammy Kaye's orchestra, starting on Monday, Oct. 27. ... **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000).—Johnny Long's orchestra. ... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200).—Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

CAMILLE BOMBOIS—One of the leaders of the Paris modern-primitive painters, in his first showing in this country since before the war. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Nov. 8.)

CARLYLE BROWN—First one-man showing of paintings by a man whose taste isn't always as sure as his technique. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 25.)

BYRON BROWNE—Abstract paintings of circus lions and other such subjects, whose surface liveliness is frequently backed by very penetrating design. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 1.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD—Landscapes in water color, demonstrating his progression from realism to, in some cases, sheer whimsy. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through Nov. 8.)

NORMAN DALY—Abstract paintings, a number of them with considerable depth of feeling, based on Southwest Indian motifs. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 1.)

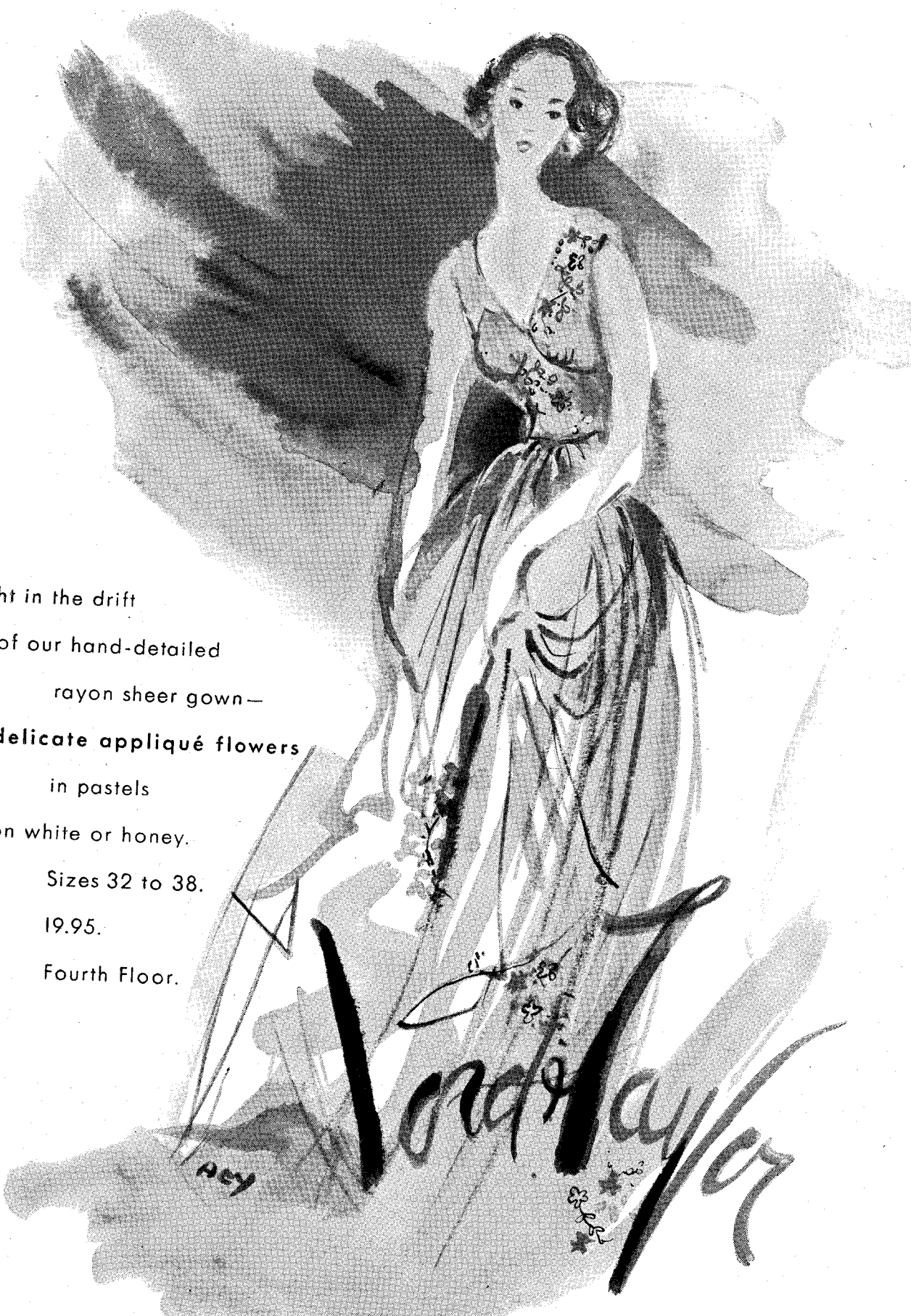
JEAN DUBUFFET—Lithographs, forbiddingly sombre in style, by a postwar Paris artist. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 1.)

LOUIS EILSHEMIUS—A privately owned collection of his paintings, not the best examples one could wish for. (Chinese, 32 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 24.)

VLADIMIR GOLSCHMANN COLLECTION—A small, well-balanced assortment of French moderns, some of them never exhibited before, belonging to the conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 25.)

WALTER HOUMÈRE—Abstractions, notable chiefly for their three-dimensional quality. (Artists, 61 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 1.)

BORIS MARGO—Abstract paintings in a swirling



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rayon sheer gown—

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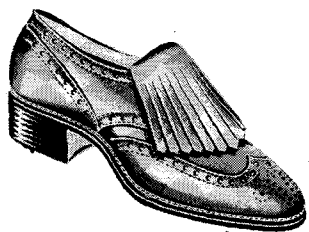
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

style that are effective when they're not too diffuse. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 1.)

MIRIAM MCKINNIE—First one-man show here, of paintings that mingle modern simplifications with a touch of Italian Renaissance in a fairly pleasant way. (Salpeter, 128 E. 56th St.; through Oct. 25.)

EVELYN M. MUDGE—First showing of paintings by a northern-Vermont modern primitive, most of them as feminine as needlework and really quite charming. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through Oct. 25.)

NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN—Eakins, Homer, Blakelock, and fourteen others, in a celebration of this gallery's thirty-eighth year on 57th Street. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 25.)

AMÉDÉE OZENFANT—New paintings, marred a little by their mystical style, by one of the early leaders of the abstract movement. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 1.)

PAINTINGS OF THE YEAR—The fourth Pepsi-Cola Annual, crisper and better-organized than any of its predecessors. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 80th St. Daily, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesday and Thursday evenings, 7 to 10:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2.)

WILLIAM PALMER—Woodland studies, subdued and somewhat monotonous. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through Nov. 8.)

PATRICIA PHILLIPS—A memorial exhibition of this artist's thoughtful and delicate abstractions. (Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 31.)

PICASSO BEFORE 1907—A haphazardly arranged but compendious showing of paintings from his pre-Cubist periods; a benefit for the Public Education Association. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 8.)

CARLOS PRADO—Paintings, mostly of tropical town life, full of freshness and motion. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 25.)

RUDOLF RAY—Oils intended to portray women's minds and emotions. The artist is probably the only person who can say whether they are successful. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 1.)

KAY SAGE—New oils by an artist who gets a good deal of Chirico's mood without too slavishly following his patterns. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 3.)

TROMKA—Landscapes in pastel that have a glow to them, together with some gouaches that are slightly less successful. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 1.)

JACK YEATS—Canvases by this Irish artist that sometimes carry Expressionism to the point of splashiness. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Oct. 25.)

LEON ZOUTÉ—Lively, skillfully balanced oils. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through Nov. 1.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: Mitchell Siporin; through Nov. 8. . . . BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57th St.: Lithographs by Picasso; through Nov. 15. . . . NIVEAU, 63 E. 57th St.: Frank Will; through Nov. 6. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Alfred H. Maurer; through Nov. 8. . . . CHINESE, 38 E. 57th St.: Ralph Rosenborg; through Nov. 14. . . . A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Martyl; through Nov. 8. . . . NEW-AGE, 133 E. 56th St.: Group show; through Nov. 8.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan collection of paintings by thirteen contemporary British artists, including Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland, and John Tunard; through Oct. 26. . . . Sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans; through Oct. 31. . . . A collection of nineteenth-century American glass; through March 31. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A compact but comprehensive show of paintings by Ben Shahn; through Jan. 4. . . . Drawings, blueprints, models, and photographs in a retrospective exhibition of work by Mies van der Rohe, the architect; through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54th St.—A new loan exhibition. (Weekdays, ex-

cept Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—Paintings by Albert Ryder, as well as others from the Museum's permanent collection. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 30.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday evening, Oct. 23, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni." . . . Friday evening, Oct. 24, at 8:45: "Ariadne." . . . Saturday evening, Oct. 25, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . Sunday matinee, Oct. 26, at 2:30: "The Barber of Seville." . . . Sunday evening, Oct. 26, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . Thursday evening, Oct. 30, at 8:45: "Salome." . . . Friday evening, Oct. 31, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni." . . . Saturday evening, Nov. 1, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Leopold Stokowski conducting: Thursday evening, Oct. 23, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Oct. 24, at 2:30 (both with Nathan Milstein, violin). . . . Saturday evening, Oct. 25, at 8:45 (no soloists). . . . Sunday afternoon, Oct. 26, at 3 (with Nathan Milstein, violin). . . . Thursday evening, Oct. 30, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Oct. 31, at 2:30 (both with Myra Hess, piano). . . . Saturday evening, Nov. 1, at 8:45 (no soloists).

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—Edgar Schenkman conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday evening, Oct. 24, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call AC 2-6100.)

CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTANTE—Michel Nazzi conducting this chamber group. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday evening, Oct. 24, at 8:45.)

SAIDENBERG LITTLE SYMPHONY—Daniel Saidenberg conducting, with Alexander Schneider, violin, and others. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Sunday evening, Oct. 26, at 8:40.)

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Rose Bampton, soprano. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Monday and Tuesday evenings, Oct. 27-28, at 8:30.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Pierre Monteux conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

ANATOLE KITAIN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

STANLEY HUMMEL—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Oct. 25, at 2:30.)

COMPOSERS FORUM—Lukas Foss, piano; Lucy Brown, piano; and others, in a program of music by Mr. Foss and Ulysses Kay. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 543. Saturday evening, Oct. 25, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

ALBENERI TRIO—Alexander Schneider, violin; Benar Heifetz, cello; and Erich Ifor Kahn, piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Monday evening, Oct. 27, at 8:40.)

ABBA BOGIN—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday afternoon, Oct. 27, at 3.)

VERA APPLETON AND MICHAEL FIELD—Two pianos. (Town Hall. Monday evening, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

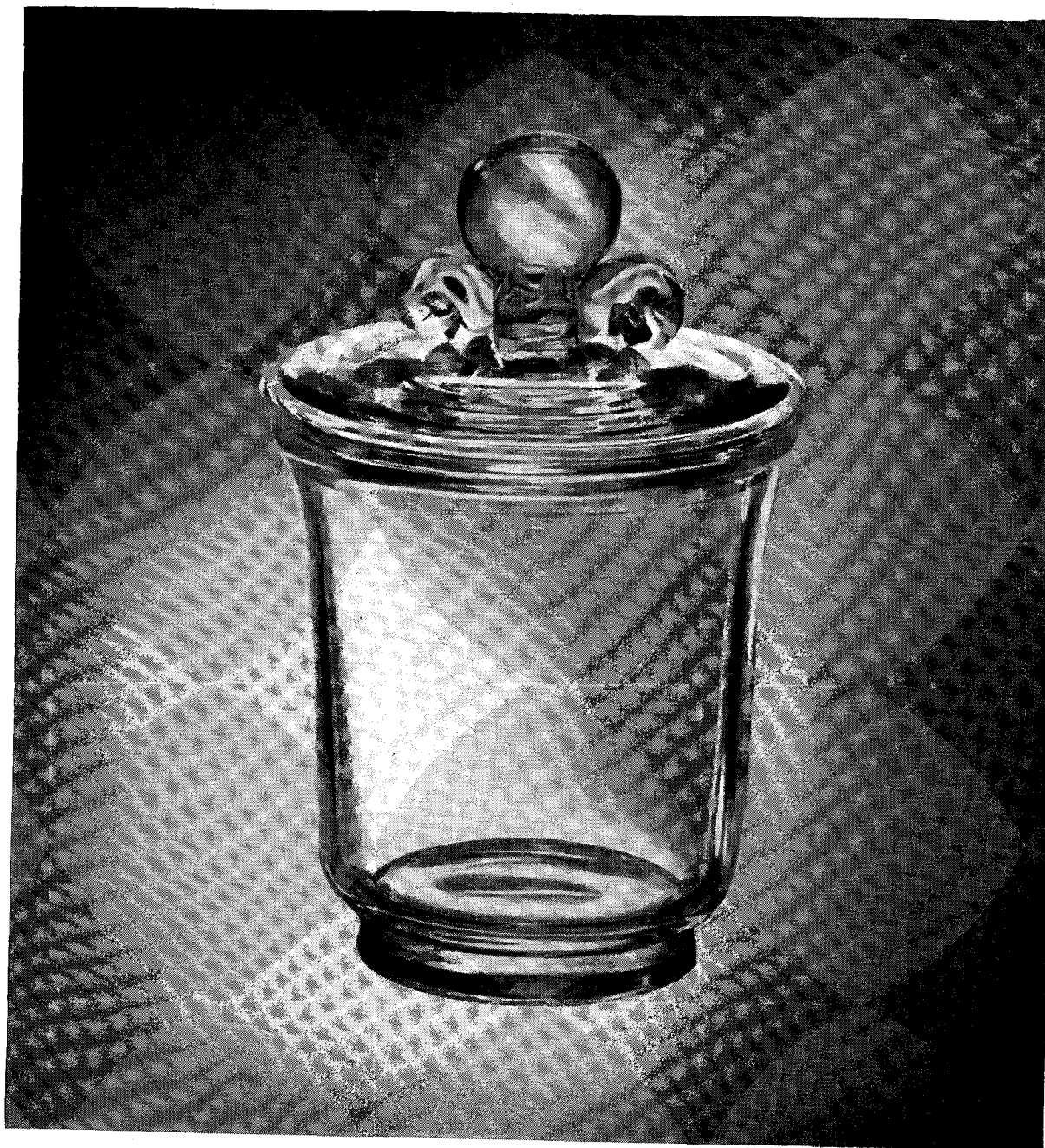
OSSY RENARDY—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

ROSALYN TURECK—In the second of three Bach piano recitals. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

INES CARILLO—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

YI-KWEI SZE—Bass. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, Oct. 30, at 8:40.)

GRILLER QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Wednesday evening, Oct. 29, at 8:40. . . . Washington Irving High School, Irving Place at 16th St. GR 3-1391. Saturday evening, Nov. 1, at 8:15.)

EDMUND KURTZ—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

FRITZ KREISLER—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Nov. 1, at 2:30.)

JAMES FRISKIN—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Nov. 1, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERTS—At Town Hall: Illinois Jacquet, Shadow Wilson, and others, presented by Fred Robbins. (Saturday evening, Oct. 25, at 11:30.) . . . Eddie Condon, with a group including Bobby Hackett, Peanuts Hucko, and Dave Tough. (Saturday afternoon, Nov. 1, at 5:30.) . . . Another Fred Robbins gathering, this one with Nellie Lutchter and others. (Saturday evening, Nov. 1, at 11:30.)

MUSICIANS EMERGENCY FUND BENEFIT—Dozens of singers and other musicians, ranging, implausibly, from Frank Sinatra to the Philharmonic-Symphony. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Tuesday evening, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Gus Lesnevich vs. Tami Mauriello, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Oct. 31. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 25: Colgate vs. Brown, at Hamilton, at 2 P.M.; Columbia vs. Army, at Baker Field, at 2 P.M.; Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2 P.M.; Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M.; Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 2 P.M.; Yale vs. Springfield, at New Haven, at 2 P.M. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 1: Army vs. Washington and Lee, at West Point, at 2 P.M.; Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca, at 2 P.M.; Harvard vs. Rutgers, at Cambridge, at 2 P.M.; Penn State vs. Colgate, at State College, at 2 P.M.; Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 2 P.M.; Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 2 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Oct. 29: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . Saturday, Nov. 1: Rangers vs. Detroit. (CO 5-6811. Games begin at 8:30 P.M.)

HORSE SHOW—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa., through Saturday, Oct. 25.)

HUNT RACING—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa., Saturday, Oct. 25.) . . . Essex Fox Hounds. (Far Hills, N.J., Saturday, Nov. 1.)

POLO—Blind Brook Polo Club. (Purchase, N.Y., Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3:30 P.M., last match of the season.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At POLO GROUNDS: Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2 P.M., Giants vs. Pittsburgh. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30 P.M., Dodgers vs. Chicago.

RACING—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; through Tuesday, Oct. 28. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Oct. 25; the Remsen Handicap, Oct. 28. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 A.M. and 1:10 P.M., and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.) . . . EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; starting Wednesday, Oct. 29. The New Rochelle Handicap, Oct. 29; the Scarsdale Handicap, Nov. 1. (Train schedule same as above.) . . . PIMLICO: Weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; starting Thursday, Oct. 30. The Pimlico Special, Oct. 31.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—About six hundred visitors are admitted to each plenary meeting of the General Assembly at Flushing Meadows. At Lake Success, committees of the General Assembly meet in rooms accommodating up to a hundred onlookers, and about twice that number of visitors continue to be admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. Trains leave Penn



PLUCER

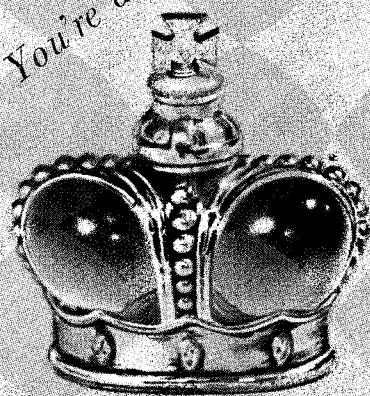
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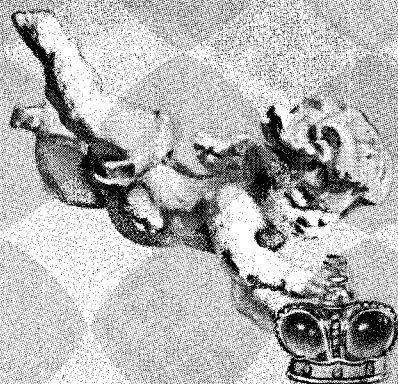
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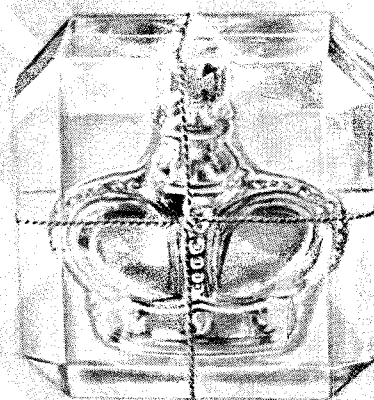
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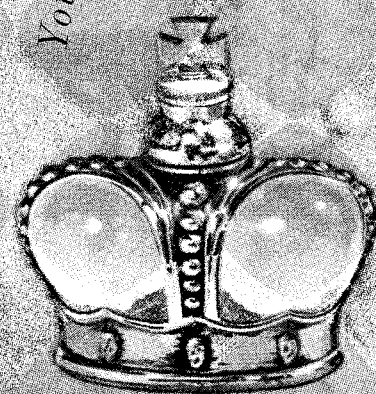
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW—Outdoor plantings of hardy chrysanthemums, together with the competitive exhibits of the Eastern States Chrysanthemum Society. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Friday, Oct. 24, from 2 to 5 P.M.; Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 25-26, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

ANTIQUÉ SHOW—The New York Antiques Fair. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 23-24, from 1 to 11 P.M.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. —A display of rare copies of eighteen classics, including an edition of Plato printed in Venice in 1513 and a manuscript of the Declaration of Independence in Jefferson's own hand. (Main Hall. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 31.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Park W. at 76th St. —An exhibition commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the consolidation of Greater New York. There are maps, old photographs, and other memorabilia of the five boroughs, which recall the days when one could reach a friend in Brooklyn by addressing a letter to him "near the Episcopal Church." (Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57th St. —French eighteenth-century and Italian Renaissance furniture, collected by Mrs. Dudley Olcott and others. (Exhibition, Thursday, Oct. 23, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, at 2 P.M.) ... ¶ **Western Americana**, including a number of books and pamphlets relating to the Mormon Church, collected by the late Herbert S. Auerbach. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 23-25, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 27-28, at 2 and 8 P.M., and Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 10:30 A.M.) ... ¶ **English porcelains and American pewter**, owned by Douglas Curry. (Exhibition, Saturday, Oct. 25, and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 27-28, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 2 P.M.) ... ¶ **Antique English and Continental silver**, from the estate of the late J. P. Morgan. (Exhibition, Saturday, Oct. 25, and Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 27-29, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, at 2 P.M.) ... **MANHATTAN STORAGE AND WAREHOUSE**, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. —Paintings, drawings, prints, and water colors by Gustave Doré. (Exhibition, Friday, Saturday, and Monday, Oct. 24, 25, and 27, from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; auction, Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 12 noon.)

NAVY WEEK—There will be no parade this year, but amateur sailors may prow around the battleships Missouri and New Jersey, and the aircraft carrier Philippine Sea, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 25-26, from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. At Pier 26, North River, the public may visit three submarines and two destroyers on Saturday and Monday, Oct. 25 and 27, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and on Sunday, Oct. 26, from 12 noon to 5 P.M.

ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3 P.M., WCB. ... ¶ **Detroit Symphony Orchestra**, Karl Krueger conducting, Sunday, Oct. 26, at 8 P.M., WJZ. ... ¶ **Boston Symphony**, Richard Burgin conducting, Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. ... ¶ **N.B.C. Symphony**, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Saturday, Oct. 25, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. ... ¶ **Juilliard Orchestra**, Edgar Schenkman conducting, Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. ... ¶ **Polyna Stoska**, soprano, Monday, Oct. 27, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

SPORTS—Football: Army vs. Columbia, Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2 P.M., WHN.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

CROSSFIRE—A film in which the murder of a Jew starts an exploration of anti-Semitism that is often strongly effective. Robert Ryan is outstanding as a typical American Fascist, and Sam Levene is altogether persuasive as the victim. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Oct. 28.)

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES—A French film about a prosecutor who finds himself, through no fault of his own, acting as head man of a gang of crooks. A dozen jaunty character actors perform in it with enthusiasm and great good humor. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, GR 5-9738; through Oct. 24.)

THE HUCKSTERS—This interpretation of the Frederick Wakeman novel contains some funny stuff but grows awfully lumpy, just as the book did, when it tries to deal with romance. Clark Gable, Deborah Kerr, Adolphe Menjou, and Sydney Greenstreet. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 23.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, CH 3-9395; Oct. 24-26.... ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; Oct. 24-27.... ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; through Oct. 25.)

KISS OF DEATH—A tough, violent, and exciting gangster picture, with Victor Mature and a terrifying newcomer to films named Richard Widmark. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; Oct. 27-29.... ¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting Oct. 29.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—A careful and wholly enjoyable transfer of the play to the screen. William Powell and Irene Dunne look very handsome in Technicolor. (Warner, B'way at 51st, CI 7-5545.)

THE MACOMBER AFFAIR—Hemingway's tale of a disturbing lady and a couple of gentlemen out shooting in Africa, softened up by Hollywood but still good. With Joan Bennett, Gregory Peck, and Robert Preston. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Oct. 23.... ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Oct. 27-28.)

MAN'S HOPE—A discerning glimpse of the Spanish Civil War, as seen by André Malraux. While it is a long way from being as moving as the book from which its episodes were taken, the film is grimly fascinating and makes much of the authentic melodrama that was to be found in 1938 in Barcelona, where it was put together. In Spanish. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, GR 5-9738; through Oct. 24.)

OPEN CITY—A powerful Italian piece concerning the wartime underground in Rome. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

THE OUTLAW—The saga of Billy the Kid, loose-

ly interpreted by Howard Hughes, which turns out to be a frequently hilarious burlesque of all boots-and-saddle dramas. Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell are responsible for most of the wry humor of the picture, but Jane Russell and Jack Buettel do their bit, too, even though quite unconsciously. (Broadway, B'way at 53rd, CI 7-2887.)

PERILS OF PAULINE—Betty Hutton whooping, whirling, and generally knocking herself out in an often funny attempt to relive a few of the interesting moments in the career of Pearl White. Also with Constance Collier, Billy De Wolfe, and William Demarest. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; Oct. 25-28.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Oct. 28.)

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY—Hollywood has added considerable confusion to James Thurber's story, but Danny Kaye helps to compensate for any inadequacies with some fine foolish turns. Virginia Mayo, Boris Karloff, and Fay Bainter are also on hand. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

SHOE-SHINE—A simply told tragedy concerning two Roman boys who get mixed up in the city's black market during the American occupation. In Italian. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659.)

TAWNY PIPIT—A gently humorous English film dealing with the hardships of keeping a pair of extremely rare birds safe and contented

while they nest outside an English village. The piece includes a lot of comical ornithologists and a proper quota of good-hearted rural idiots, and it manages to be whimsical without being sticky. Bernard Miles heads the cast. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

TORMENT—This Swedish film assembles two sensitive adolescents and a psychotic high-school teacher in a story that is completely engrossing. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 24.)

REVIVALS

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES (1939)—An adaptation of the old thriller, with Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; Oct. 26-28.)

JANE EYRE (1944)—Joan Fontaine as Jane, and Orson Welles as Rochester. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 27-29.)

LAURA (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews, involved in homicide. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; Oct. 23.)

MAYERLING (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Oct. 29.)

THE RAIDER (1946)—A British film about Allied merchant sailors on the wartime North Atlantic run. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 24.)

A ROYAL SCANDAL (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead as Catherine, Empress of All the Russias. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; Oct. 23.)

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (Studio 65, B'way at 65th, EN 2-4660; through Oct. 24.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, CH 3-9395; Oct. 27-29.)

SOUTH RIDING (1938)—Yorkshire life, with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. An English picture. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 25.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Oct. 23, at 4 and 8 P.M.: "The Treasure of Arne" (1919), and "The Phantom Chariot" (1920), two Swedish films.... ¶ Oct. 24-25, at 3 and 5:30 P.M., and Oct. 26, at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.: An excerpt from "The Outlaw and His Wife" (1917), and "The Story of Gösta Berling" (1924), with Greta Garbo.... ¶ Starting Oct. 27, at 4 P.M.: "Bluebotles" (1928), with Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton, and "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th St. (CO 5-8215)
"Man About Town" (in French), Maurice Chevalier.

BROADWAY, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-2887)
THE OUTLAW.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through Oct. 29: "The Swordsman," Larry Parks, Ellen Drew.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Green Dolphin Street," Lana Turner, Richard Hart, Van Heflin.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Fun and Fancy Free," Walt Disney film.

GOTHAM, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5916)
Through Oct. 24: "Adventure Island," Rory Calhoun, Rhonda Fleming.
From Oct. 25: To be announced.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9349)
"Nightmare Alley," Tyrone Power, Coleen Gray.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Song of Love," Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid, Robert Walker.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"Magic Town," James Stewart, Jane Wyman.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Variety Girl," all-star cast, including Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, and Barbara Stanwyck.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Unconquered," Gary Cooper, Paulette Goddard.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Forever Amber," Cornel Wilde, Linda Darnell, Richard Greene.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Oct. 29: To be announced.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Oct. 23: "The Unsuspected," Joan Caulfield, Claude Rains, Audrey Totter.
From Oct. 24: "That Hagen Girl," Ronald Reagan, Shirley Temple.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
Through Oct. 29: "Spirit of West Point," Doc Blanchard, Glenn Davis.

WARNER, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
LIFE WITH FATHER.

WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)

"Ride the Pink Horse," Robert Montgomery.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
SHOE-SHINE.

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
Through Oct. 24: **EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES**; and **MAN'S HOPE**.
From Oct. 25: To be announced.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), revival.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
TAWNY PIPIT.

PARK AVENUE, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"Hungry Hill," Margaret Lockwood, Jean Simmons, Cecil Parker.

STUDIO 65, B'way at 65th. (EN 2-4660)
Through Oct. 24: **THE SONG OF BERNADETTE**, revival.
From Oct. 25: To be announced.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
"I Know Where I'm Going," Wendy Hiller, Roger Livesey.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.



For the most cherished names on your Christmas list



This year a few more "Parade of Sweets" subscriptions (a box of Blum's famous candies sent nine times a year) are available for Christmas giving. Because these long awaited memberships are limited in number, this announcement will appear only once in this publication. Yes, *this* Christmas you can again give the world's most cherished candy—recognized everywhere as being the most distinctive, most thrillingly packaged, most uniquely delicious—Blum's of San Francisco!

Not once but nine times a year your warmest Christmas sentiments will be echoed with a superb assortment of matchless Blum confections, selected from over 700 incomparable pieces, perfected by three generations of Blum's own confection experts.

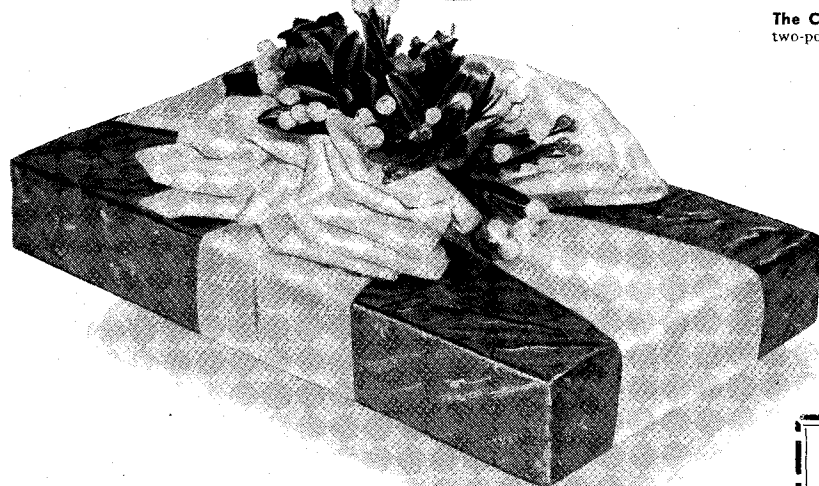
If there is someone in particular whom you wish to enchant with an indescribably meaningful gift—then you will find nothing as appropriate or as welcome as a sub-

scription to the Parade of Sweets. Family and friends will regard it as a gesture of deep affection. Business acquaintances and associates will accept it as a sincere expression of esteem.

The Parade of Sweets begins at Christmas with the arrival of our delectable two-pound, four-ounce Presentation Box (together with an elegant gift card bearing your name). Every month thereafter, except in summer, the one you remember receives a superb pound assortment, each completely and delightfully different . . . multiplying nine-fold the pleasure and gratitude of the recipient. Or, if you prefer, you may select a six month subscription, beginning with the Presentation Box on Christmas Day, and a pound assortment during each of the next five months. Nine month subscriptions are twenty-five dollars (delivered), six month—eighteen seventy-five (delivered). For the most cherished names on your Christmas list, give the most cherished name in candy—Blum's!

Blum's PARADE of SWEETS (9 times a year)

The Christmas Package—as illustrated at the left. Beribboned two-pound four-ounce box of Blum's most exquisite masterpieces.



An elegant card, hand inscribed with your name, or your firm name, announces your gift. The announcement accompanies the Presentation Box, which arrives before Christmas. (If preferred, your personal card will be enclosed).

In January—French nougats, bonbons, lemon, pineapple and vanilla creams.

In February—Succulent molded chocolates, both dark and light. Rare and exotic liquid centers.

In March—Chewy delights, French nougats, caramels flavored with raspberry, licorice, coffee and walnut.

In April—Almondettes, the world's most famous candy! Almonds surrounded by luscious chewy chocolate caramel.

In May—Cool, creamy mints, square mints, bitter-sweet mints, mint sticks, leaves, daisies — and more!

In September—Tangy Cinnamon Bumps, Coffeteens, L'il (Licorice) Darkies, Lime and Lemon Gems.

In October—Giant walnuts! Almonds! Brazils! Pecans! Filberts! All chocolate or cocoa covered.

In November—Blum's very specials including famous Duchesses, Peach Cordials, Celestines, Carameltines, Prutines and many others!

BLUM'S of san francisco
1483 Polk St.,
San Francisco 9, California

Please send the Parade of Sweets for 1948 (nine months) to each name on the attached list. A charge account is to be opened in my name and you will bill me in January, for each subscription at \$25.00. (If you prefer six month subscriptions at \$18.75, please specify on your order). Blum's pays the postage.

Sender's Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

☐ I am interested, at present, only in your illustrated brochure.

W A MESSAGE FROM BRITAIN

We in Britain look forward to welcoming you, the people of America, to our friendly shores next year.

In spite of many difficulties or temporary restrictions we may be enduring, we can still offer you the warmth of our hospitality, the inspiration of our ancient places and the evergreen loveliness of our countryside.

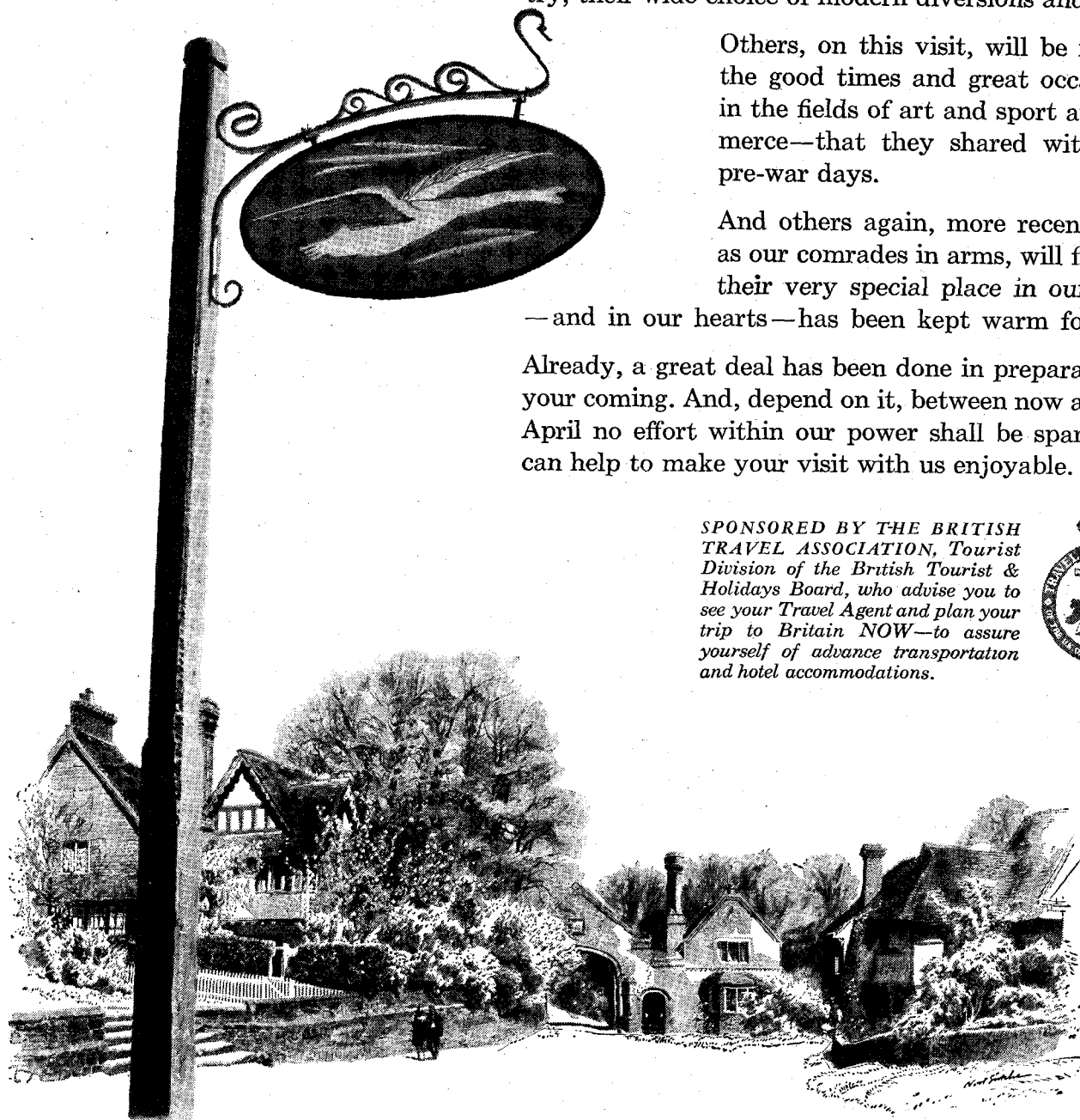
For some of you, this will be a first experience of the British Isles—with all their old-world color and pageantry, their wide choice of modern diversions and events.

Others, on this visit, will be re-living the good times and great occasions—in the fields of art and sport and commerce—that they shared with us in pre-war days.

And others again, more recently here as our comrades in arms, will find that their very special place in our homes—and in our hearts—has been kept warm for them.

Already, a great deal has been done in preparation for your coming. And, depend on it, between now and next April no effort within our power shall be spared that can help to make your visit with us enjoyable.

SPONSORED BY THE BRITISH TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, Tourist Division of the British Tourist & Holidays Board, who advise you to see your Travel Agent and plan your trip to Britain NOW—to assure yourself of advance transportation and hotel accommodations.



INGRID BERGMAN

as Joan Madou, a woman of the shadows

CHARLES BOYER

as Ravic, the ghost doctor

The Enterprise



Studios

present this

magnificent production of

Erich Maria

Remarque's

great novel... the most

important screen event in years!



Painted by world-famous French artist BERNARD LAMOTTE

They kissed . . . and the street noises of Paris, the ominous shadows of tomorrow, seemed far away . . .

ARCH OF TRIUMPH

co-starring **CHARLES LAUGHTON**

with **LOUIS CALHERN • RUTH WARRICK • ROMAN BOHNEN**
RUTH NELSON • MICHAEL ROMANOFF • A LEWIS MILESTONE Production

Produced by **DAVID LEWIS** • Directed by **LEWIS MILESTONE** • RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

What in the world

Practically everything... and
so almost as many women
as men are reading TIME!

Every week, one and a half million women read TIME!

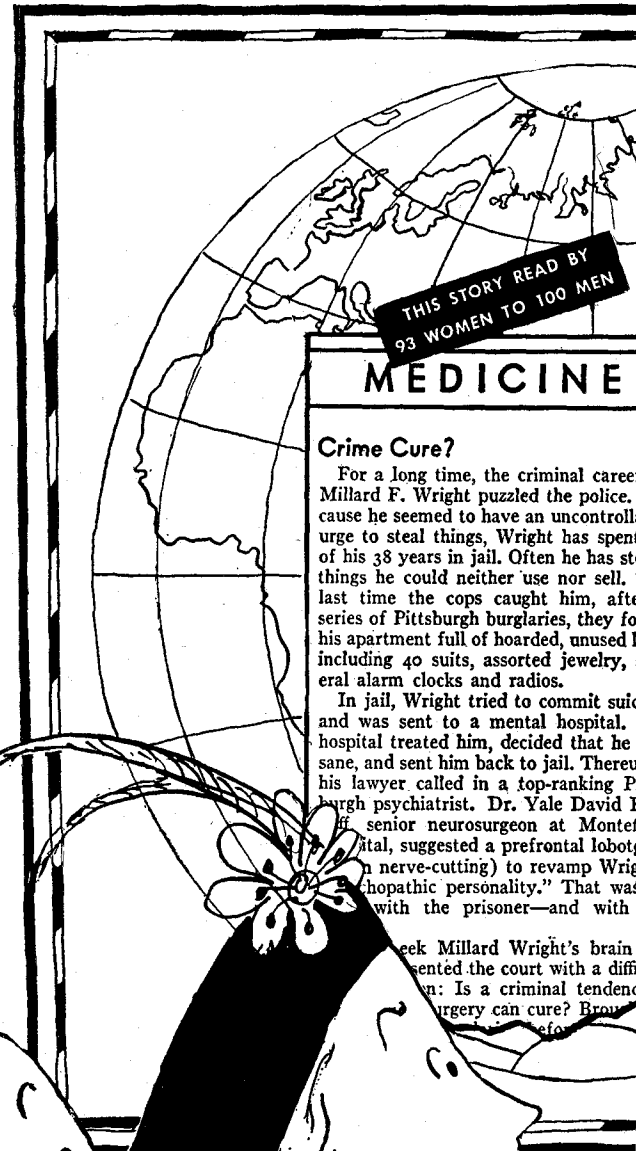
Like TIME's 1,800,000 men readers, most of them read it from cover to cover.

Why does TIME interest so many women so much?

Because week after week TIME articles—like those from one recent issue shown at the right—satisfy an intelligent woman's natural curiosity about the world around her. They appeal to her *personal*, feminine interest in how the world affects her home, her budget, her family . . . its health and happiness and future.

Most of TIME's 1,500,000 feminine readers are wives or daughters of TIME-reading men. They are among America's most alert and active women. In a week they do more planning and discussing and managing, in the home and out—more buying and consuming and recommending—than most women do in a month.

When you can get their interest, you've got something. And the best place to get it is in TIME!



TIME

interests women?

**THIS STORY READ BY
101 WOMEN TO 100 MEN**

LATIN AMERICA

ARGENTINA

Little Eva

(See Cover)

On Buenos Aires' broad, stately Avenida Alvear last week, municipal workers in faded blue denim wearily hammered together a new temporary grandstand. "What is this for?" asked a reporter. "The July 9 Independence celebration? The arrival of Chile's President?" "Quién sabe?" answered a carpenter. "Perhaps for that. Perhaps for the return of the Señora from her voyage. Ah, señor, you have read of this voyage? A miracle, is it not so? Surely, all the world must know of it."

Surely the world did. And without a doubt, the triumphal tour of Argentina's beryllium-bright First Lady to the musty corners of the Old World had its miraculous aspects. For sleek, 28-year-old Doña María Eva Duarte de Perón was no ordi-



EDUCATION

The Battle of Westwood Hills

Corinne Seeds looks like a mild-mannered schoolmarm. She is a schoolmarm, and she doesn't believe in flaying naughty children alive; but she is doughty rather than diffident. She once taught Mexican women in a boxcar; and she has a zealot's faith in the wonders of progressive education. Ever since she began putting her theories into practice in the University Elementary School, the rolling, residential community of Westwood Hills, Los Angeles, Calif. has hardly known a day of peace.

The disputation has gone on for 18 years. But Miss Seeds, no mean disputer herself, also had the powerful backing of the University of California at Los Angeles. Her pupils were to learn by doing. They built model villages, fashioned Chinese pottery, model looms, mastered arithmetic by running a model grocery.

Lost in a Spelling Bee. Not everybody joined in the fun. Among those who

**THIS STORY READ BY
101 WOMEN TO 100 MEN**

How intensely do women read TIME?

TIME has 1,800,000 men readers and 1,500,000 women readers. A study among equal numbers of TIME-reading men and women reveals the intensity of TIME's readership, department by department, by sexes. The table at the right is based upon 2400 personal interviews.

Art	99 Women	Milestones	107 Women
Books	115 Women	Miscellany	101 Women
Business	68 Women	Music	107 Women
Canada	76 Women	National Affairs ..	86 Women
Cinema	121 Women	People	102 Women
Education	96 Women	Press	81 Women
Foreign News	81 Women	Radio	85 Women
International	82 Women	Religion	104 Women
Latin America	75 Women	Science	74 Women
Letters	97 Women	Sport	52 Women
Medicine	102 Women	Theatre	118 Women

**For
100
men**

e Weekly NEWSMAGAZINE

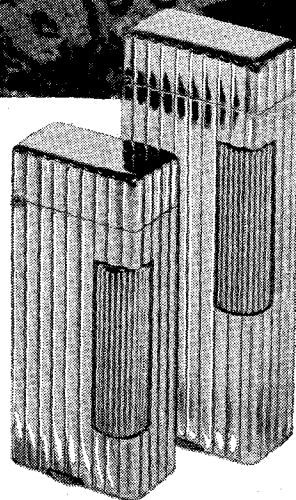
id every week by the men and women who are everybody's Best Customers!



HURRELL

NOW! *The fabulous*
heavy-ribbed **ROLLALITE**

\$ **12⁵⁰**



*Choice of regular
or small size
in Rhodium plate.*

It's here—the *Dunhill Rollalite*—the lighter you've always wanted
—at an amazingly modest price. Its superb mechanism will serve you unfailingly;
its unique flint replacement is a miracle of simplicity. In a distinctive heavy-ribbed
case of beautiful, non-tarnishable Rhodium plate. At fine stores everywhere.

Alfred Dunhill of London, Inc., 660 Fifth Ave., New York 19.

dunhill



Day in, night out—the well-dressed man's suits and coats tell the same inside story . . . always a handsome Celanese* Lining of synthetic yarn, that smooth superlative fabric that does credit to the finest of tailoring. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

INSIDE STORY
OF FINE TAILORING



A Celanese Lining of Synthetic Yarn*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LIFE

McCall's

Liberty

SCREENLAND

REDBOOK

PHOTOPLAY

THE NEW YORKER

TIME

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

LOOK

modern screen

"MOVIE OF THE WEEK... HIGHLY ENTERTAINING"...

"RIOTOUS LAUGHS... SELDOM WILL A PICTURE BE SO FUNNY"...

"ONE OF THE FUNNIEST COMEDIES OF THE YEAR"...

"IF HOLLYWOOD PRODUCED MORE COMEDIES LIKE IT, THIS WORLD OF OURS WOULD BE MORE FUN TO LIVE IN"...

"A LAVISH, EYE-FILLING ENTERTAINMENT"...

"BEST PICTURE AND BEST PERFORMANCE OF THE MONTH"...

"VERY, VERY FUNNY"...

"DANNY KAYE'S FUNNIEST... IN EVERY SENSE OUT OF THIS WORLD"...

"A SPECIAL BOUQUET TO DANNY KAYE AND SAMUEL GOLDWYN FOR MAKING A WONDERFUL MOVIE OUT OF JAMES THURBER'S LITTLE STORY"...

"IT'S ALL SOLID ENTERTAINMENT"...

"PICTURE OF THE MONTH. TAKE MOM, TAKE DAD, TAKE DREAMBOAT, TAKE THE KIDDIES"...



RECOMMENDS

*THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY**

11th WEEK
ASTOR
THEATRE
B'WAY & 45th ST., N.Y.

*A Samuel Goldwyn Production starring **DANNY KAYE** and **VIRGINIA MAYO** with Boris Karloff, Fay Bainter, Ann Rutherford, and the gorgeous Goldwyn Girls. Photographed in Technicolor by Lee Garmes, directed by Norman McLeod, screenplay by Ken Englund and Everett Freeman from James Thurber's story and sparkling with matchless music. Released by RKO Radio Pictures.



*THE CANDLELIGHT SUIT . . . the jacket of beige rayon satin with
black coin dots. The skirt of black rayon velvet. Sizes 10 to 18, at 59.95.
misses' fashions, third floor*

B. ALTMAN & CO.



FIFTH AVENUE



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ACCORDING to an announcement by Mrs. Preston Davie, chairman of the New York County Republican Committee, political history was made the other night when the new Republican dance, the GOP Hop, was unveiled at a party at Delmonico's. It was created by Sara Mildred Strauss, choreographer, and was demonstrated by the team of Ted and Evelyn. We didn't get to see the number, but we imagine that, like Senator Taft, it is jubilant without being undignified, and that it will catch on and sweep the nation's ballrooms. Soon afterward, we imagine, somebody will decide to avoid the wisp of redundancy and call the dance simply the HOP, for Happy Old Party.

WE know a man who knows an office boy whose take-home pay on a recent Saturday totalled \$94.35. (Wait till Russia hears about this.) The



figure, even to us, an old believer in America-the-Land-of-Opportunity, seemed staggering, and we asked for a breakdown. Here it is. The boy's pay for the week was \$26.30. He also received a cost-of-living adjustment for the month in the amount of \$22.55; his firm hands these things out in an attempt to keep abreast of the Department of Labor statistics. He further had coming \$38, covering overtime for two weeks. (He is a hard-working, industrious boy.) And he got a supper-money check for \$7.50. Total, \$94.35. We asked our informant where the boy went for his vacation last summer.

"Oregon," he replied. "Flew out. Found it delightful country."

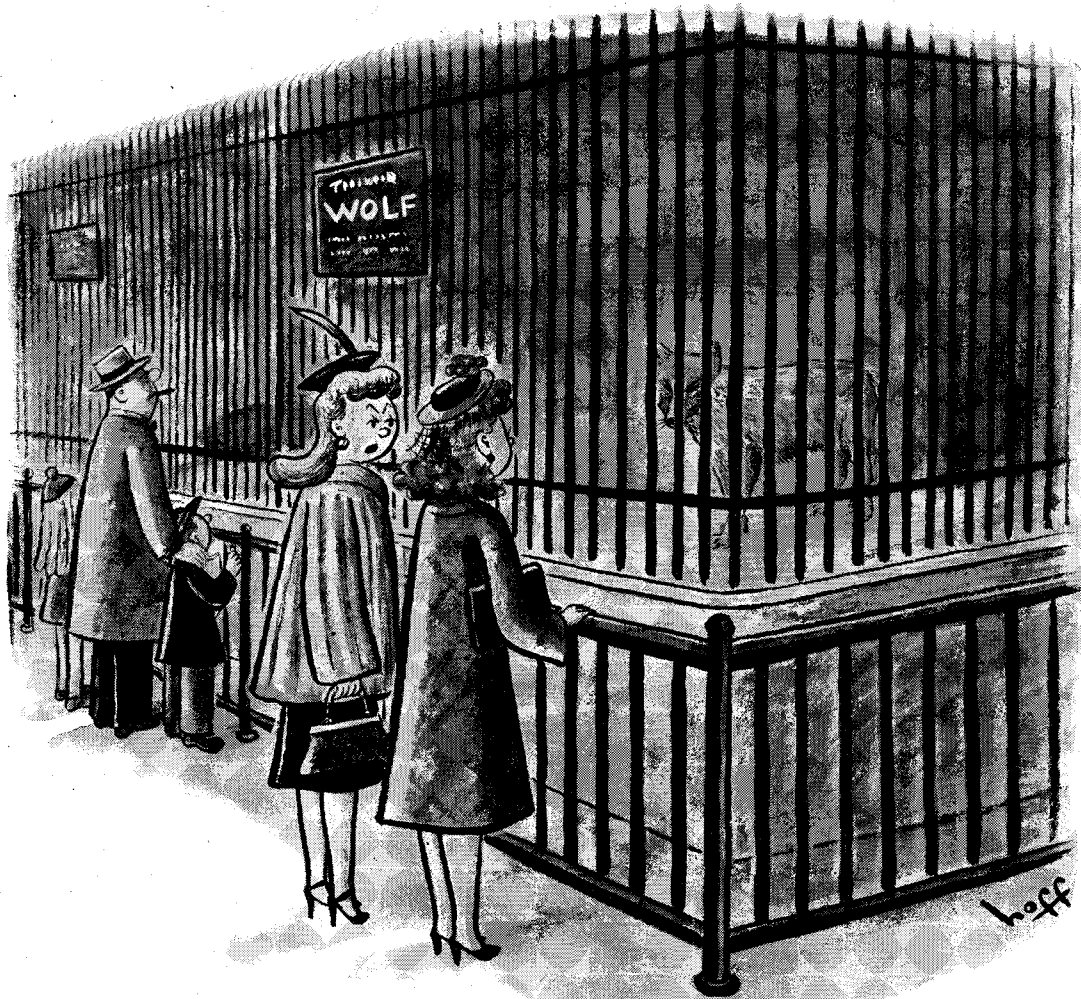
THE other week, *Life* ran a series of photographs of people's expressions as they rode on a roller coaster. Faithful to the magazine's tradition, a good deal of the article was devoted not to the subjects of the pictures but to *Life's* achievement in getting them. In fact, the feature was headed "Agile Cameraman Records Roller-Coaster Grimaces." The text discussed the difficulties the agile cameraman, one Raymond Shorr, experienced in riding backward in the front seat of the bucking car, equipped with a Speed Graphic camera and a heavy stroboscopic unit, one hip jammed under the safety bar to keep him from being flung out into the atmosphere. One of the pictures shows him at work in this uncomfortable position, and it is guaranteed to impress the reader with his dedication to the ideals of graphic journalism. The picture, however, immediately raises that old question of who photographed the photographer, and how he did it. Was the second man hurtling backward in the car ahead, or perched precariously in the rigging, or what? The anonymity of this specialist reminds us that many similar photographs of *Life* cameramen at their dangerous work have gone uncredited. We hope that *Life* is saving the revelation for a big spread, "Super-Agile Cameraman Records Agile *Life* Cameramen at Work." Then, with the inevitable pictures of *him*, we'll give up.

NOT a girl in our office could make out a single character of James F. Byrnes' shorthand when the *Herald Tribune* reproduced samples of it last week by way of advertising its serialization of the former Secretary of State's book "Speaking Frankly." They were all quite atwitter about it, and the mystery aroused our interest to a point where

we assigned a research man to make a brief inquiry into Mr. Byrnes' stenographic background and habits. From several persons in the stenographic and publishing worlds, he ascertained that the reason the young ladies were stuck is that the former Secretary is a practitioner not of either of the two commonly used systems but of an obscure method that went out of fashion years ago. Our man first consulted Mr. Louis Leslie, at the local Gregg offices. Mr. Leslie had already examined Mr. Byrnes'



notes in the *Herald Tribune* and decided that they were based on some odd modification of Pitman. "I can't read it," he said, "but I can tell that it's basically Pitman." Over to Pitman's went our man, where he had a talk with a Mr. John Bryant, who said, "Byrnes' shorthand may look like Pitman at a superficial glance, but it isn't Pitman. Byrnes uses the old McKee Rapid System. That went out a long time ago, and I can't read a word of it." Harper's, Mr. Byrnes' publishers, confirmed Mr. Bryant's statement. Mr. Byrnes learned his shorthand at McKee's Business School, in Charleston, South Carolina, when he was thirteen, and polished it up at night by taking dictation from his mother. Nathan Behrin, a senior reporter for the New York State Supreme Court, told our man that he has known only five court reporters who used the McKee system, and that it was never taught anywhere except in Charleston. It wasn't taught there after 1910 or thereabouts. At twenty-one, Mr. Byrnes became the reporter for a state district court in South Carolina (an opening having developed suddenly when the holder of the job was shot by



"Who they should have in there is that Mr. Bates in Accounting."

a preacher), and there he undoubtedly modified the standard McKee somewhat to suit his fancy.

Each of the fragments of Mr. Byrnes' shorthand that the *Herald Tribune* used in its advertisements had a caption; for instance, "This is the secret statement Winston Churchill made to F.D.R." and "This is the secret warning Josef Stalin gave at Yalta." We dislike tattling but feel duty-bound to report that a *Herald Tribune* man has confessed that he and his co-workers had no idea what the various scraps of Byrnes notes they printed said and that they just played long shots with their interpretations. They'd been over the ground that our man subsequently covered and had reached the conclusion that there wasn't a soul in New York who could read the hieroglyphics anyway. They were probably right, for they hadn't been called on any of their descriptions up to the time of this writing. It's entirely possible that the "secret

warning Josef Stalin gave at Yalta" is merely McKee-Byrnes for "Must remember cable Mrs. B. feed canary."

While at the State Department, Mr. Byrnes frequently took shorthand notes during telephone calls and jotted down shorthand summaries of conversations with important visitors as soon as they had left his office. He writes his shorthand, customarily, in pencil, in a stenographer's notebook. As a young prosecuting attorney in South Carolina, he used to refresh his memory during cross-examinations by referring to shorthand notes he had made earlier in the proceedings. Once, later on in his career, he pulled out a sheaf of shorthand he had taken down fourteen years before and transcribed it without hesitation—a feat that, our stenographers inform us, is truly remarkable. In Washington, he usually filed his shorthand notes without transcribing them, appending to each set an identifying note in longhand, so his secretary could dig

them out for him when he wanted to refer to them. He did transcribe his Yalta notes in full, though, after President Roosevelt's death, in order that he could make a complete and accurate report to President Truman. It long has been a habit with Mr. Byrnes to make shorthand jottings, stuff them in his pocket, and go over them at night and block out his next day's agenda.

Precaution

A LADY of Locust Valley tells us of going into one of the Savarin bars in the lower reaches of Penn Station with her husband the other evening, for a pre-train Manhattan, and being both fascinated and puzzled by a practice of the bartenders there. They were notably quick and efficient in the face of a three-deep crowd, and they were working under a peculiar handicap. They used little metal jiggers for making their measurements, and they never let them out of their hands. They would switch them from left hand to right hand and back again at various stages of the preparation of a drink, and keep them tucked between two

fingers while shaking cocktails, wiping the bar, and refilling the pretzel bowl, as a grocer sheathes his pencil behind his ear. The lady asked her bartender about the practice. House rule. Long Island commuters are all jigger thieves. Put the place out of business if they set the jiggers down.

Progressive

THE Shah of Iran, His Imperial Majesty Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, is piloting himself about his domain these days in a B-17 he picked up a few months ago from Trans-World Airlines, and we've been talking with the man who taught him to fly it—Dick Colburn, a T.W.A. captain, who has a total of seventy-five hundred hours in the air, eleven hundred of them in B-17s during the war. The Shah, who is twenty-eight, progressive, and competent in English, took a liking to the B-17 when he watched it flying over

Teheran earlier this year. It was a surplus Army bomber T.W.A. had converted into a supply and route-survey ship, and the airline felt rather flattered when the Shah started dickering for it. As soon as a bargain had been struck, Colburn was tapped to go over to Iran and introduce the Shah to the controls.

The Shah got interested in flying in 1942, when he took a flight around Teheran with the pilot of Wendell Willkie's plane. After that, he learned to fly some Iranian Army planes, which are mostly old British models, such as the Anson and the Hawker Hurricane. Next, he bought a twin-engine Beechcraft, but as it could carry only a five-hour gas supply, he developed a tied-down feeling. The B-17 can stay in the air for at least fifteen hours at a clip, which is more than long enough to take the Shah from one end of his kingdom to the other.

Before Colburn left for Iran, he was briefed by T.W.A. and the State Department on protocol and the heavy responsibility of his position. "They gave me to understand," he said, "that the Shah was *not* to get killed in that plane." Colburn reached Teheran on a Saturday afternoon and was disappointed to find that from the air it looked exactly like Colorado Springs. "Even Pikes Peak was the same," Colburn told us. "I checked into a hotel and hadn't been there twenty minutes when some official at the palace called and said I could drop around for an interview. It was only a couple of blocks away, so I decided to walk. On the way, I passed the royal garage and couldn't help stopping for a look. I'm a nut about automobiles—drove on the dirt tracks for a couple of years. The Shah must have had twenty-five custom-built cars—Buicks, Cadillacs, six Rolls-Royces, a Mercedes-Benz, everything you could think of. I never *did* get to the palace that day."

Colburn met the Shah at the airport the next morning, and when the Shah heard that he'd come out in a taxicab, he told Colburn to stop off at the royal garage and pick up a car. Colburn headed for the garage the moment he got back to town. The foreman bowed, said he was expected, and disappeared into the rear of the place, from which, preceded by suspiciously familiar motor sounds, he emerged in a jeep. Colburn drove this vehicle until the brakes burned out, a few days before he was to come home. By then, he had learned

something about Iran. He put on his T.W.A. international captain's uniform, which has four gold sleeve stripes, and had no trouble taking the Mercedes out. "I was wearing only a stripe and a half less than the Shah," he told us.

The Shah proved an apt flying student, as did his brother-in-law Ahmed Chafik, who also learned to fly the B-17. They both bounced the plane on their first few landings, but that was to be expected. The Shah was inclined to fly it like a fighter plane, whipping it into a steep bank when it was scarcely off the ground. Colburn broke him of this habit by cutting an engine on the low wing whenever he went into a bank too soon, thus making it hard for him to get out of it. The Shah overshot the Teheran runway once, but he was aware of the danger in plenty of time. "I think we go around," the Shah said. "That's fine," Colburn said to him. "*How* do we go around?" "We have not learned that yet," the Shah said. "It's a very healthy sign to have a student admit he doesn't know something," Colburn told us. The Shah and Chafik became serious rivals. Chafik would take Colburn aside and ask him how the Shah was getting along, and the Shah would ask about Chafik. "Turned out fine," Colburn said. "The two of them

worked their hearts out learning to fly that plane."

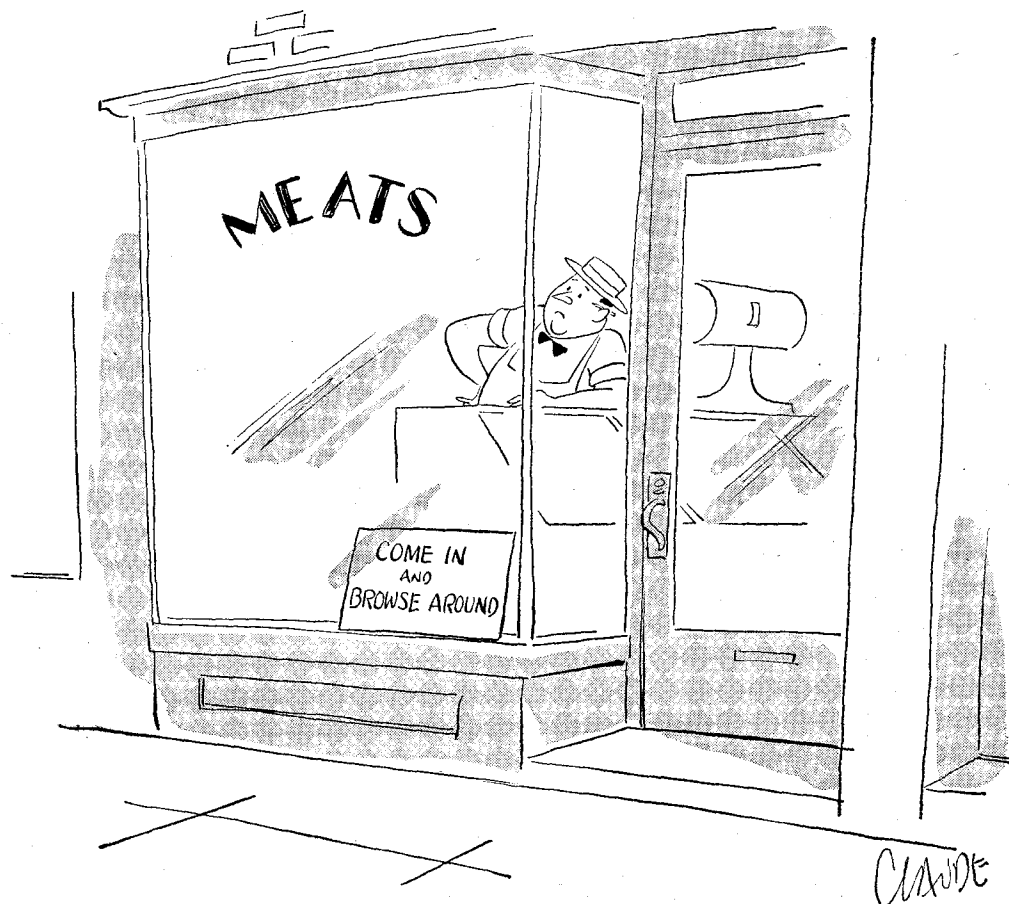
Facts of Life

A STUDENT of architecture at Yale advises us that he was assigned to design a small church for a suburban setting and that, after getting the exterior details worked out more or less to his satisfaction, he began his groundwork for the interior. Early in these researches, he came upon exactly what he was looking for in a back issue of an architectural magazine, an article entitled "Time Saver Standards Check List for Architects Designing Churches." While this was of great help, his blind young faith in human nature was considerably damaged by a clump of queries it contained, as follows:

Location of poor box?
Provision for its security?
Tabernacle securely bolted to altar?
Tabernacle wired for burglar alarm?
Small wall safe for holy oils?

Gold

FOLLOWING a talk with an expert from South Africa that we reported on some time back, we decided to go a little more deeply into the subject of gold, and now have quite a mess of



facts and guesses. In the first place, nobody knows how much gold there is in the world. This can be blamed in part on Russia, because Russia reports neither her gold reserve nor her annual production. It can also be blamed partly on the fact that gold figures are given for bullion only, and don't include the gold in bracelets, teeth, and misers' mattresses. According to one authority, 1,194,913,216 fine ounces of it (40,826 tons) were mined between 1492 and 1935; how he hit on the last two digits, we couldn't find out. The latest United States Bureau of Mines estimate of world production was 23,930,000 fine ounces, for 1945. The Union of South Africa, whose Rand mines are the richest ever discovered, is the greatest producer. Before the war, Russia was presumably the second-largest producer, and the United States third. American production fell from a value of \$209,175,000, in 1941, to \$32,511,000, in 1945, because of restrictions on mining. The figure for 1946 is not available yet. At the moment, the Treasury Department has \$21,814,940,000 worth of gold (at the present thirty-five-dollars-an-ounce valuation). This figures out to 21,295 tons. A fourteen-inch cube weighs a ton.

Gold—at least, small quantities of it—is to be found in practically all kinds of rock, and it is often found in commercial quantities in a free state or combined with tellurium. American gold ore is apt also to contain silver, and we're glad to say that, reciprocally, American silver ore contains gold. In the Klondike, on one occasion, a single pan of earth yielded fifteen ounces of gold. (Most of the prospectors' pans, by the way, were made by Lalanc & Grosjean, a firm in Woodhaven, Long Island, which was established in 1849 and is still in existence.) Gold is also to be found in sea water—say, from five to two hundred and sixty-seven parts of gold to a hundred million parts of water, and a pinch of salt. An enthusiast has estimated that there's enough gold in the oceans to provide everybody in the world with \$15,000,000 worth, but in such circumstances it would, of course, cease to have much value. The largest nugget on record was found in California in 1854. It was four and a half feet long, weighed 2,340 ounces, and was worth \$77,200.

Either gold or copper is thought to have been the first metal used by man. There are gold seals in Egypt dating back to 4000 B.C. The first person to coin pure-gold money was Croesus. He made money hand over fist. There's a

theory that the fall of Rome resulted partly from the decline of gold and silver mines in Spain and Greece. Gold dust was the currency of Brazil in 1675. When the Imperial government got under way in Germany, in 1871, it called in the silver coinage of the various German states, melted it down, and realized \$15,000,000 on the residual gold in the coins. Magpies and crows are thought to have flown off with a considerable quantity of gold over the centuries, being attracted by its bright color. Platinum in gold makes it white; silver makes it green; copper reddens it; lead makes it as brittle as glass. Gold is the most malleable of metals, so it is highly useful in industry; a single gram has been drawn into a wire two miles long. Gold has also been beaten to a thinness of one two-hundred-and-eighty-thousandth of an inch. It can be made so thin that an ounce will cover twelve hundred square feet.

Probably the best gold coup ever made was our purchase of Alaska from Russia, in 1867, for \$7,200,000 in gold; \$535,936,000 worth of gold was extracted from Alaska between 1880 and 1939. Somewhere in the Missouri River are three large sunken barges containing \$100,000,000 worth of gold. In 1874, miners bringing this gold down from the Black Hills were attacked by Indians, who killed most of them and sank the barges. The survivors didn't go back to the region for a long while, and when they did they couldn't find the barges, which had undoubtedly been heavily silted over. Gold has always been thought to have medicinal properties and is still used, in the form of gold and sodium thiosulphate, in the treatment of rheumatoid arthritis and tuberculosis of the skin. The famous Keeley cure included dosing with a

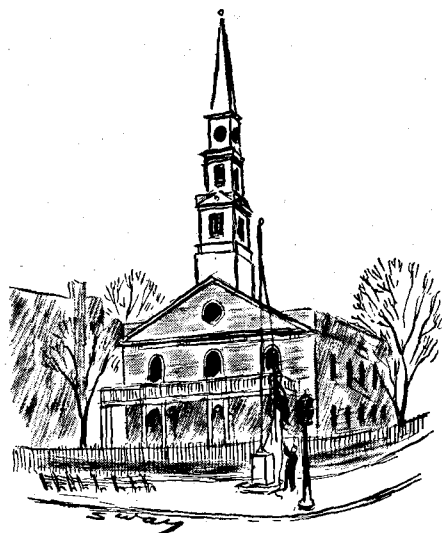
mixture of bichloride of gold and sodium, and Bichloride of Gold Clubs, something on the order of Alcoholics Anonymous today, were started all over the country in the nineties; the members took the cure and encouraged each other. In 1940, a typewriter with a gold-plated frame, owned by a vice-president of the Royal Typewriter Company, was displayed here. Most so-called gold tableware is gilded sterling silver.

Signs

THIS has been a better-than-average week for signs. The following have been brought to our attention: Outside a rooming house on the edge of Albany: "No vacancies. With show-ers." In a beauty shop in Great Neck: "Dedicated to the Greater Beauty of Greater Great Neck." In the window of a dry-cleaner's on Rockaway Parkway, in Brooklyn: "By popular demand, under new management." And on a wall inside Diamond Jim's Restaurant, on Times Square: "Employees will get their desserts downstairs."

After Ten Years

ALDOUS HUXLEY is in New York for the first time in ten years, and we have had a talk with him in a Central Park South apartment he sublet for a month from a friend of a friend who is in California for that period. Along with his wife and their twenty-seven-year-old son, Michael, he drove here from California, where he lives in Wrightwood, a mountain village fifty miles from Los Angeles. Wrightwood enjoys an elevation of six thousand feet, and Huxley, who enjoys an elevation of six feet four, bought a forest ranger's house there and converted a nearby stable into a study. "The place has the quality of silence," he said. "The desert is five miles down. It exerts an enormous fascination. The light is extraordinary, too." Mornings, Huxley writes, using a portable and the touch system, which he learned as a boy, when he was almost blind for two years. His sight is still poor, but he continues to eschew glasses and goes in for the optical exercises he thinks have helped him. Afternoons, he walks in the neighboring pinewoods. He writes again for a couple of hours before dinner, and after dinner he and his wife play phonograph records or she reads to him—generally novels like "War and Peace" and "The Brothers Karamazov,"



PREPOSTEROUS PARABLES

THE DECLINE OF SPORT

IN the third decade of the supersonic age, sport gripped the nation in an ever-tightening grip. The horse tracks, the ballparks, the fight rings, the gridirons, all drew crowds in steadily increasing numbers. Every time a game was played, an attendance record was broken. Usually some other sort of record was broken, too—such as the record for the number of consecutive doubles hit by left-handed batters in a Series game, or some such thing as that. Records fell like ripe apples on a windy day. Customs and manners changed, and the five-day business week was reduced to four days, then to three, to give everyone a better chance to memorize the scores.

Not only did sport proliferate but the demands it made on the spectator became greater. Nobody was content to take in one event at a time, and thanks to the magic of radio and television nobody had to. A Yale alumnus, class of 1962, returning to the Bowl with 197,000 others to see the Yale-Cornell football game would take along his pocket radio and pick up the Yankee Stadium, so that while his eye might be following a fumble on the Cornell twenty-two-yard line, his ear would be following a man going down to second in the top of the fifth, seventy miles away. High in the blue sky above the Bowl, skywriters would be at work writing the scores of other major and minor sporting contests, weaving an interminable record of victory and defeat, and using the new high-visibility pink news-smoke perfected by Pepsi-Cola engineers. And in the frames of the giant video sets, just behind the goalposts, this same alumnus could watch Dejected win the Futurity before a record-breaking crowd of 349,872 at Belmont, each of whom was tuned to the Yale Bowl and following the World Series game in the video and searching the sky for further news of events either under way or just completed. The effect of this vast cyclorama of sport was to divide the spectator's attention, oversubtilize his appreciation, and deaden his passion. As the fourth supersonic decade was ushered in, the picture changed and sport began to wane.

A good many factors contributed to the decline of sport. Substitutions in football had increased to such an extent that there were very few fans in the United States capable of holding the players in mind during play. Each play that was called saw two entirely new elevens

lined up, and the players whose names and faces you had familiarized yourself with in the first period were seldom seen or heard of again. The spectacle became as diffuse as the main concourse in Grand Central at the commuting hour.

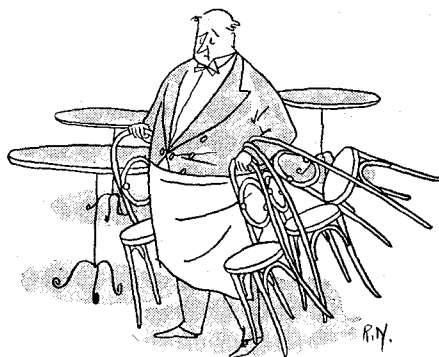
Express motor highways leading to the parks and stadia had become so wide, so unobstructed, so devoid of all life except automobiles and trees that sport fans had got into the habit of travelling enormous distances to attend events. The normal driving speed had been stepped up to ninety-five miles an hour, and the distance between cars had been decreased to fifteen feet. This put an extraordinary strain on the sport lover's nervous system, and he arrived home from a Saturday game, after a road trip of three hundred and fifty miles, glassy-eyed, dazed, and spent. He hadn't really had any relaxation and he had failed to see Czlika (who had gone in for Trusky) take the pass from Bkeeo (who had gone in for Bjallo) in the third period, because at that moment a youngster named Lavagetto had been put in to pinch-hit for Art Gurlack in the bottom of the ninth with the tying run on second, and the skywriter who was attempting to write "Princeton 0-Lafayette 43" had banked the wrong way, muffed the "3," and distracted everyone's attention from the fact that Lavagetto had been whiffed.

Cheering, of course, lost its stimulating effect on players, because cheers were no longer associated necessarily with the immediate scene but might as easily apply to something that was happening somewhere else. This was enough to infuriate even the steadiest performer. A football star, hearing the stands break into a roar before the ball was snapped, would realize that their minds were not on him, and would become dispirited and grumpy. Two or three of the big coaches worried so about this that they considered equipping all

players with tiny ear sets, so that they, too, could keep abreast of other sporting events while playing, but the idea was abandoned as impractical, and the coaches put it aside in tickler files, to bring up again later.

I think the event that marked the turning point in sport and started it downhill was the Midwest's classic Dust Bowl game of 1975, when Eastern Reserve's great right end, Ed Pistachio, was shot by a spectator. This man, the one who did the shooting, was seated well down in the stands near the forty-yard line on a bleak October afternoon and was so saturated with sport and with the disappointments of sport that he had clearly become deranged. With a minute and fifteen seconds to play and the score tied, the Eastern Reserve quarterback had whipped a long pass over Army's heads into Pistachio's waiting arms. There was no other player anywhere near him, and all Pistachio had to do was catch the ball and run it across the line. He dropped it. At exactly this moment, the spectator—a man named Homer T. Parkinson, of 35 Edgemere Drive, Toledo, O.—suffered at least three other major disappointments in the realm of sport. His horse, Hiccough, on which he had a five-hundred-dollar bet, fell while getting away from the starting gate at Pimlico and broke its leg (clearly visible in the video); his favorite shortstop, Lucky Frimstitch, struck out and let three men die on base in the final game of the Series (to which Parkinson was tuned); and the Governor Dummer soccer team, on which Parkinson's youngest son played goalie, lost to Kent, 4-3, as recorded in the sky overhead. Before anyone could stop him, he drew a gun and drilled Pistachio, before 954,000 persons, the largest crowd that had ever attended a football game and the *second*-largest crowd that had ever assembled for any sporting event in any month except July.

This tragedy, by itself, wouldn't have caused sport to decline, I suppose, but it set in motion a chain of other tragedies, the cumulative effect of which was terrific. Almost as soon as the shot was fired, the news flash was picked up by one of the skywriters directly above the field. He glanced down to see whether he could spot the trouble below, and in doing so failed to see another skywriter approaching. The two planes collided and fell, wings locked, leaving a confusing trail of smoke, which some observers tried to interpret as a late sports score. The planes struck in the middle of the nearby eastbound coast-to-coast Sunlight Parkway, and a motor-





which he likes to reread, or relisten to, every few years. He has a small Hollywood apartment, where of late he has been staying a few days every few days while working on "The Gioconda Smile," a film based on an old story of his that Universal will release in January. "It's my only murder story," he said. "I was very fortunate, because Zoltan Korda, its director, bought it on his own. We worked on it and then sold it to Universal. We didn't suffer from the extraordinary Hollywood assumption that twelve incompetent writers equal one competent one. I remember working on 'Pride and Prejudice' and finding forty or fifty scripts on the story piled up in my office. It gave one the most peculiar feeling—all this wasted energy, this huge pile of pulp that no one looked at."

Huxley has started a new novel, with grave misgivings. "It's a sort of fantasy about the future," he said. "I'm feeling my way toward the right form. There's been a lot of hit and miss at the beginning, mostly miss. It postulates a situation in California after an atomic war. People are living in ruins. A scientific expedition comes from New Zealand, one of the few places not touched by the war, and gets captured by the strange savages who are living as parasites on what has been left—getting iron out of trolley lines, and so forth. It's extraordinarily difficult to

write a novel today. There's such a sense of general precariousness. Novelists used to assume a stable background for their characters; you could assume that their fortunes would go on. Even during the war, during the blitz, you could hope that things were going to be O.K. Now the whole social order is running down in the most hopeless way, with no prospect of amelioration in the immediate future. There's a general deterioration of the European economy, caused by the pressure of population on resources. It's Malthus's nightmare come true. What novels can the Germans write in their troglodyte existence? As for India, what one hears is horrible. Even in this country, the whole thing is fantastic. You've had eight wonderful harvests. You did better than Joseph; you had eight years instead of seven. And now a bad one comes along. Suppose you get six bad ones—what happens then? We're obviously running on a margin incredibly narrow now. The touching assumption that man has conquered nature is absolute bosh. Two months of cold last winter, and the whole of Europe falls flat." Huxley believes the widespread sense of insecurity may be responsible for what he calls the extraordinary efflorescence of historical novels. "What sense can you make of life when you don't know you and your children won't be living in caves?" he asked.

The sound of a pneumatic drill came through an open window, and Huxley turned, briefly, to local conditions. "The music of New York!" he said. "A Grand Canyon in every street! It's unnecessary to go to Arizona." We asked what impressed him most about the city after ten years away, and he said, "The striking thing now is that you can get *into* the city. It used to be a nightmare getting back from Long Island—we visit my wife's sister in Islip every weekend when we're in town—and now you just whiz in." The Huxleys whizzed here from California in a Ford, Mrs. H. at the wheel, and are whizzing back next week. He is grateful for the absence of travel prohibitions on this continent. "The awful thing in so many parts of the world," he said, "is that a human being cannot cross a frontier. Only a paper can cross it."

No Sale

AFTER a search through several local shops, a Scarsdale matron found a pair of shoes that seemed exactly the thing for muddy fall and spring work in her garden. She was about to tell the clerk to have them delivered when she examined the label inside one of them and found the inscription "As envisioned by Josette." She decided that they wouldn't do, after all.



"Why, they're good!"

ist driving a convertible coupé stopped so short, to avoid hitting them, that he was bumped from behind. The pile-up of cars that ensued involved 1,482 vehicles, a record for eastbound parkways. A total of more than three thousand persons lost their lives in the highway accident, including the two pilots, and when panic broke out in the stadium, it cost another 872 in dead and injured. News of the disaster spread quickly to other sports arenas, and started other panics among the

crowds trying to get to the exits, where they could buy a paper and study a list of the dead. All in all, the afternoon of sport cost 20,003 lives, a record. And nobody had much to show for it except one small Midwestern boy who hung around the smoking wrecks of the planes, captured some aero news-smoke in a milk bottle, and took it home as a souvenir.

From that day on, sport waned. Through long, noncompetitive Saturday afternoons, the stadia slumbered.

Even the parkways fell into disuse as motorists rediscovered the charms of old, twisty roads that led through main streets and past barnyards, with their mild congestions and pleasant smells.

—E. B. W.

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[From the Detroit Free Press]

The trouble with Republican meetings, Mrs. Taft observed, was that only Republicans and their friends come to them.

MY DA

STEVIE LEARY is a boy I remember with extraordinary vividness, so I suppose that even from the first there must have been something outstanding in him. The Learys lived next door to us, and Stevie's mother was a great friend of my mother's. Mrs. Leary was a big, buxom woman with a rich, husky voice, and she made her living as a charwoman. In her younger days she had left Ireland and spent a couple of years in America.

"It was love sent me there, Ma'am," she would say to my mother, in a rich, wheezy, humorous voice. "Love was always the ruination of me. If I might have stuck on there, I could have chummed up with some old, sickly geezer of seventy that would think the world of me and leave me his money when he'd die. I was a fine-looking girl in those days. Frankie Leary used to say I was like the picture of the Colleen Bawn."

I often studied the picture of the Colleen Bawn in her kitchen to see could I detect some resemblance between herself and Mrs. Leary, but I failed. The Colleen Bawn was a glorious-looking creature, plump and modest and all aglow, as if she had a lamp inside her.

"Why then indeed," my mother would say loyally, "you're a fine woman to this day, Mrs. Leary."

"Ah, I'm not, Ma'am, I'm not," Mrs. Leary would say with resignation. "I had great feeling, and nothing ages a woman like the feelings. But I was mad in love with Frankie Leary, and lovers can never agree. I had great

pride. If he so much as lay a hand on me, I'd fight in a bag tied up."

"Ah, 'tis a wonder you'd put up with it from him," my mother would say. She had strong ideas about the dignity of womanhood.

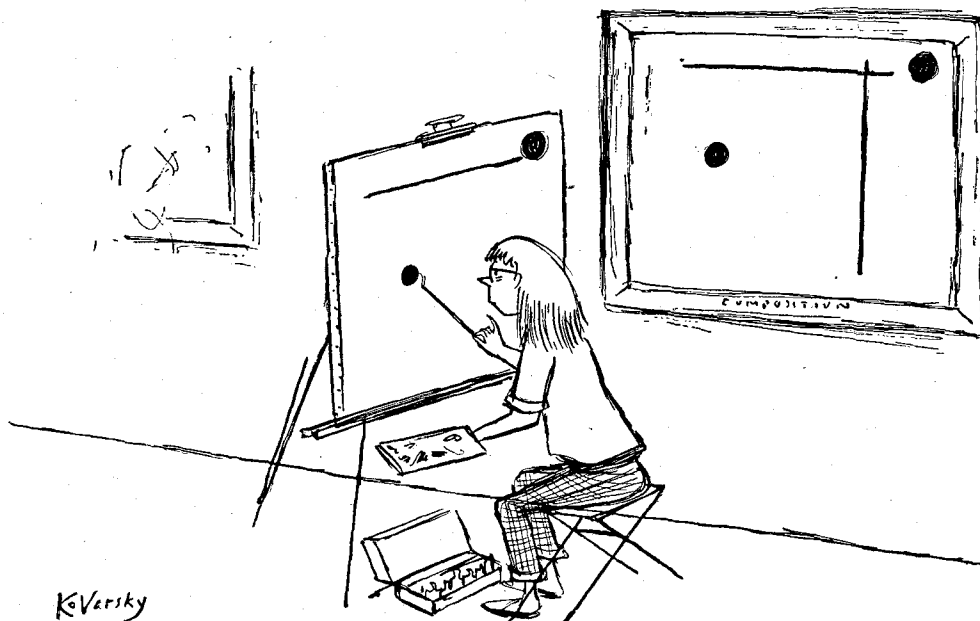
"Ah, wisha, you would, Ma'am, you would," Mrs. Leary would say with a sigh for my mother's lack of experience. "A man would never love you properly till he'd give you a clout. I could die for that man when he beat me."

Then, with a tear in her eye, she'd take out the snuffbox she kept in her enormous bosom and tell again the sad story of herself and Frankie. Frankie, it seemed, had even greater pride than herself. He had always been too big for his boots. America, he had said, was the only country for a man of spirit. Now, Mrs. Leary had a weakness for the little drop, and several times Frankie had warned her that if she didn't give it up he'd leave her and go to America. One night when she was on a bat, she came home and found that he had been as good as his word. But she had a spirit as great as his own. Leaving Stevie, still a baby, with her mother-in-law, she had followed her husband to America. True, she had never succeeded in finding him. America was a big place, and Frankie Leary wasn't the sort to leave traces. All the same, she'd had the experience, and she never let you forget it. Even Mrs. Delury, whom she mostly worked for, didn't succeed in keeping her in her place. Mrs. Delury owned a shop and had a son in Maynooth going for the priesthood, but Mrs. Leary dismissed both of these sources of pride

with a sarcastic "We have a priest in the family and a pump in the yard." As Mrs. Delury said, you couldn't expect better of anyone who had spent years in that horrible country.

Stevie was twelve, the same age I was, with a big, round, almost idiotic face and a rosy complexion, a slovenly, hasty stride that was almost a scamper, and a shrill, scolding, old woman's voice. He was always in a hurry, and when someone called to him and he stopped, it was just as if some invisible hand had tightened the reins on him; he slithered and skidded to a halt with his beaming face over his shoulder. He was never a kid like the rest of us. He took life too seriously. His mother had told him the story of an American millionaire who had made his way up from rags to riches, and Stevie hoped to do the same thing. He collected swill for the Mahoneys, carried messages for the Delurys, and for a penny would do anything for you, from minding the baby to buying the dinner. He had a frightfully crabbed air, and would talk in that high-pitched voice of his about what was the cheapest sort of meat to make soup of. "You should try Reilly's, Ma'am," he would tell my mother. "Reilly's keeps grand stewing beef." My mother thought he wasn't quite right in the head. "Ah, he's a good poor slob," she would say doubtfully when politeness required her to praise him to his mother. Mrs. Leary would sigh and take a pinch of snuff and say, "Ah, he'll never be the man his father was, Ma'am." I more or less knew Stevie's father as the man Stevie would never be.

Occasionally, Mrs. Leary's feelings would get too much for her. We'd be playing some boys' game and Stevie would be sitting on the wall outside their little cottage, looking at us with a smile that was half superciliousness and half envy. A kid coming up the road would say, "Stevie, I seen your old one on a bat again." "Oh, japers!" Stevie would groan. "That woman will be the death of me. Where is she now, Jerry?" "I seen her down by the Cross." "Clancy's or Mooney's?" Stevie would ask, and away he would go. Sometimes I would go along after him and watch him darting into each pub as he passed, the very image of an up-to-date businessman, and shouting to the barmaid, "You didn't see my ma today, Miss O.? . . . You didn't? I'll try Rior-dan's." Eventually he would discover her in some snug with a couple of cronies. Mrs. Leary was the warm sort of drunkard who attracts hangers-on.



"Ah, come on home now, Ma," Stevie would cry coaxingly.

"Jasus help us!" the croonies would say in pretended admiration. "Isn't he a lovely little boy, God bless him!"

"Ah, he'll never be the man his father was, Ma'am," Mrs. Leary would say, beaming at him regretfully. "There was a man for you, Ma'am! A fine, educated, independent man!"

It might be nightfall before Stevie got her home—a mountain of a woman, who would have stunned him if she'd collapsed on him. He would make her a cup of tea, undress her, and put her to bed. If my mother were by, she would lend a hand and, furious at any woman's making such an exhibition of herself and before a child, she would rate Mrs. Leary soundly.

Sometimes, late at night, we'd hear Stevie crying, "Ah, stay here, Ma, and I'll get it for you!" and his mother roaring, "Gimme the money!" Stevie would groan and steal away to whatever hiding hole he was then keeping his savings in. "That's all I have now," he would say hopefully. "Will tuppence do you?"

With the cunning of all drunkards, Mrs. Leary seemed to know to a farthing how much he had. Night after night she shuffled down to Miss O.'s with nothing showing through the hood of the shawl but one sinister, bloodshot eye, and tuppence by tuppence Stevie's capital vanished, till he started life again with all the bounce gone out of him, as poor as any of us who had never heard the life story of an American millionaire.

Then one night Frankie Leary came back from the States. My mother was at Mrs. Leary's when Frankie strolled up the road one summer evening, without even a bag, and stood in the doorway with an impassive air. "Hallo," he said lightly. Mrs. Leary rose from her stool by the fire, gaping at him; then she tottered, and finally she ran and enveloped him in her arms. "Oh, Frankie!" she sobbed. "After all the years!" This apparently wasn't at all the sort of conduct that the independent Frankie approved of. "Here, here," he said roughly. "There's time enough for

that later. Now I want something to eat." He pushed her away and looked at Stevie, who was staring at him, enraptured by the touching scene. "Is this the boy?" he asked, and then all at once he smiled pleasantly and held out his hand. "How're ye, Son?" he asked heartily. "Oh, grand, Father," said Stevie, who was equal to any occasion. "Did you have a nice journey?"

Frankie didn't even reply to that. Maybe he hadn't had a nice journey. Unlike the American Stevie had been told of, Frankie came home as poor as he left, and next day he had to go to work on the railway. It seemed America wasn't all it was cracked up to be.

FOR a week or two, Stevie was in a state of real hysteria over his father's arrival. For the first time he had, like the rest of us, a da of his own, and as our das generally flaked hell out of us, Stevie felt it was up to him to go in fear and trembling of what "my da" might do to him. Of course, it was all showing off,

for his da did nothing whatever to him. On the contrary, Frankie was painfully and anxiously correct with him, as though he were trying to make up for any slight he might have inflicted on the boy by his eleven-year absence. He found that Stevie was interested in America, and talked to him patiently for hours on end about it while Stevie, in an appalling imitation of some old man he had seen in a pub, sat back in his chair with his hands in his trousers pockets.

Frankie spoke to him one day about keeping his hands in his pockets, and even this mild criticism, delivered in a low, reasonable tone, was enough to make Stevie jump. He tried in other ways to please Frankie. He tried to moderate his intense, fancy-haunted shambling so that he wouldn't have to pull himself up on the rein, to break his voice of its squeak, and to imitate his father.

Stevie trying to be tough like Frankie was one of the funniest of his phases, for undoubtedly Frankie was the man



"I'm sorry to say your model isn't ready yet. It's the old story—shortage of materials."

Stevie would never be. He was a lean, leathery sort of man, with a long face, cold eyes, and a fish's mouth. No doubt he had his good points. He made Mrs. Leary give up the daily work and wear a hat and coat instead of the shawl. He made Stevie give up the swill and the messages and learn to read and write, an accomplishment that had apparently been omitted from the education of whatever American millionaire he had been modelling himself on. Frankie had few friends on the road; he was a quiet, self-centered, scornful man. But with his coming the years seemed to drop

from Mrs. Leary. I understood at last what she meant when she said that Frankie in their courting days had compared her to the Colleen Bawn. She seemed to become all schoolgirlish and lit up inside, as though, but for modesty, she'd love to take you aside and tell you what Frankie did to her.

You wouldn't believe the change that came over their little cottage. Of course, a couple of times there were scenes when Mrs. Leary came home with the signs of drink on her. They weren't scenes as we understood them. Frankie didn't make smithereens of the

house, as my da did when domesticity became too much for him. But for all that, the scenes frightened Stevie. Each time there was one, he burst into tears and begged his father and mother to agree.

And then one night a terrible thing happened. Mrs. Leary came in a bit more expansive than usual. She wasn't drunk, she told my mother afterward—just friendly. Frankie had been reading the evening paper and he looked up.

"Where were you?" he asked.

"Ah, I ran into Lizzie Desmond at the Cross and we started to talk," Mrs. Leary said good-humoredly.

"Then ye started to drink, you mean."

"We had two small ones," said Mrs. Leary with a shrug of her shoulders. "What harm was there in that? Have you the kettle boiling, Stevie?"

"You know better than anyone what harm is in it," Frankie said. "I hope you're not forgetting what it cost you last time?"

"And if it did, wasn't I well able to get along without you? 'Tisn't many would be able for what I did, with my child to bring up, and no one to advise me or help me."

"Whisht now, Ma! Whisht!" Stevie cried in an agony of fear. "You know my da is only speaking for your good."

"Speaking for my good?" she shouted. With great dignity she drew herself up and addressed Frankie. "How dare you? Is that my thanks after all I did for you—crossing the briny ocean after you, you insignificant little gnat!"

"What's that you said?" Frankie asked quietly. Without waiting for an answer, he threw down his paper and went up to her with his fists clenched.

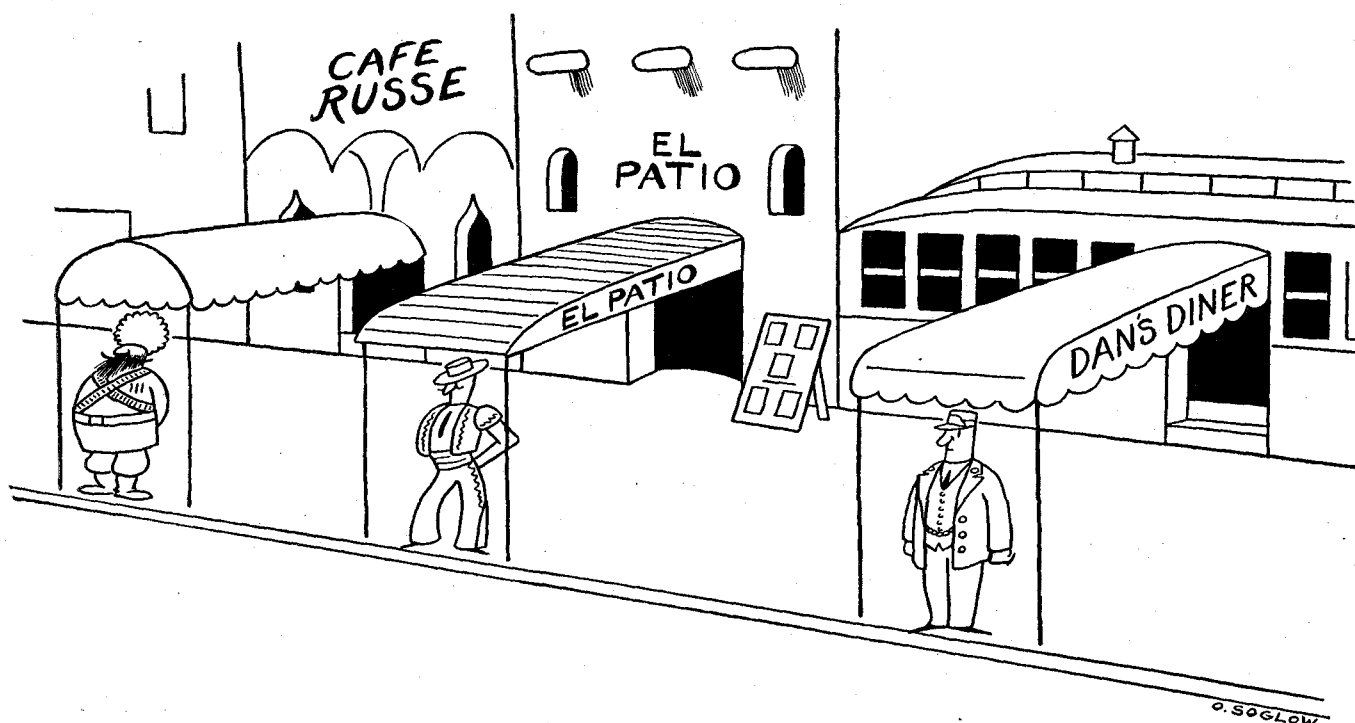
"Gnat!" she repeated scornfully, looking him up and down. "Insignificant little gnat, that wouldn't make a bolt for a back door! How dare you?"

Even before Stevie could guess what he was up to, Frankie had drawn back his fist and given it to her fair in the mouth. He didn't pull his



Richard
Dicken

"This makes three times he's flipped that coin. I'm getting suspicious."



punch, either. Stevie nearly got sick at the sound. Mrs. Leary gave a shriek that was heard in our house, and then went in a heap on the floor. Stevie shrieked, too, and rushed to her assistance. He lifted her head on his knee. Her mouth was bleeding and her eyes were closed.

"Oh, Ma, look at me, look at me!" he bawled distractedly. "'Tis all right. I'm Stevie, your own little boy."

She opened one red-rimmed eye and looked at him for a moment. Then she closed it carefully, with a moan of pain, as though the sight of him distressed her too much. Stevie looked up at his father, who seemed to be hardly aware of his presence.

"Will I get the priest for her, Da?" asked Stevie. "She's dying."

"Get to bed out of this," Frankie replied in a tone that put the fear of God into Stevie. He crept into bed, leaving his mother still lying on the floor. A little later he heard his father close the bedroom door on himself. His mother still lay there. He was quite certain she was dead until an hour later he heard her pick herself up and make herself a cup of tea. But never before had Stevie allowed his mother to remain like that without assistance. It couldn't have happened except for Frankie. He was afraid of Frankie.

Stevie woke next morning with all the troubles of the world on his young shoulders. Things were desperate in the home. All the light he had on the

subject was contained in a sermon he had once heard in which the preacher said children were a great bond between the parents. Stevie felt it was up to him to be a bond. Purposefully cheerful, he gave Frankie his breakfast and took his mother a cup of tea. After that she insisted on getting up and going out. He begged her to stay in bed, and offered to bring the porter to her, but she wouldn't. He knew she was going out to get drunk, and at the same time that she was far more frightened than he was. That was what she meant when she said that lovers could never agree. It was her terrible pride that wouldn't allow her to give in to his father.

In the afternoon, Stevie found her in a pub in town and brought her home. He did everything he could to make her presentable; he made her tea, washed her face, combed her hair, and finally even tried to induce her to hide in our house. At six, Frankie came in, and Stevie bustled around him eagerly and clumsily, laying the table for his supper. In his capacity of bond, he had reverted to type. "You'd like a couple of buttered eggs?" he squeaked. "You would, to be sure. Dwyer's keeps grand eggs."

After supper, Frankie grimly got up and took his cap. "You won't be late, Da?" Stevie asked appealingly. Frankie didn't answer. Stevie went to the door and watched him all the way down the road. Then he returned and sat opposite his mother by the fire.

"Ah," he said, "I don't suppose he'll come back at all."

"Let him go," his mother muttered scornfully. "We did without him before and we can do without him again. Insignificant little gnat!"

"Ah, I dunno," Stevie said. "'Twas nice having him, all the same."

The dusk fell and they sat there, not speaking.

"You ought to see is he at your Uncle John's," Mrs. Leary said suddenly, and Stevie knew the panic was rising again through the drink.

"I'll try," he said, "but I wouldn't have much hope."

His doubts were fully justified. Whatever way Frankie had of losing himself, he had disappeared again.

LITTLE by little the old air of fecklessness and neglect descended on the Learys' cottage. Mrs. Leary, no longer looking like the Colleen Bawn, went back to the shawl and the daily work for the Delurys, and Stevie to the swill and the messages. Everything was exactly as though Frankie had never returned. Yet in one way it wasn't. After a year or two, Stevie started to go to night school. That caused us all considerable amusement. It was the daftest of Stevie's metamorphoses.

But then a really incredible thing happened—Stevie began to study for the priesthood. It seemed that the teacher in the Technical School had spoken to the parish priest, and the parish priest

was arranging for Mrs. Leary to have regular work in the presbytery, so that Stevie could attend the seminary. This wasn't a matter for laughter. In a way, it was a public scandal. Of course, it wouldn't be like Mrs. Delury's son who had been to Maynooth; it would only be for the Foreign Mission, but you'd think that even the Foreign Mission would draw the line somewhere. Even my mother, who had great pity for Stevie, was troubled. I was causing her concern enough as it was, for I had lost my faith for the first time. She was an exceedingly pious woman, and I don't think she ever put it in so many words, but I fancy she felt that if the Catholic Church was having to fall back on people like Stevie, there might be some grounds for a young fellow losing his faith. I remember the incredulity with which I spoke to Stevie myself when for the first time I met him on the road in his black suit and black soft hat. I could see he knew about my losing my faith. He might even have tried to help me with it, but, of course, being Stevie, he was in a hurry to get back to his Latin roots.

When he said his first Mass in the parish church, we all turned up, a few—like my mother—from piety, the rest from curiosity. Mrs. Delury, her two sons, and her daughter were there. Mrs. Delury, of course, was boiling at the thought of her charwoman's son being a priest like her own Jeremiah, and she blamed it all on America. Stevie preached on the Good Shepherd, and whether it was just the excitement or the faces of the Delurys all looking up at him from one pew—a sight to daunt the boldest heart—he got mixed up between the ninety-nine and the one. What else could you expect of Stevie? My mother and I went around to the sacristy afterward to get his blessing. (By this time I had got back my faith again and I didn't lose it a second time till two years afterward.) As we knelt, I could hardly keep my face straight, for at every moment I expected Stevie to say, "Wouldn't a few pounds of stewing beef be better, Ma'am?"

When we came out of the church, I saw that the Opposition, headed by Mrs. Delury, was holding an overflow meeting on the road down from the chapel. "Poor Father Stephen got a bit mixed in his sums," said Mrs. Delury in her pleasant way as we passed.

"Ah, the dear knows, wouldn't anyone get excited on an occasion like that?" said my mother, flushed and angry at this insult to the cloth.

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Delury com-

FLIGHT TO WILLIAMSBURG AND THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

There were thunderheads. The transition was not too easy,
As perhaps is always the way. It was no sure thing,
Casual as flight in the limitless sky, explicit,
But a matter of cloud and disquiet and threatening.
To be venturers in time was a turbulent venture
Of wind and darkening mist, enveloped in space
And the minute hand of time, slow, *slow* in circuit,
And the fear of never setting down in the place.
Yet we rode in air; the craft was a hunter, soaring,
Accoutred, if anything was, to veer to the past,
Set to a plotted course and improbable weather,
To the unknown and the fear and the overcast.
But I think I should hardly take the journey over
(Not with the closing in of cloud, everywhere
The risk and cloud), not the going or returning,
For all the mulberry trees and the pewter there.

The past was, of course, restored and quaintly authentic:
A Colonial A. & P. and a Rexall store,
Quiet old streets traversed by coach or by taxi,
Gay Queen Anne ladies and sober tourists more
Humdrum in look; the past in temper and spirit
Was one of eternal glitter and candlelight,
Copper and gleam, the beautiful fact of order
And seeming peace after the tumult of flight.
One might fall in love—or might say it never existed,
Even the sassafras and the trumpet vine—
Cry not to have come, or never to have departed
A reasonable world, serener than yours or mine.
But I think I should not again try the difficult passage,
It being so far, beyond in the cloud and mists
Of remembered time, of yellow brocades and mimosa,
Porcelain figures, and dreams, and colonists.

—HELEN BEVINGTON

fortably, "I don't suppose in America they'll know the difference."

"Why?" I asked in surprise. "Is he going to America?"

"So it seems," she replied with a giggle. "I wonder why."

BUT I knew why, and for days it haunted my mind. I called the night before Stevie went away, and had a cup of tea with Mrs. Leary and him. I cursed myself for not noticing before what a nice, intelligent, sensitive fellow Stevie was. He was nervous and excited by the prospect before him. "Ah, he'll love it," his mother said in her

deep, snug, husky voice. "I'll be like a new life to him. The dear knows, I might go out to him myself, one of these days."

"How bad 'twould be now to have you keeping house for him!" I said.

"Japers," said Father Stephen shyly, "that'd be grand."

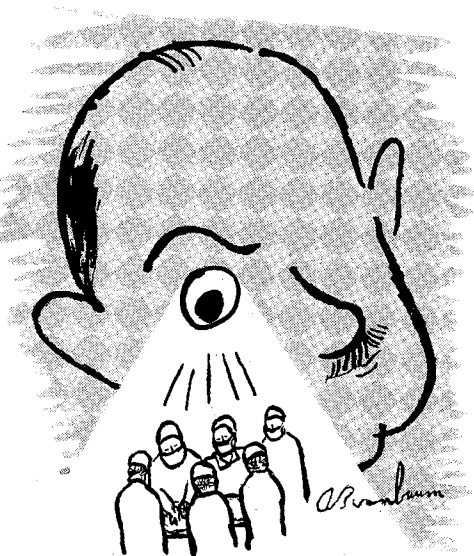
Of course, all three of us knew it was impossible. There are certain luxuries that a young priest must deny himself and one is a mother whose feelings become too much for her. The whole time Stevie was at home, Mrs. Leary was irreproachable, a perfect lady. But next evening, after she had seen him off, a sympathetic policeman brought her home, and my mother put her to bed. "Ah, indeed," my mother kept saying reproachfully, "what would Father Stephen say if he saw you now?" During the night we heard her shouting, but there was no Stevie to say, "Stay here and I'll get it for you, Ma." Stevie at last had become the man his father was, and left us all far away behind him.

—FRANK O'CONNOR





"Francis Wickersham Parker, Jr.—you probably know him—was in this morning, and he gave me to understand that the swings in the Seventy-second Street playground are in bad condition. Now, I always say that a city administration that can't run a playground . . ."



Dr. Emery Andrew Rovenstine

IN the course of a year, the Department of Anesthesia at Bellevue Hospital calms or puts to sleep about twenty thousand patients. No satisfactory method has ever been devised for the measurement of pain—it is impossible to calculate how many compound fractures of the wrist, say, it would take to equal one terminal agony of carcinoma of the liver—but it is a reasonable guess that, since Bellevue is the city's biggest hospital, more pain is allayed by anesthetics there than anywhere else in town. The director of the Department of Anesthesia is Dr. Emery Andrew Rovenstine, who is considered by many surgeons and other medical men the most knowledgeable anesthesiologist (or what most of us call an anesthesiologist) in the world—an opinion he does not argue against. Some months ago, as he was about to leave for Central Europe on a teaching mission, one of a group of colleagues who were hanging around waiting for last instructions asked what documents he was planning to have along with him. "I've got all there is on this subject in my head," he replied. He threw in a smile when he said it, but everybody knew him well enough to take him quite seriously.

Rovenstine, who is fifty-two, has had a great deal to do with the introduction of many anesthetic drugs, techniques, and machines, but his eminence is primarily a result of his scholarship. He has made an intense study of his specialty, and he has devoted himself to teaching other doctors what he knows. In addition to teaching at Bellevue, he is a professor of anesthesia and gives lecture courses at New York University, which is associated with Bellevue. He thinks that what anesthesia

needs most at the moment is a sort of stocktaking of techniques and drugs, yet he does not want this work to be done at the expense of research. He and his staff, as well as many other scientists, are constantly increasing the supply of knowledge by testing new drugs and devices. To know where you are going, he says, you have to know where you are and where you have been. In all the sciences, there comes a time when a closing down for inventory is desirable. Dr. Rovenstine's position is equivocal; he wants to keep on experimenting, but he has been working, intermittently at least, on his inventory for eight years, and sometimes he feels as though he were trapped in a Greek hell; so many new things keep developing that the inventory is never finished. "We're in antibiotics now," he said not long ago. "Penicillin and all the things we didn't know about six years ago. And everything else in medicine affects, or is affected by, anesthesia. Soon there will be an immense body of information about radiation and electronics. Then the engineers and the physicists will take over medicine. They'll lay a patient on a table, press a series of buttons, and what will happen would be a miracle now."

Dr. Rovenstine spends a lot of time trying to persuade the profession that his particular branch of medicine is important. He and such men as Dr. Ralph Waters, of the University of Wisconsin, who was Rovenstine's teacher there, and Dr. John Lundy, of the Mayo Clinic, are gradually convincing surgeons and hospital heads throughout the country that anesthetics should be administered not by nurses or by physicians with casual training but by highly trained specialists. These men have succeeded in getting the medical schools to require as many years of special study for an anesthesiologist as for an orthopedist or a gynecologist, and they have also added two more syllables to the name of their calling. Their word for "anesthesia" is "anesthesiology," and, under their definition, the term includes the direct relief of many types of pain, the diagnosis of some diseases, and the treatment of certain nervous disorders by anesthetic means, as well as the care of patients'

bodies before, during, and after operations.

UNTIL the nineteenth century, poets seemed to know more about pain and surcease from pain than men of medicine did. The present meaning of the word "anesthesia," which used to mean simply "loss of pain," was established by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was, of course, both a medical and a literary man. The problem of relief from pain, the mystery of sleep, and the deathlike aspects of coma have been the subject of considerable mystic and poetic speculation. Most of the books on anesthesia contain Friar Lawrence's soliloquy on the anesthetic effectiveness of the draught he prepared for Juliet:

When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou
liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall
Like death, when he shuts up the day of
life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like
death;
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk
death
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Evidently, this passage is included more for its beauty than for its accuracy as symptomatic description. The condition indicated seems to be shock, which, without remedial treatment, would certainly be fatal in considerably less than forty-two hours.

Anger and fright, psychiatrists believe, have been pain relievers since the beginning of man, but most medical historians date the science of anesthesia from the fifth decade of the nineteenth century. Horace Wells, a dentist, demonstrated the efficacy of nitrous oxide, or laughing gas, in 1844, and William Thomas Green Morton, who was familiar with Wells' experiments, demonstrated the powers of ether in 1846. A controversy over which of these men should be called the discoverer of anesthesia is still going on, and it is complicated by the claims for Robert Collier, Crawford W. Long, and E. R. Smilie, all of whom were experimenting with anesthetic gases between 1839 and

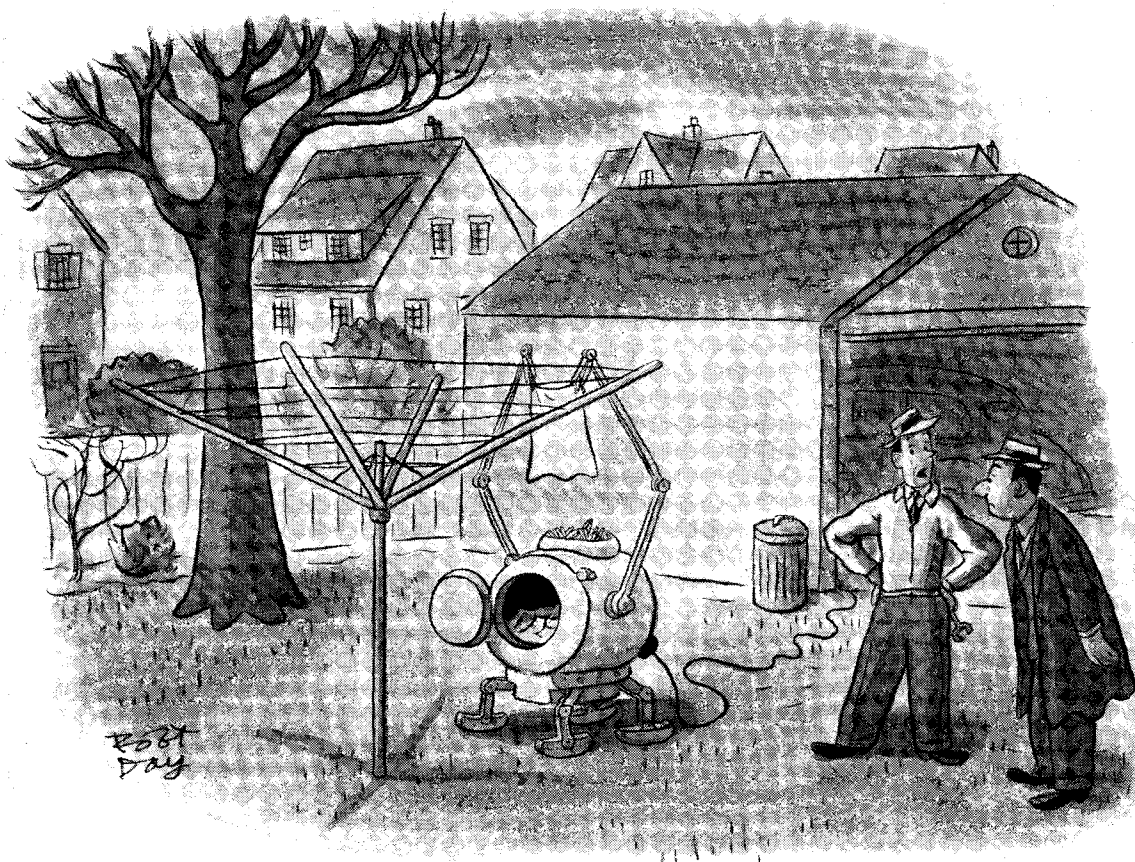
1847. Dr. Rovenstine has no firm feeling about the matter. "Wells was a dentist, so the dentists say Wells," he remarked a couple of years ago, after attending a meeting some physicians held in Morton's memory. "Morton was a medical man as well as a tooth puller, so the medical professors say Morton." Dr. Rovenstine thinks that by the eighteen-forties someone was bound to hit upon the pain-killing powers of certain gases anyway, and that the discoveries of that period were, moreover, the result of experimentation by the physicist Joseph Priestley a half century before. Dr. Rovenstine also gives a lot of credit to the mid-nineteenth-century research of the English anesthetist John Snow. Dr. Rovenstine is rather sentimental about Snow. Some years ago, after he had finished a stint as the first guest professor and the first guest director of anesthesia at Oxford University's medical school, the University presented him with an autographed copy of the first edition of Snow's "Chloroform."

For centuries before Wells' and Morton's time, barbers, surgeons, dentists, and monks had been playing around with methods of reducing or eliminating pain. Alcohol and opium seem to have been used for the purpose before history begins, and the properties of cocaine were known to the Indians of South America long before the Spaniards arrived. Mayan and Incan priests, who practiced a crude form of trepanning, chewed coca leaves, the source of the drug, and spat into the incisions in the patient's skull, thus achieving a rough approximation of local anesthesia. The Incas gave their slaves coca leaves to chew while they worked, on the theory that a doped slave wouldn't know when he was tired, and the Spaniards picked the idea up from them. The ancient Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, and Chinese with some reason recommended, among them, not only alcohol and opium but garlic, horned cumin, onions, coriander, mushrooms, lettuce seed, and mandrake. The monks of Salerno and Monte Cassino, medical centers of the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, developed a sopo-

rific they called *spongia somnifera*. The directions for preparing it read, "Take of opium, of the juice of the unripe mulberry, of hyoscyamus, of the juice of the hemlock, of the juice of the forest mulberry, of the seeds of lettuce, of the seeds of the dock which has large round apples, and of the water hemlock, each an ounce; mix all these in a brazen vessel, and then place in it a new sponge; let the whole boil, as long as the sun lasts on the dog-days, until the sponge consume it all, and it has boiled away in it. As oft as there shall be need of it, place this sponge in hot water for an hour, and let it be applied to the nostrils of him who is to be operated on until he has fallen asleep, and so let the surgery be performed. This being finished, in order to awaken him, apply another sponge, dipped in vinegar, frequently to the nose, or throw the juice of the root of fenugreek into the nostrils; shortly, he awakens." On hearing about this, one pupil of Rovenstine's said, "The only place you could get that prescription filled would be Ham-macher Schlemmer's."

DR. ROVENSTINE likes a couple of rye-and-sodas when his day is over—usually around 7:30 P.M.—and he enjoys pointing out that his career

is heavily involved with the ethyl radical, C_2H_5 , a combination of carbon and hydrogen atoms that is present not only in most anesthetics but in whiskey. He sometimes says that the discovery of modern anesthesia was a direct result of the pleasure many people took in trying to knock themselves out. The most common combination of the radical is C_2H_5OH , or ethyl alcohol. Used intravenously, it can produce surgical anesthesia; swallowed as whiskey or gin, it only *seems* to produce anesthesia. A man who has passed out on the living-room floor can be slapped without much apparent effect, but it is not safe to cut into him. The ethyl radical is also present in ether, which was discovered a hundred years ago, about the time nitrous oxide became known. The manufacture of these gases was a simple matter, and between 1820 and 1835 they became widely used in the United States, though not as an aid to surgery. College students would occasionally mix up a batch of ether, get quite high by sniffing it, and fall on their faces. The hangovers were colossal. In many sections of the South, "ether frolics" were as frequent as barn dances. Travelling chemists, always sporting the title of "professor" or "doctor," went about the country demonstrat-



"... and then, after ninety minutes, it goes into reverse and takes them down again."

ing the stuff at exhibitions, to which they charged admission. In Hartford, a Professor Colton advertised:

A grand exhibition of the effects produced by inhaling nitrous oxide, exhilarating, or laughing gas will be given at Union Hall this (Tuesday) evening, Dec. 10, 1844. Forty gallons of the gas will be prepared and administered to all in the audience who desire to inhale it. Eight strong men are engaged to occupy the front seats, to protect those under the influence of the gas from injuring themselves or others. This course is adopted that no apprehension of danger may be entertained. Probably no one will attempt to fight. The effect of the gas is to make those who inhale it either laugh, sing, dance, speak, or fight, &c., &c., according to the leading trait of their character. They seem to retain consciousness enough not to say or do that which they would have occasion to regret. . . . N.B. The gas will be administered only to gentlemen of the first respectability. The object is to make the entertainment in every respect a genteel affair. The entertainment is *scientific* to those who *make* it scientific. No language can describe the delightful sensation produced. Robert Southey (poet) once said that "the atmosphere of the highest of all heaven must be composed of the Gas."

During Professor Colton's performance in Hartford, Horace Wells, a local dentist, noticed that a friend of his named Samuel Cooley, under the influence of the laughing gas, apparently barked a shin without feeling it. The next day, Wells, in his office, had Colton give him enough of the gas to make him unconscious, and another dentist pulled one of Wells' teeth while he was in this state. Some weeks later, Wells demonstrated nitrous oxide at Massachusetts General, the venerable hospital in Boston, in another tooth pulling. The patient groaned during the process but afterward said he had not felt any pain. Wells was nevertheless called a charlatan. He kept on with his studies and almost shattered his health by experimenting on himself. After a few years, he set up an office in New York, and one day, while doped with chloroform, ran amuck in the street, shouting and screaming, and was thrown into the Tombs. There, on the night of January 24, 1848, at the age of thirty-three, he turned off the lamp in his cell, tied a razor firmly to a stick, covered his nose with a handkerchief soaked with some chloroform he had with him, and in what must have been his last conscious moment expertly severed the artery of his left thigh. A few days later, a letter, mailed from Paris twelve days before his suicide, arrived to say that the Paris Medical Society had voted that to him belonged the credit for the discovery of gas anesthesia. Two years before,

Morton had successfully used ether at Massachusetts General, during a tumor operation. It was on this occasion that Dr. John Collins Warren, a famous surgeon, who conducted the operation, uttered one of the most quoted sentences in medicine: "Gentlemen, this is no humbug."

Rovenstine and most other medical men have little admiration for Morton, because he tried, unsuccessfully, to patent his method of administering anesthetics. They consider that he ranks, ethically, with the Chamberlens, the eighteenth-century English family of doctors who refused for three generations to let anyone else know anything about the obstetrical forceps that one of them had invented. Rovenstine insists that all the resident physicians who work under him at Bellevue designate the drugs they use only by their United States Pharmacopoeia names. Thus, at Bellevue, what is popularly known as Novocain is always called procaine, and Nembutal is called pentobarbital sodium. According to a provision of American patent law, a name for a chemical formula may be registered in perpetuity but the formula may be patented for only seventeen years. A well-known sleeping tablet is put out under a registered name by a company that did not develop the formula. The chemical firm that did the research on it and perfected it intended it as an intravenous anesthetic, and since it was not successful as that, abandoned claims to the formula. Another company found that it could be taken orally and started to manufacture it. Rovenstine sees that his orders go to the first firm—which is now also making the drug—even though the prescription he has to use contains ten more syllables than the patented name.

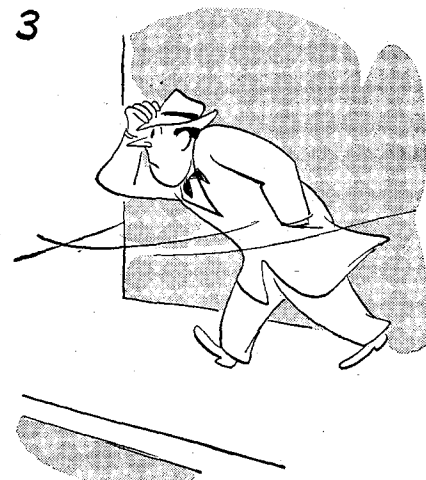
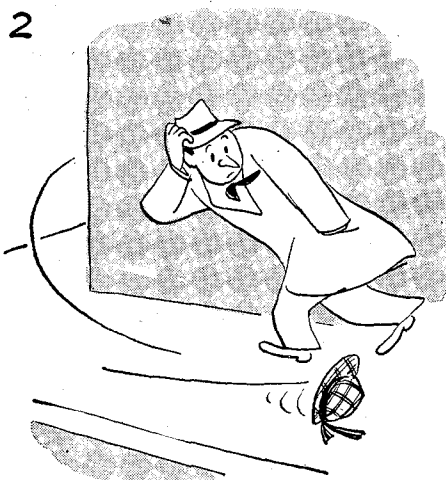
Soon after Morton's demonstration, physicians began to use anesthesia in childbirth, and clergymen in England and America began to denounce the practice, on the ground that it violated Biblical precepts. In justification, they quoted, from Genesis, "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children." Proponents

of anesthesia replied by citing the passage in Genesis in which God puts Adam into a deep sleep before drawing the rib out of his side. Queen Victoria just about ended this controversy by taking chloroform when she gave birth to Prince Leopold.

ROVENSTINE is fond of talking about the early history of anesthesia, but he is far more interested in the progress of the science in the last twenty-five years, during which new techniques in surgery, making it possible to operate on parts of the body that had theretofore been inaccessible to knives, required new techniques in anesthesia. (From Rovenstine's point of view, anesthesia was in the dark ages until about 1920.) It is nothing new for surgery to be in advance of anesthesia. Surgery had been going on for centuries before the discovery of anesthesia; not only trepanning but amputations and gall-bladder, kidney, and intestinal operations were performed well in advance of the discovery that man could be rendered temporarily insensible to pain. By the time surgical anesthesia became possible, there were surgeons who could remove a gallstone or a stomach tumor in ninety seconds. The mortality rate was high, but the surgeons were sustained by the knowledge that their patients would probably not have lived much longer anyway.

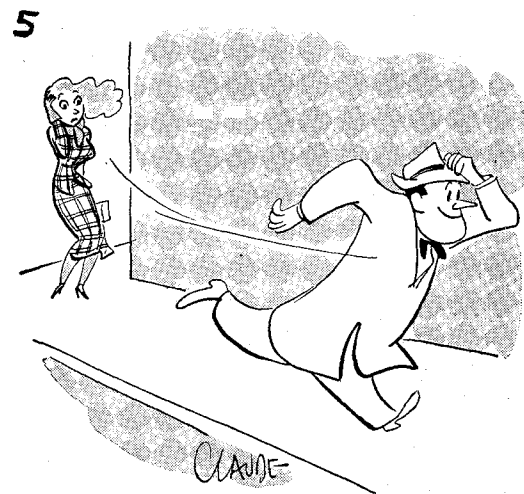
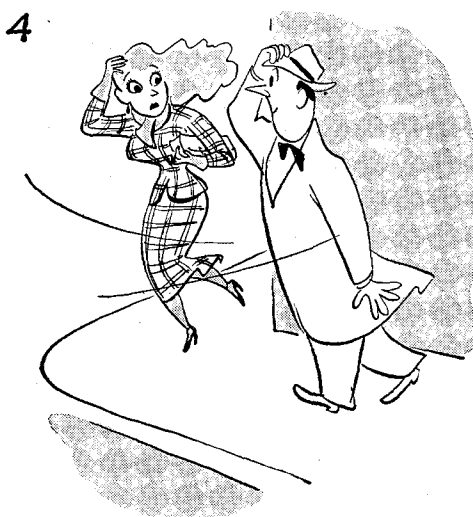
Rovenstine's literary style is fairly elegant ("The surgeon's visitations within the thoracic cavity may be fraught with dangers and occasionally accompanied by accidents that are not associated with abdominal surgery"), though he rarely reads anything but scientific books. He seldom gets around even to magazines and newspapers. The folklore of his profession, as recorded in literature, does not particularly interest him. Recently, he devoted a few minutes to relieving a free patient in Bellevue of a pain in an arm that had been cut off several years before. The victim of this phantom pain said that the tendons ached and that his fingers were clenched so hard he could feel his nails digging into his palm. Dr. Rovenstine's assistant, Dr. E. M. Papper, reminded Rovenstine that a hundred and fifty years ago the cure would have been to dig up the man's arm, if its burial place was known, and straighten out the hand. Rovenstine smiled. "I tell you," he said. "We'll use a two-per-cent solution of procaine, and if it works, in a couple of weeks we'll go on with an alcohol solution. Procaine, you know, lasts a couple of weeks, alcohol six months or longer.





In most cases of this sort, I use the nerve block originated by Labat around 1910 and improved on in New Orleans about ten years back, plus one or two improvisations of my own." (Nerve blocking is a method of anesthetizing a nerve that is transmitting pain.) Rovenstine does little anesthetizing himself these days, except when he is demonstrating his methods at his lectures. He carries on only a small practice outside Bellevue. If he is called in on routine cases, he asks extremely high fees. He proceeds on the principle that a person who wants him to handle a routine operation ought to pay well for him. If he is asked to apply his specialized knowledge to an unusual case, he doesn't care what the fee is. Like a great many other doctors, he feels that only millionaires and indigents get decent medical care. People of these two classes are the only ones who feel that they can call on the leading surgeons and Rovenstine.

The man with the pain in the non-existent hand was an indigent, and Rovenstine was working before a large gallery of student anesthetists and visitors when he exorcised the ghosts that were paining him. Some of the spectators, though they felt awed, also felt inclined to giggle. Even trained anesthetists sometimes get into this state during nerve-block demonstrations because of the tenseness such feats of magic induce in them. The patient, thin, stark-naked, and an obvious product of poverty and cheap gin mills, was nervous and rather apologetic when he was brought into the operating theatre. He lay face down on the operating table. Rovenstine has an easy manner with patients, and as his thick, stubby hands



roamed over the man's back, he gently asked, "How you doing?" "My hand, it is all closed together, Doc," the man answered, startled and evidently a little proud of the attention he was getting. "You'll be O.K. soon," Rovenstine said, and turned to the audience. "One of my greatest contributions to medical science has been the use of the eyebrow pencil," he said. He took one from the pocket of his white smock and made a series of marks on the patient's back, near the shoulder of the amputated arm, so that the spectators could see exactly where he was going to work. With a syringe and needle, he raised four small weals on the man's back and then shoved long needles into the weals. The man shuddered but said he felt no pain. Rovenstine then attached a syringe to the first needle, injected the procaine solution, unfastened the syringe, attached it to the next needle, injected more of the solution, and so on. The patient's face began to relax a little. "Lord, Doc," he said. "My hand is loosening up a bit already." "You'll

be all right by tonight, I think," Rovenstine said. He was.

ROVENSTINE, a native of Indiana, came to Bellevue in 1935 from a faculty post in the University of Wisconsin medical school. At that time, anesthetics were being administered at Bellevue by nurses, under the direction of a part-time staff physician. A couple of years before, Drs. Adrian V. S. Lambert and Arthur Wright, both high-ranking surgeons at Bellevue, had performed the first pneumectomy ever attempted in the hospital, and, according to a bystander, Dr. Lambert had said, after the patient's chest had been sewed up, "By God, we're going to get ourselves an anesthetist." Rovenstine had been one of the most promising students of Dr. Waters, who was head of the University of Wisconsin medical school and the country's leading anesthetist, and it was Dr. Waters who got him the appointment. The job, as it turned out, involved completely reorganizing the anesthesia setup at Bellevue. Within

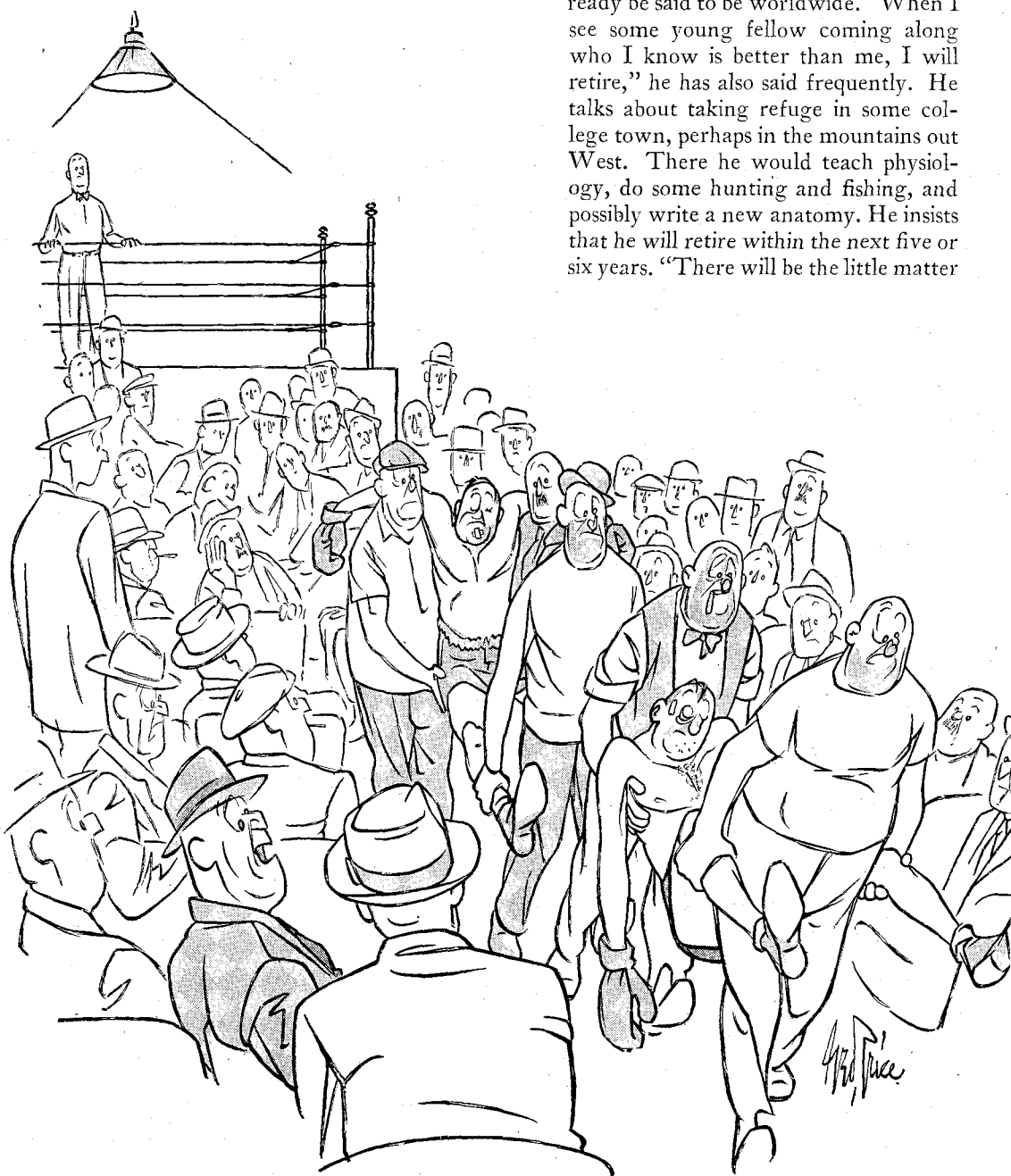
a year, Rovenstine had established his Department of Anesthesia and turned it into a school where doctors could join the resident staff and become specialists in this work. Rovenstine had already earned himself a reputation with the papers he had written for medical journals, and many young doctors were eager to work with him. The number of deaths in Bellevue during and after surgery soon declined, the apprehension of patients before operations and the nausea after them were lessened, and the hospital even saved money. Rovenstine's residents received room, board, and only from thirty-five to seventy dollars a month—far less than even the moderate salaries of nurses, and they worked longer hours. Now, however, a resident at Bellevue draws as much as a hundred dollars a month. "The money is all gravy anyway," Dr. Rovenstine has said. "I see to it that they don't get any time to spend it. I believe in working a resident to death. He gets three years of hell from me, and then, if he wants, he can go out and make that fifty thousand a year." Many of his graduates eventually build up practices that bring them in the fifty thousand, but he is more interested in the men who, like himself, continue their scientific study and spread the gospel of anesthesiology by taking professorships at from six to twelve thousand.

Whenever one of Rovenstine's colleagues suggests that many of the honors his associates have received are a result of his ability as a medical politician, Rovenstine is pleased. "Just an Indiana boy," he will say proudly. He is certain that he and his disciples are the best thing that ever happened to anesthesia, and when, in 1936, after some rough undercover fighting, which routed an Old Guard group, he was elected president of the

American Society of Regional Anesthesia—a post he held for two terms—he began to see to it that his men got jobs or delivered lectures that brought proper attention to them and their ideas. He is still at it. Discovering an exceptionally talented young man among his residents, Rovenstine is likely to say, "Let's get you some publicity," and the newcomer finds himself taking over some of Rovenstine's experiments with drugs or attempting to prove a theory of his, aided by the elaborate case-reporting system he has established at Bellevue. If necessary, Rovenstine helps the young man write his papers, edits them, and sees that they get printed in some professional journal or other. Once in a while a resident who has

given Rovenstine a little help on a difficult problem he has been working on will find his signature alongside Rovenstine's at the head of an article in a medical publication. By the time Rovenstine turns his fledgling loose, the young man's name is known in the profession.

Rovenstine's passion for placing young men in positions in which they can teach other men his precepts is simply an extension of his passion for the betterment of Bellevue. "When I get finished here," he has said several times, "Bellevue will be the anesthesia center of the world." Inasmuch as Oxford and a number of Middle European and South American universities now base their teaching of anesthesiology on Rovenstine theory, his influence can already be said to be worldwide. "When I see some young fellow coming along who I know is better than me, I will retire," he has also said frequently. He talks about taking refuge in some college town, perhaps in the mountains out West. There he would teach physiology, do some hunting and fishing, and possibly write a new anatomy. He insists that he will retire within the next five or six years. "There will be the little matter



"I never saw two fighters more evenly matched."



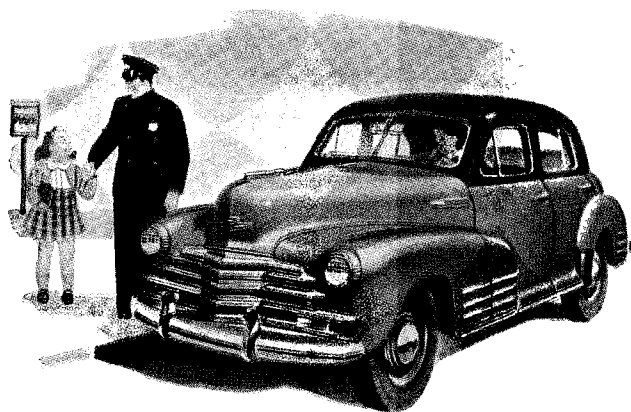
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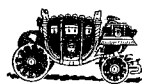
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of convincing you about how good that young fellow is," one of his colleagues told him one day. "I'd fix that retirement date at about 1961." Several universities whose reputations are greater than N.Y.U.'s have offered chairs to Rovenstine. Two of them have handsome campuses and much pleasanter surroundings than New York can provide a studious man, to say nothing of the companionship of superlative pedagogical staffs. He has thought seriously about each of these opportunities, but every time he has decided to stay where he is. "After all, Bellevue is mine," he says.

BELLEVUE, Rovenstine believes, offers a man of medicine almost everything he could wish for. Maybe the budget ought to be bigger, and there ought to be more new equipment, but it gives a research physician an excellent supply of people to work on. Sixty thousand people a year are admitted to the hospital, and eighteen thousand of these are treated surgically. Bellevue treats a large percentage of the emergency cases that in one way or another become the city's responsibility, the city's indigent, municipal employees and their families, the hospital staff, and cases that simply happen to arouse the interest of the hospital's medical men. At no cost, a person with an unusual ailment can get about the best care in the world there, and a person with a merely run-of-the-mill illness gets efficient, quick, friendly treatment. The treatments prescribed by Rovenstine's department for all the surgical patients and many of the others range from aspirin to long processes of surgical anesthesia. Pain is relieved by taking drugs orally, intravenously, and rectally, by injection of drugs into the spinal column, by the blocking of nerves with drugs, and by the inhalation of drugs. Rovenstine and his residents are also called upon when a reversal of their technique seems necessary; they are in charge of resuscitating people who have taken too many sleeping tablets or too much alcohol or poison.

The methodology of anesthesia at Bellevue and at all the hospitals that Rovenstine has advised, among them some of the best in the country, was recently described to an inquiring friend by Dr. Papper. "On an average case, one of the kind that doesn't have some complication to make you more worried than normally," he said, "you see the patient the day before. Most operations are in the morning, and so you visit him in the afternoon or evening, eighteen to

twelve hours before he's operated on. You check on his history, the results of his physical examination, and the laboratory data, and you talk with him. You find out what type of anesthetic is indicated, how he feels, and what kind of a guy he is. If he needs it, if he's nervous and worried, we give him a barbiturate at night to make sure that he gets a good night's sleep. The premedication comes about an hour and a half before he's wheeled into the operating room, and it all depends on his age, his condition, and what's going to be done to him. You may use morphine, or maybe scopolamine or atropine, or maybe a combination of two or three of them. After a serious operation, you watch over the guy until he's out of the anesthesia. That usually doesn't take very long, but you keep watching him for a week or so, visit him a few times each day. You watch for shock, atelectasis [collapse], any complication resulting from either anesthesia or surgery. And one of the big reasons you visit him is to keep him happy."

Rovenstine's ambitions for Bellevue run well ahead of his quite small budget, but he is adept at persuading people to contribute money and supplies toward his work. Some donations come from grateful patients, but most of the money comes from drug companies, which now and then pay his department a few thousand dollars for making the final tests on some new drug. When such a drug—usually some slight variation of an old one—is tested, various experiments are made. It is fed to or injected into animals, and their reactions, including heartbeat, blood pressure, temperature, nervous state, are observed. By the time it is given to a human being, all its characteristics are known.

Some scientists feel that even if Rovenstine were not a talented teacher and were not responsible for the development of many types of apparatus and drugs, his reputation still would be enormous because of the system he has devised for keeping records on cases. As a methodical man, he was troubled for years by the fact that few of the details of what happened to a patient undergoing surgery were matters of record. A patient would die, and someone who had worked on him might afterwards write out, in a report, "The diagnosis showed that this man had a perforated intestine, and a resection seemed indicated. The man was premedicated with morphine, and anesthesia, third plane, was induced with cyclopropane and ether. The man was in anesthesia twenty minutes, and the resection was being

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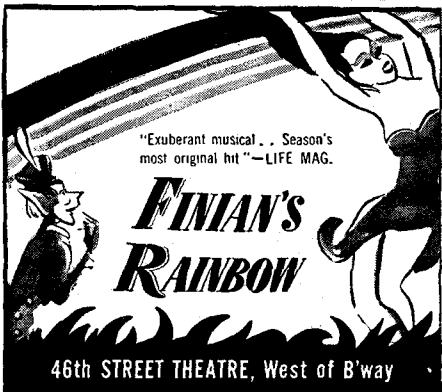
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performed, when his heart stopped . . ." Most post-mortem notations were not much better than that. Rovenstine wanted to know everything possible about a patient's blood pressure, heart action, breathing, body temperature, and general condition at every stage of an operation, and such information could not possibly be committed to memory and recorded after the operation. During major operations, Rovenstine anesthetists confer frequently with the surgeon and their opinions condition the progress of an operation. Sitting at the head of the operating table, bent over a patient's face, they decide when blood or a saline solution should be administered, often change the mixture the man is breathing, check on his blood pressure and his rate of respiration, and, in emergencies, attempt resuscitation if it looks as if the patient may die on the table. (Rovenstine's word for resuscitation is "revivification," which he says is more accurate.) Over the years, Rovenstine has developed a system of simple charts on which an anesthetist can scrawl his notations while the surgery is actually in progress. These observations are later recorded on I.B.M. punch cards. Often, as the cards are run through a machine, certain facts that have gone unnoticed—such as that a certain combination of drugs causes minor throat irritations—come to light.

"These cards," Rovenstine said to a friend one afternoon, "tell me a lot of things, and so does observation. For instance, there was a woman resident I had here ten years ago. Twice, when she was working, patients died during intubation—you know, while the anesthetic tube was being placed in the trachea. After the second death, I looked over her report. It was simple—she just hadn't done it properly. I called her in. 'Dr. Rovenstine,' she said, 'I know what you are going to say. You are going to say I shouldn't be an anesthetist.' I said, 'I am going to tell you that you shouldn't be a doctor at all.' She had nerve. She had gone through university, through medical school, through internship, through some practice, and one year with me, but she packed her clothes, left the hospital, and got a job far away from medicine. She's married now and has three children. I suppose she takes pretty good care of them. Anyhow, I hope so. I liked her for not making excuses. You know, a lot of surgeons and anesthetists tend to blame a death on the patient." —MARK MURPHY

(This is the first of a series
of three articles.)

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OVERSET

IN the deluge of plays that marked the opening of the season—ten in the past two weeks—a few comments that I had intended to make never got into print, partly because of lack of space and partly because of simple exhaustion. None of them was particularly important, but since at the moment there are no new projects to discuss, I might as well get them off my mind.

Beginning, then, with "Allegro," I was on my way home from the opening of that vast and woolly morality play when I met a man who was in complete accord with my own low opinion of it but who, nevertheless, expressed his admiration, or at least his stupefaction, at a point that hadn't occurred to me.

"You know what those babies have done?" he asked, expecting no answer. "They've written a whole musical comedy without using one damn joke."

He wasn't quite exact. "Allegro" is probably the glummiest enterprise in which dancing girls and profane music have ever appeared, but there *are* jokes in it. Two, by my count. One—with, I should say, a burlesque ancestry—is a pun.

"Dr. X is giving Mrs. Y her ultra-violet-ray treatments himself," says a pretty girl dressed as a nurse.

"Oh, he is?" says the hero. "Then I'm sure she's been ultra-violated by now."

The other is what is known in the trade as a sight gag. A young couple get up from a rather tangled position on the ground, and as they walk off, an object the man is carrying is revealed to the audience to be an automobile seat. This joke appeared in *The New Yorker* seventeen years ago—a policeman was involved in it then, and it bore the caption "We want to report a stolen car"—but it is probably a hell of a lot older than that, and in my opinion it was never much good anyway. However, I am a helpful man, and it seems to me there is a way to fix it, giving it, you might say, a wholly new dimension of humor. The couple rises, the man stoops and picks up the object, but, because his companion is standing

in front of him, we can't quite make out what it is, until she steps aside. Then we get a very stimulating surprise. It is a life preserver and there are some letters printed on it. They spell "S.S. Titanic."

IN "Dear Judas," Michael Myerberg, the producer, was faced with the problem of indicating the essential timelessness of his theme. For this purpose, he took the most august personage on the stage out of New Testament dress and costumed him in a flannel shirt, open at the throat, and corduroy pants thrust down into knee-length boots. He was still described as a Galilean carpenter, but there was a strong, peculiar suggestion of something else about him—something muscular, political, and associated with an issue very different from the Betrayal. I puzzled about it for a long time on opening night, and at last the answer came to me. It lay in the late nineteenth century and Ne-

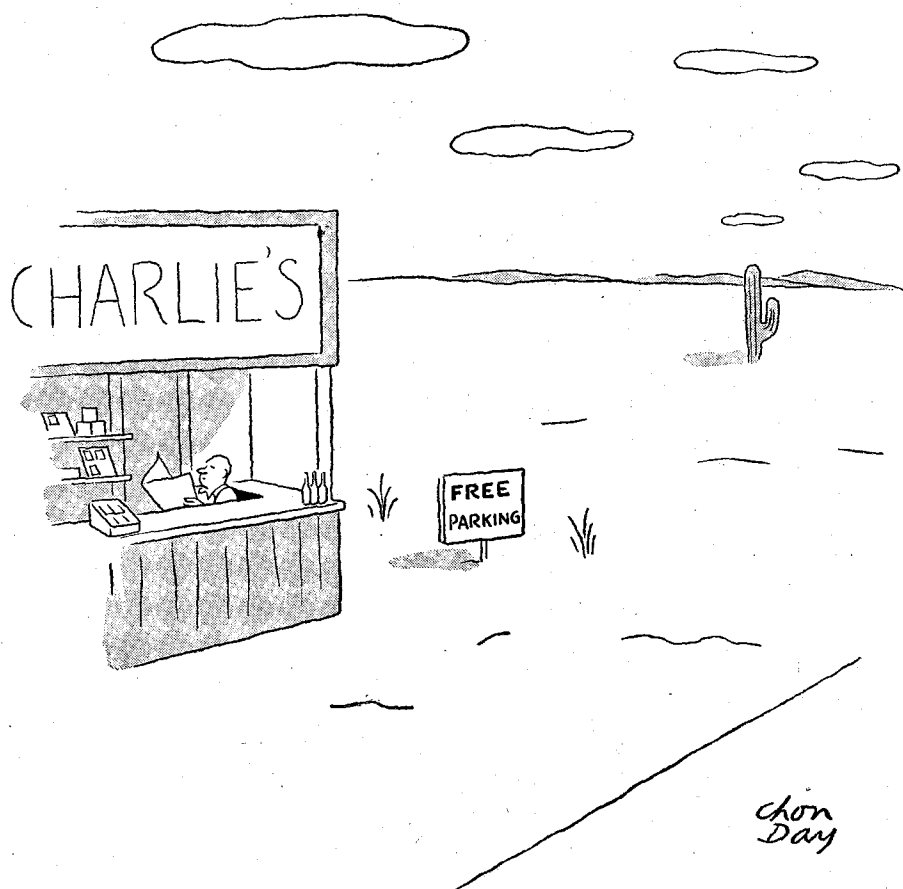
braska. After that, it was hard for me to focus on the actual lines being spoken on the stage, because I seemed to hear another voice: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

BERNARD SHAW's plays are inevitably filled with literary references current at the time he wrote them, and in "Man and Superman" a youth whose name is Octavius is often roguishly addressed by his friends as Rikki-tikki-tavi. I was seated in front of the reviewer for a trade paper and an associate of his, and it wasn't long before this strange combination of sounds began to get on the latter's nerves.

"What the hell is that?" he asked. "What she keeps calling him?"

His companion's culture was well up to the challenge. "Rikki-tikki-tavi?" he said. "You ought to know that. It's out of Conan Doyle. Some kind of a snake."

IN writing my review of "Music in My Heart," an operetta about Tschaikowsky, I was driven to a dictionary of musical biography by my curiosity about the tragic passion that, according to the play, both inspired his music and darkened his life. At first,





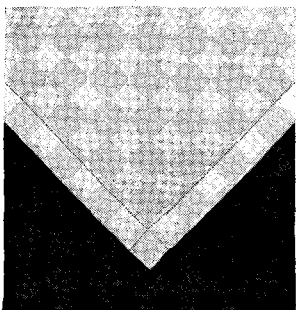
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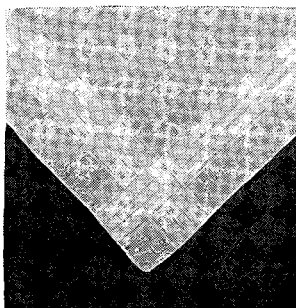
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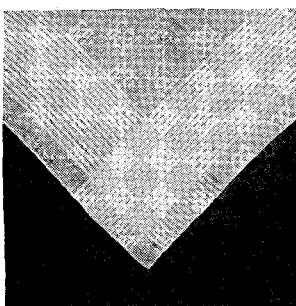




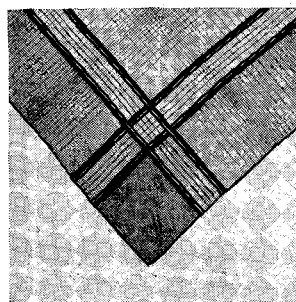
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in the sixteen pages devoted to the composer, I could find no mention of this affair at all, but closer study revealed one in a paragraph at the bottom of the second page:

In the course of the winter season, an opera company visited St. Petersburg under the direction of Merelli, who brought as a star the singer, Désirée Artôt, then at the zenith of her fame and power, who was several years older than Tschai-kowsky, took a friendly interest in his work, and invited him to visit her.... Tschai-kowsky's feelings for Artôt were not so ardent as to blind him to the possible disadvantages of a marriage with her.... A few weeks after their first parting in January, 1869, Tschai-kowsky received the totally unexpected news of her marriage to the baritone Padilla, in Warsaw. Owing to the fact that he was completely absorbed in superintending the preparations for his first opera, "The Voyevode," the blow affected him far less than his friends expected.

It must often seem to librettists that life just goes out of its way to cross them up.

A DARK lady left the theatre after a performance of Donald Ogden Stewart's "How I Wonder" trailing her indignant opinion behind her. "If you ask me," she said, "there's just one thing worse than a pixie, and that's a *liberal* pixie."

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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NOTHING SERIOUS

MADGE FERRIS walked away from the telephone, frowning, and went back to the dining room. She had been halfway through her breakfast when the telephone rang, and now the remainder of her soft-boiled egg was cold. She pushed her plate aside and nibbled at a piece of thin, unbuttered toast. "That was Millie," she told her husband. "She's sick."

Sam Ferris spoke without looking up from the newspaper he was reading. "That's too bad," he said.

"I told her I'd be over," Mrs. Ferris said, "and I suppose I'll have to take her something. Of course, I don't know how sick she *is*, and when you don't know that, you don't quite know what to get. I mean if she were *honestly* sick and in a hospital, I could take her a bed jacket."

"That's right," Mr. Ferris said.

"But if she's only as sick as she sounded," Mrs. Ferris went on, "I certainly don't intend spending that kind of money on her, not even if I got it at Lord & Taylor's, where I can charge it."

Mr. Ferris's head came up as though he had been stung. "What's charging something got to do with it?" he asked.

"Everything," Madge Ferris said. "I certainly don't want a twelve-fifty bed jacket for Millie Potter staring me in the face the first of next month when she's no more sick than I am this minute. Rayon, too."

"I thought you said she *was* sick," Mr. Ferris reminded her.

Madge Ferris brushed some crumbs from the table onto the palm of her hand and scattered them in her plate. "I didn't say so, *she* did," she said. "She hasn't even had the doctor. She *called* Dr. Loftus and told him she didn't have any temperature, or any sign of a cold, or any pain anywhere, and that she had taken a couple of aspirins, so you can see she isn't sick enough to toss ten dollars away. That's what they all charge now—ten dollars."

"Well," Mr. Ferris said, picking up his paper again, "that was sensible of her. Maybe she just needs a little rest."

"Rest!" Madge laughed without amusement. "I can't imagine why you

think that Millie Potter needs rest! Now, if you had said she'd eaten something, I'd be inclined to agree with you, although I honestly don't believe that's it, either. If you ask me, I think she's just *doing* it."

"Doing what?" Mr. Ferris asked.

"Staying in bed and acting pitiful," Madge said. "And when I pinned her down, all she could think of was that she felt dizzy when she got on her feet."

Sam Ferris sighed. "Well, maybe she does."

"She doesn't," his wife said positively.

"Millie and you are alike that way. I'll take her some smoked salmon and let it go at that."

Mr. Ferris began to fold his paper deliberately. "What do you mean, Millie and I are alike that way?" he asked.

"You imagine things," Mrs. Ferris said. "Not that I mind. If you both want to spend a day in bed, I don't mind. What I do mind is the fact that you try to explain it."

"That day I spent in bed, it was my sinus," Mr. Ferris said.

"That's the name you gave it, just the way Millie says she's dizzy," Madge said. "But sinus is just a *name*."

"I suppose pneumonia is just a name, too," Mr. Ferris said.

"Pneumonia is a disease," his wife

explained, as though she were talking to a child, "and you didn't have it."

"Well, thank God for that, anyway," Mr. Ferris said bitterly.

"Oh, of course," Madge said. "But at least it's a real *thing*, and not just some piddling excuse. Sometimes I get so tired of *little* things I don't know what to do! It seems to me that people have more *little* things."

"If you ever had anything wrong with your sinus, you wouldn't think it was so little," her husband said.

Mrs. Ferris touched her face with the tips of her fingers. "Sinus is right here," she said, "and it can't go anywhere else. It can't be fatal."

Sam Ferris laughed. "I should hope not."

"That's why I haven't any patience with it," his wife went on. "The best thing to do with it is to ignore it."

"Ignore it!" he repeated. "If you



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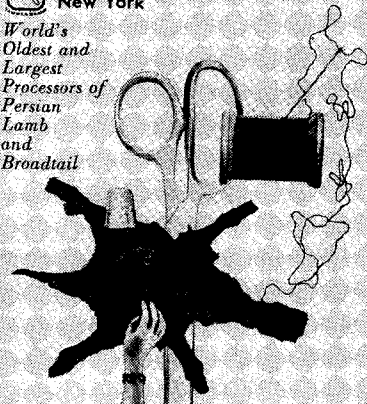


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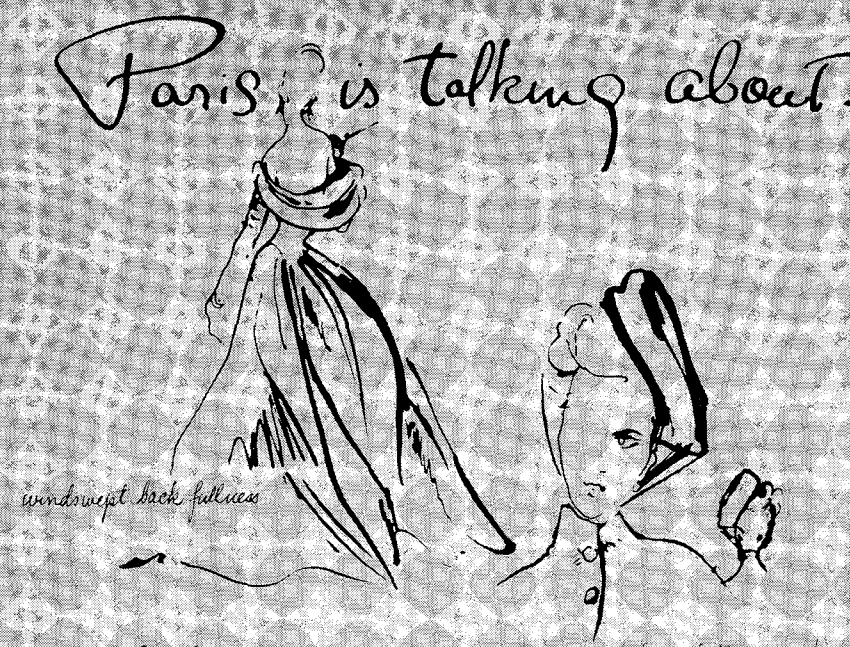
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ask me, you're pretty damn cold-blooded."

"Not at all," Madge said coolly. "I'm as sympathetic as anybody when something is really wrong. No one could have found fault with the way I treated Mary Peters."

"Mary Peters?"

"You probably don't remember her," Madge said. "It was ages ago. I ran in to see her almost every day for weeks, and I took her all sorts of little things. In fact, I did everything I possibly could, and now I am very glad I did, when I think of it."

Sam Ferris experienced a chilly feeling at the base of his spine. "Why are you glad?" he asked.

"Because she's gone," his wife said.

"You mean dead?" he asked.

"I don't like the word," his wife said.

"But that's what happened to her. And, what's more, I could tell it from the very day I first went to see her when she got sick. I could tell there was nothing imaginary about the whole thing at all. Just as I can tell that you and Millie Potter aren't sick even when you say you are."

"Look here," Sam Ferris said. "Maybe we're not mortally sick, but we're sick. At least, I was. I don't know anything about Millie Potter."

"Oh, she's probably no better or no worse than you were," Madge said. "Just uncomfortable, and certainly not bad enough to bother about."

"Bother about?" he repeated. "Do you mean to tell me—"

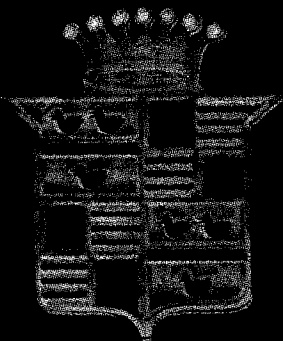
"There's nothing to get excited over," his wife said. "But people can be a bother with trays, to say nothing of the expense of flowers, or books, or fruit. And all for *nothing*, really."

Sam Ferris got up from the table and walked over to the window, where he stood looking out across the courtyard for a minute. Then he turned and faced his wife. "Let me get this straight," he said. "The way you talk, it seems to me you'd feel better if Millie Potter was sick enough to die. And, what's more, you'd have felt better if I'd been sick enough to die."

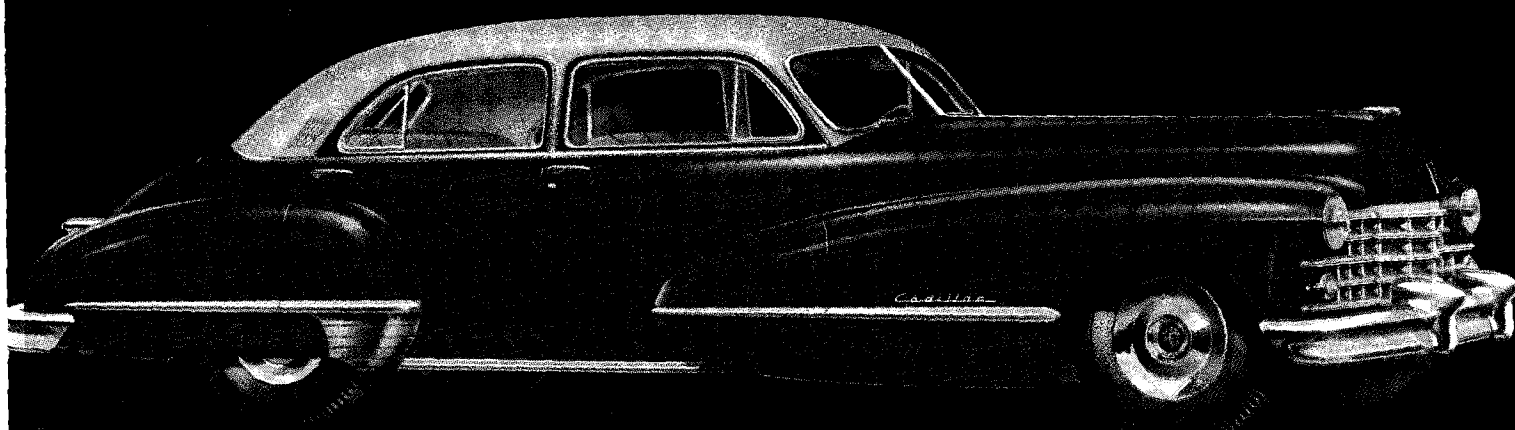
His wife frowned at him. "I wish you wouldn't use that word," she said. "And you are imagining things again. I don't want anything of the sort to happen to Millie, or you, although if it did, I would do everything in the world for you. What I do object to is all the bother for *nothing*."

"Nothing?"

"Well, it is nothing, isn't it?" she asked. "I mean if I took Millie seriously when she called up, I'd have to take the



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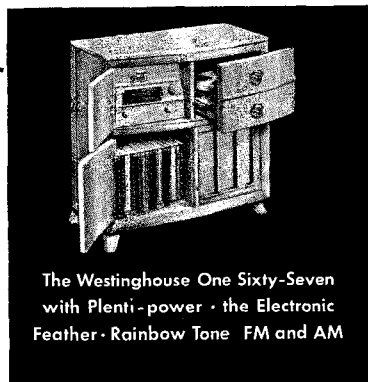
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bus all the way downtown and back, pick out a bed jacket or something, and get it to her, *and* have to sit there with her while she lies there with everyone waiting on her, when all the time I know that by tomorrow or the next day she'll be tearing all over town the way she always does. That's why it was different with Mary Peters. Something happened, and I was very glad I went to all the bother and did what I could."

"Something happened, all right," Sam Ferris said. "She died."

Madge Ferris sighed. "I wish you wouldn't use that word," she said. "And I hope you understand now why I'm simply going to pick up a few slices of smoked salmon and let it go at that. Because Millie Potter has no intention of doing what Mary Peters did, any more than you had when you thought you were sick. Do you see what I mean?"

She looked up at him, and it seemed to Sam Ferris that the expression in her eyes was reproachful.

—ESTHER EVARTS

TO HAZEL

The Body of "Body and Soul" is Hazel Brooks, 22. . . . She has green eyes, reddish hair and feels it would be nice to visit the grave of John Keats.—*Caption in Life.*

Sweet is the triune loveliness of Hazel,
Triple her talents, bright, untarnished
sweets;

Trifold the wonder of my mute
appraisal—

Her eyes, her hair, her nice instinct for
Keats.

A thing of beauty (red and green), a
joy;

Forever will her loveliness increase.

Though tresses fade and emerald looks
may cloy,

This fineness of the soul is no caprice.

Much could we travel in the realms of
gold—

I find such depth of feeling salutary.

My red-and-green one! May I be so
bold?

Come visit with me Keats's mortuary.

Sweet Hazel! Come, together we will
visit

The monuments of poets, and unravel

The secret of your yearning. Tell me,
is it

A love of Keats or just an itch to
travel?

—WILLIAM LAWTON MANER

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THE SKY LINE

United Nations Headquarters: The Ground Plan

AT the end of the preliminary report to the General Assembly of the United Nations on the subject of that organization's permanent headquarters, the Board of Design Consultants says, "It is with some trepidation that these plans are submitted for the consideration of the General Assembly. They are an abrupt crystallization in the course of the creative process of continuous experiment." In dealing with plans put forward in this disarming manner, a certain degree of humility, not to say fear and trembling, should probably modify the judgments of the critic. Certainly it



is with complete sympathy for those compelled to show their work in an unfinished state to an aggregation of officials who, in the nature of things, can have only an imperfect understanding of the problems involved that I undertake to examine this preliminary survey. Except for a couple of soft renderings of the finished structures in the dim Hugh Ferriss style that was a characteristic of the twenties, the report is an extremely competent, workmanlike job.

When one considers the problems the architectural team has been up against, one wonders, to begin with, at the speed and adroitness with which they have gone as far as they have. The Board of Design Consultants, whose chairman is Mr. Wallace Harrison, is made up of nine architects and one engineer. This group is assisted by seven other architects, a landscape architect, and eight other engineers. Fifteen countries are represented on this panel, and not all the architects speak English, either. Getting even a Tower of Babel out of such a group would have been an achievement. Inevitably, to achieve all that has been done required a certain concentration of responsibility, and, almost as inevitably, at this preliminary stage, one sees the preponderating influence of—I was going to say Mr. Harrison, but it would be more accurate to say New York. If more time had been allowed the Board, other influences would undoubtedly have had a better chance to make themselves felt; there is nothing more time-consuming than genuine cooperation.

The Board of Design Consultants did not begin to function until February

of this year. "Speed," we read, early in the document, "was the essence of the problem." "Some fifty basic designs were created, criticized, analyzed, and resynthesized," we are told a little later. Those two statements, taken together, account for the fact that when it became necessary to reach a decision, the Board fell back upon the architectural stereotypes of the early nineteen-thirties. So far, their headquarters is a combination of Le Corbusier's breezy City of the Future and the businesslike congestion of Rockefeller Center, a blending of the grandiose and the obvious.

The present designs for the buildings will no doubt be improved, perhaps radically modified. But the problem created by the site granted the United Nations is much harder to correct. Whether there is wisdom enough to overcome these handicaps, I do not know.

AS I have just pointed out, the worst problem facing the architects who are laboring on the United Nations project is the site. Architects should not, of course, be blamed for the errors of their clients. Is this site the right one for such an institution, and is the area adequate? There is no question in my mind but that the headquarters for the United Nations should be in the heart of a metropolis. There is also no question but that an organism that is bound to grow and to attract to its neighborhood other institutions fostering international activities should be a real city within a city, dominating its site even more conspicuously than Vatican City does. The site for such a headquarters should eventually embrace around a thousand acres, or at least be not less than the size of Central Park, which is around eight hundred and fifty acres. (The United Nations site, in its present form, is only seventeen and a half acres.)

Business organizations dare not contemplate such huge schemes, and few national governments would dare to, either. But this is a world organization, and if it is not to fail us, it must grow rapidly both in collective wisdom and in authority, and that authority should be visible. In a city of skyscrapers, only a megalomaniac would demand a higher group of buildings than those

on the rest of the sky line; to set itself sufficiently apart from the welter of other buildings—to say nothing of ensuring room for growth—the United Nations headquarters needs plenty of space.

Don't think that an ample and advantageous site could not have been found on Manhattan Island. What with the prewar exodus of our residential population and the rotting of slum and industrial properties, one could have picked out two or three magnificent sites. Perhaps the best, and the ripest (that is, the rottenest), would have been the area immediately south of Washington Square, a region almost destitute of tall buildings, let alone substantial ones. Imagine an assembly hall on the axis of Fifth Avenue. It would fill the eye, and if there were no skyscrapers near at hand to compete with it, it would look thoroughly important, too; indeed, no other big building in the city would be set off to better advantage. Obviously, the United Nations would have needed the city's and the federal government's help to acquire such a site, but in the course of a generation the ten or fifteen acres it would have started with could have been added to without greatly disrupting the life of the city. There should have been plenty of time to ponder what form the site and buildings of a permanent headquarters should take. But the United Nations jumped at the first fleabite of land that was offered it hereabouts, and that is unfortunate, since it could be taken as an implication of a sense of uncertainty, of impermanence.

Now let us take a close look at this fleabite. It is in the old slaughterhouse district on the eastern edge of the island, and it covers the area between Forty-second Street and Forty-eighth Street, bounded on the west by First Avenue. Except for the Housing Authority's new building, on Forty-second Street, and the nearby skyscraper apartment hotels in Tudor City, the whole neighborhood is a dimly blighted area. Flanking the site on the south, Tudor City rises like a ruddy Maxfield Parrish dream above Forty-second Street, accentuating the steep, rocky slope of the land down to the river level that is one of the difficulties of the site. The apartment buildings and the slope both say, "Keep Off." The East River Tunnel ventilator building and the immense power station at Fortieth Street would make expansion of the site in that direction very costly. To the north, at Forty-eighth Street, an abrupt rise in the terrain,

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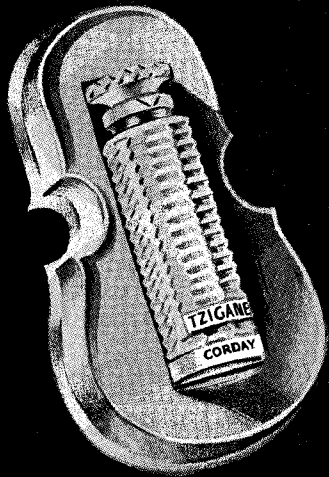
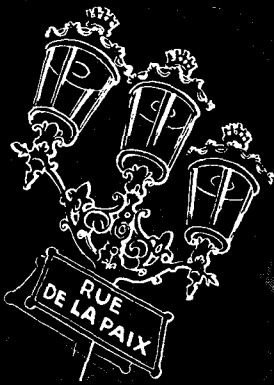
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topped by the tall apartment buildings of Beekman Place, blocks growth in that direction.

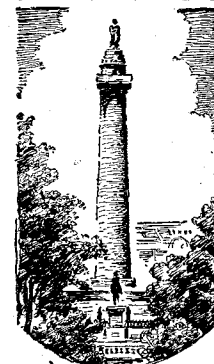
The United Nations has, happily, permission to build east over the East River Drive as far as the bulkhead line, but the only direction it can really expand is westward. The valuation of the land here being what it is, this would be an expensive proposition, but one can still hope that this expansion will take place. The city has agreed to spend seven and a half million dollars, which is almost as much as the site cost, simply to drive a tunnel beneath First Avenue from Forty-first Street to Forty-eighth, so that through traffic will be kept away from the western border of the site. The city has also undertaken to provide a strip of park from Second Avenue to First along Forty-seventh Street to make what someone has quaintly and irrelevantly described as an "approach" to the headquarters. None of this really makes sense unless the city is prepared to go much further. The present approach to the United Nations is a sordid slum, and it cannot be left to the erratic beneficences of free enterprise to provide the only approach that would be aesthetically sound; namely, a group of related buildings, conceived in accordance with the function and purpose of the United Nations headquarters itself. To think that a strip of formal park will create the necessary atmosphere is not to think at all.

BEFORE Mr. Rockefeller bought the United Nations site, the land had been assembled by a group of private operators, who had engaged Mr. Harrison to prepare plans to develop it as an apartment-house and business center. The rise in the cost of building may well have made this project, conceived during the war, seem a dubious prospect, and the fact that Mr. Harrison was one of the major architects for Rockefeller Center may have made it a little easier for the principals in the present undertaking to get together. Once Mr. Rockefeller's gift was accepted, the appointment of Mr. Harrison—about whose outstanding abilities as architect and organizer there is no question—as the chief architect of this enterprise seemed an almost inevitable step. This essay in genealogy is not designed to look a gift horse in the mouth. It is merely intended to show that this particular site, though it might have served business well, is too cramped adequately to serve the United Nations even as working quarters. And what can be built on it will hardly be a fitting symbol of a just and

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orderly world. What might be a good short-term realty speculation is not necessarily a good long-term investment in the interests of the welfare and the comity of the peoples of the earth. In another article, I hope to have something to say about the absence of symbolism in the architecture. There is, however, plenty of unconscious symbolism in what has happened so far. Because Mr. Bernard Baruch was once a Wall Street man, it was probably bad symbolism to let him head up our Atomic Energy Delegation to the United Nations, even though he was daring enough to support a plan for socializing atomic energy on a world scale. And it was bad symbolism to let Mr. Rockefeller get mixed up with the United Nations headquarters. Mr. Rockefeller is a benevolent philanthropist who at one moment restores forgotten Colonial capitals and at another presents the City of New York with a handsome public park. But to some of our more difficult brothers overseas, Mr. Rockefeller is Monopoly Capitalism, and the fact that it was he, and not the City of New York or the federal government, who gave this site to the United Nations will not, unfortunately, lessen their suspicions and animosities. If, when the project is finished, the United Nations headquarters should, by some fatal chance, look like Rockefeller Center, that would produce both a mischievous and a misleading impression.

Briefly, then, I should say that the architects have been afflicted with a bad site, and that unless the government, local or national, helps out on a very large and costly scale, they cannot do much about improving it. They are not to blame for the unsatisfactory plans they have submitted, except in one respect: the report of these honorable and intelligent professional men should have advised their client, the United Nations, that in using this site it was doing something it would probably bitterly regret.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

St. Louis, Oct. 1.—The Cardinals have purchased Ray Yochim, pitcher for Rochester of the International League. The New Orleans righthander won 14 and lost 115 this season.—*The World-Telegram*.

Can't say he wasn't busy, anyway.

SUPERMAN MISSING

Due to delays beyond control no Superman strip is available for publication on this page today.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin*.

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LONG TIES FOR THE SHIP'S MUSICIANS

MANY times during the years since I worked as a ship's musician with the French Line in the late gay twenties I have thought that it would be fun to make another crossing aboard one of the ships on which I played in my younger days, and not long ago I at last got around to taking such a trip. As I made my preparations, I looked forward to enjoying myself; I might even, it occurred to me, sit in with the orchestra. Upon investigation, I found that of all the French Line steamers I had once sailed on, only the *De Grasse* is again in service, running back and forth across the North Atlantic. As for the others, the *Bourdonnais*, the *Rochambeau*, and the *France* were scrapped long ago; the *Paris* burned in 1939 at her pier in Le Havre, where her capsized hulk still lies, looking like a giant, immobilized whale; and the *Ile-de-France*, which as a troopship during the war carried more than six hundred thousand Allied soldiers to and from various battle fronts and has since been awarded the *Croix de Guerre* with palms by the French government, is now being completely refitted at St. Nazaire for the de-luxe service, and will probably not be in operation until late in 1948.

The relatively swift comeback of the *De Grasse* has not surprised old Atlantic hands. True, she was never famous for her size or speed, being an 18,435-ton vessel with two old-fashioned Parsons reduction-gear turbines, which enable her to make the New York-Le Havre crossing in nine days, at an average speed of sixteen knots. (The French Line's old *Champagne*, a two-funnelled, clipper-rigged four-master, used to make it just as fast way back around 1885.) But the *De Grasse* has always been celebrated for the lightheartedness of her atmosphere and the sturdiness of her action. In my time aboard her, more people, I believe, were happily intoxicated and fewer unhappily seasick than on any other ship of comparable size. That was during the summer of 1929, when I was the second violinist in the vessel's five-man orchestra. It was a high-riding season, the last binge before the crash. I remember particularly a westbound crossing that was just one big party. Passengers were gambling, singing, drinking champagne at breakfast, running around in various states of disarray all day long and most of the night, and joyfully weaving about

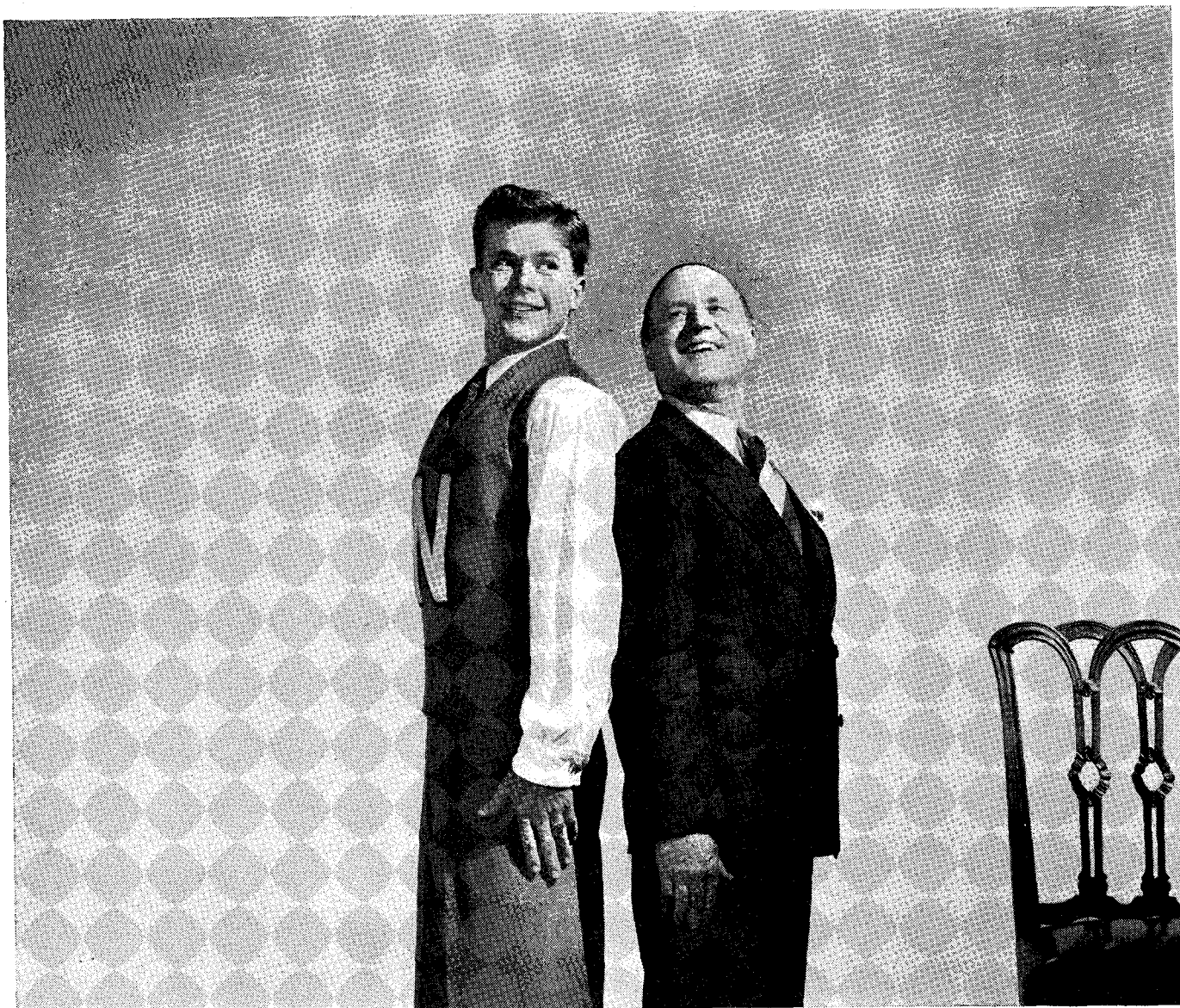
in other people's cabins. Everybody was having a time of it that summer, including the orchestra. Our leader was a fellow named Maurice, a pink-faced Alsatian who wore a beret. He kept a wine cellar under his bed, and required that we other musicians see that it was well stocked, a trick we performed principally by robbing the passengers' tables of their bottles. We played our music in a perfunctory way, primarily for our own amusement. Upon arriving in New York, we always threw a terrific party in our quarters, to which we invited acquaintances in the city who liked French wines and liquors and were able to pay us handsomely for them.

THOSE were the days, and I was therefore a little excited when I walked up the gangplank of the *De Grasse*, at Pier 88, the other day, on my way to Europe. This time, things

were different; I was a passenger, first class, and I was also eighteen years older. I looked intently into the faces of the stewards and officers near the gangplank, but none of them were familiar to me, and we were far out in the Gulf Stream before I found three members of the old *De Grasse* crowd—a steward, an engineer, and the chief purser. The chief purser, Robert Bellet, was, in 1929, the assistant purser, and one of his unpleasant tasks was to make sure our orchestra put on at least some sort of performance every night, a fact that he tactfully avoided as a topic of conversation when I looked him up in his office. He is a slim, erect Frenchman who has learned, during his twenty years of transatlantic service, that the first-class passenger is always right.

"*Ah, que l'on était jeune!*" he said somewhat wistfully, by way of greeting. I wasn't quite sure whether he was re-





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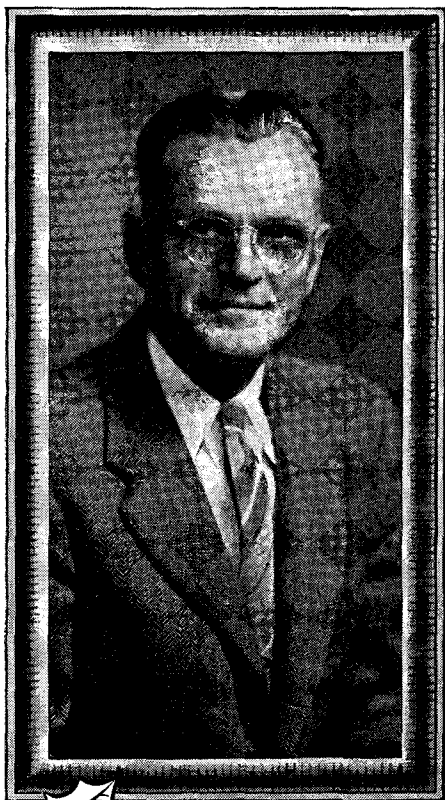
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ferring to the two of us, or to the De Grasse, or to all three. "The purser's job is to keep the passengers happy," he went on, "but back in '29 you had to keep them from becoming too happy. It was difficult to get them out of the bar and the swimming pool and into the dining room. Since the war, we haven't been able to find enough canvas to make a swimming pool, and the people rush into the dining room as soon as the chimes ring. You can't get that kind of food everywhere."

M. Bellet opened a drawer and took out a copy of the program for a reception that was held aboard the De Grasse in New York, after her maiden voyage, on October 4, 1924. On that occasion, I noted, Nat Levine's orchestra had played on the port side of the promenade deck while Ben Bernie and his Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra were working on the Café Terrace. Simultaneously, on the other side of the pier, there was another reception, aboard the France, at which the motion picture "Yorktown" was shown, presumably to honor the memory of Admiral de Grasse, who defeated the British in 1781 in Chesapeake Bay and for whom the new vessel was named.

ALTHOUGH the De Grasse is twenty-three years old and she spent fourteen months of 1944 and 1945 partly submerged in the Gironde estuary, she looks as well preserved as Mistinguett. The vessel was just about the last of the French Line's passenger ships to leave New York after the war started. The French government had ordered the Normandie to stay in New York for safekeeping, and the personnel of the ship, with the exception of a skeleton crew of sixty men, was sent home on the De Grasse, which was considered more expendable. Happily, she arrived safely at Bordeaux, where she was berthed in the Gironde. A year later, when the invading Germans were drawing near the west coast of France, the standby crew of the De Grasse tried to get her out to sea, but the enemy caught up with her at the mouth of the Gironde and ordered her back to Blaye, twenty-five miles north of Bordeaux. There she remained at anchor for two years, serving as a rest camp for Italian submarine crews. It didn't take the Italians long to discover that life on the De Grasse was preferable to life inside their submarines. One of the French stewards who was then aboard told me that the Italians' talent for thinking up new excuses for remaining on the De Grasse equalled the high standards of

artistry set by their countrymen Dante and da Vinci. "They would have heart attacks and epileptic fits at a moment's notice," he said. "I've seen goldbricking in the French Army, but we were poor amateurs compared to those Italians. In between their seizures, they would sing Puccini arias, eat a lot, and curse their Boche friends."

In 1943, I learned from various members of the crew, the Boche friends got fed up with being cursed, chased the Italians off the De Grasse, and gave the ship back to the French, on condition that she remain moored at Blaye. The French turned her into what was officially a training ship for merchant-marine personnel but was actually a headquarters of the French underground. Everybody aboard was a supporter of General de Gaulle, and soon important F.F.I. activities in the Gironde Department were being directed from the ship. The Germans finally became suspicious, and began to make unannounced visits to the ship, but they never caught anyone. When the Allies finally broke out of Normandy, in 1944, the ship's crew again discussed the possibility of taking her out to sea, but while they were still in the discussing stage the Germans acted. On the morning of August 30th, a German gunboat appeared in the Gironde and everybody was ordered off the liner. The gunboat then sank her with two underwater grenades. The De Grasse remained there, submerged up to her main deck, for fourteen months.

"SHE was a sad sight when I came to Blaye in January, 1945," Georges Momot, the De Grasse's cheerful, bald chief engineer, told me when I visited his quarters. "The house flag was flying from her mast again, but she was sunk in over fifteen metres of water. Her machinery, holds, dining rooms, lower-deck cabins—everything was flooded. Every high tide would sweep in more masses of mud. Before we were able to lift her—we did it in October of 1945—we had to fix the holes and pump out thousands and thousands of tons of that mud. Then we towed her to the Penhoet shipyards, at St. Nazaire."

M. Momot, a veteran of the Normandie and eighteen other French Line vessels, was the commander of an F.F.I. Resistance group during the war, but he doesn't like to talk about it. "It wasn't any comedy," he said. "One didn't eat *le biftek*. Quite a few times, one didn't eat at all. And have you ever smoked dried grass?" M. Momot was captured

and tortured by the Germans, but he survived his mistreatment and was later decorated by the French government for helping to build clandestine airfields in the countryside, where British Intelligence officers and parachutists on special missions landed. Now, however, he was far more interested in talking about the *De Grasse*. He said that the ship had undergone a complete job of overhauling in drydock; so much had to be taken out of her that little more than her hull remained.

When I asked M. Momot whether her machinery hadn't rusted badly, he smiled. "Things don't get rusty very fast when they're covered with grease and not exposed to air," he explained. "Of course, when we brought the machinery up into the air, we had to work fast, but we put a lot more grease on all the parts right away, and so not much damage was done. The machinery was fixed up, some new parts were put in, and now everything is good for another twenty years of service. But the salvage job was—what is it the Americans say, 'peanuts'?—compared to the job of refitting her. We had no labor trouble, but getting the necessary materials was not so easy. Sometimes we were held up for weeks just because we didn't have a certain kind of nails. And there was never enough paint. The entire electric system had to be replaced, and we needed wire and insulation. We had second priority, but that wasn't nearly enough, because all the French railroads, and probably a lot of less important people, had first priority. Of course, most of the things we needed could be bought in America, but France was so short of dollars that we were not permitted to order anything from there but essential navigation instruments. We were supposed to leave for New York last July 12th. By the middle of June, the entire crew had come aboard and we made a sport of betting whether the *De Grasse* would be ready to sail on time. The odds were against it. First there would be a shortage of locks, and then it would be electric bulbs, then mirrors, then rugs, then washbasins. The English plumbing contractors let us down, and there were hardly any *lavabos* to be had in France. We finally rounded up a fleet of trucks and sent our most resourceful agents all over the country for *lavabos*. They found a few, and we got a few more from the *Ile-de-France*, which was also in drydock, and now you'll understand why we have so many different models on the ship. Those last four weeks were a mess. Plumbers, carpenters, rug layers, electri-

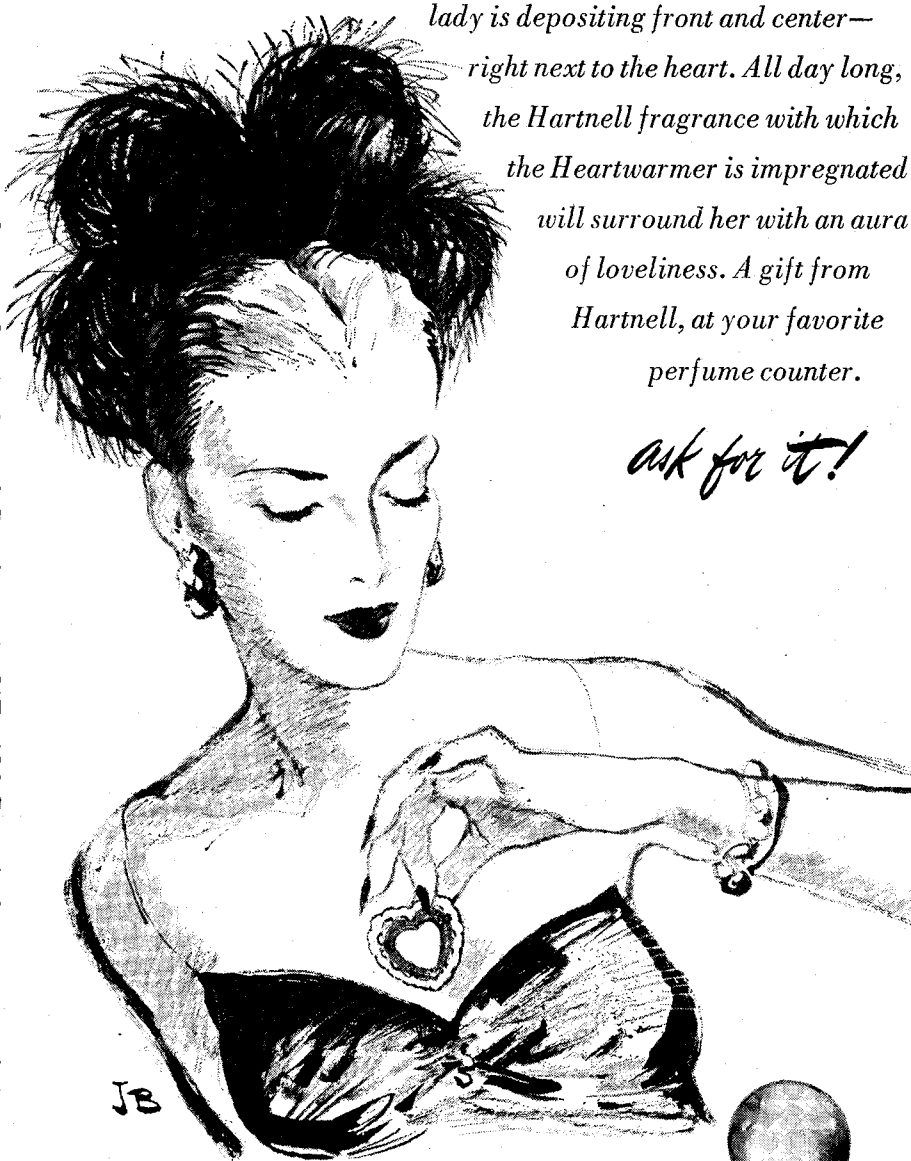
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cians were working next to each other, getting in each other's hair. But we left for our first postwar trip on time."

CONFUSED though things may have been, the refitters, I found, did a good job of face lifting and make-up. The vessel's two slender funnels have been replaced by a single large, streamlined one, and her superstructure has been brought similarly up to date; her sun deck has been enlarged, and fluorescent lights have been installed throughout the public rooms. The members of the crew are not new, however; at least not to the French Line. When the *De Grasse* sailed from St. Nazaire, almost every one of the four hundred and thirty-three officers, deckhands, engineers, sailors, firemen, radio operators, stewards, cooks, butchers, bakers, refrigerator men, *maitres d'hôtel*, clerks, printers, cashiers, nurses, barmen, photographers, projectionists, wine stewards, musicians, *coiffeurs*, chambermaids, busboys, and helmsmen was an old-timer, with many years of experience on board the *Normandie*, *Ile-de-France*, *Champlain*, *Lafayette*, or one of the rest. Several thousand former employees of the French Line had applied for jobs on the *De Grasse*, so a rotation system was set up which requires that every member of the crew except the captain and a few others in high positions serve on the ship for only six months and then give up his job to somebody else.

Not all the old employees of the French Line were eligible for postwar service. Early in 1945, I was told, two or three months before the Nazis surrendered, the company sent out questionnaires to everyone who had worked for it before. It asked, among other things, "Would you be willing to sail abroad during the war?" Those replying "No" were scratched from the list of potential future employees; the rest were carefully investigated to find out how they had behaved during the Occupation. In every large French port, a screening commission was established, consisting of members of the Ministry of the Marine, agents of the French Line, and delegates of the *Syndicat des Marins*, the seamen's union. One of the members of the commission in Le Havre was Charles Mignaqui, who is now first *maitre d'hôtel* on the *De Grasse*, a gray-haired man with the dignity of a diplomat of the Talleyrand school.

"Everybody was investigated, from bellhops to the captain," M. Mignaqui told me. "There were the usual denunciations and the usual smart types who thought we'd let bygones be by-

gones. But they couldn't fool us. There are no former collaborationists on the new *De Grasse*, Monsieur, *je vous assure*, and there are quite a few authentic heroes. There is a man who wouldn't talk even when the Boches were hanging him up by his toes and dipping his head again and again into a tub filled with water for as long as a minute at a time. And there's another who did a terrific job of sabotage and was then caught and sentenced to witness the execution of his own mother. Too many people have already forgotten those things, Monsieur."

M. Mignaqui and many of his assistants were on duty aboard the *Ile-de-France* during the war, while she was a troopship. "We were carrying more than ten thousand soldiers each trip," he said, "as compared with the peacetime capacity of fifteen hundred and sixty passengers. My boys in the kitchen went crazy. Every other morning, they had to cook sausages, three for a man—thirty thousand sausages—and that was just one course, Monsieur. *Forcément*, there was no time for the niceties of good service. When the *De Grasse* started on its first trip after the war, the stewards were dealing out the plates like playing cards and throwing the forks and knives on the tables as though they were still on a troopship. '*Ça alors*,' I said, but they caught on quickly and now they are as good again as in the glorious days of our *Normandie*. During those months in drydock, I had a lot of trouble. I had to fight with the architects. They may know a lot about smokestacks and superstructures, but their ideas about what makes a good *salle à manger* were medieval. Today, people like small, intimate tables, waiters need space to serve properly, buffets should be arranged unobtrusively. I finally told them, 'If you want a *salle à manger*, I'll be glad to coöperate, but if you want to build a museum, you'd better also dig your grave.'"

Once, during the voyage, I accompanied M. Mignaqui below to the kitchens of the *De Grasse*. There was the familiar smell of cooking oil and parsley that always seems to hover over a French kitchen, but the cooks in their white uniforms struck me as less easy-going and more intent than I remembered them. I heard one cook say to his helper, "Get me eighty chickens, which will leave fifteen in reserve. Not everybody will order chicken. Three hundred and twenty, perhaps." He began to count on his fingers and to murmur to himself. He looked unhappy.

"There you are," M. Mignaqui whis-

pered to me. "Always counting, always economizing. The food is still as well prepared as before the war, as you may have noticed, but in those days you didn't bother to count. You cooked plenty for everybody, and if there was too much left, out it went, through the porthole—*pouf!*" M. Mignaqui's right arm shot up as he blew the air out of his mouth. "Nothing is being thrown out today," he continued. "The stewards serve only as much as is wanted. The rest is saved and served later. We didn't have to work out any special regulations about that. These people here have learned how precious food can be. Most of our meat and eggs and butter and coffee come from America. Only the fruit and cheese are French. Have a look at that aged Camembert, Monsieur, and that Pont-l'Évêque. They are for export only. You couldn't buy them in France, except, of course, in the black market, and then only for much money. Today, you can stand aft on the deck for hours and you won't see a handful of food thrown into the water. The sea gulls know it. Have you noticed, Monsieur, that the sea gulls don't follow us any more? Sometimes, in port, they come and sit down on the deck railing, discouraged, and then you throw them a few potato peels and they start to fight for them, just like the people in Europe." M. Mignaqui permitted himself a slight sigh and raised both hands in a gesture of despair.

Before the war, passengers on French Line ships always found a bottle of red Bordeaux and one of white on their table, and often a bottle of Burgundy, too. On my recent crossing, you could still have as much wine as you wanted, but the steward would keep the bottle and fill a diner's glass only when it became empty. There were some very good wines at a price—a wonderful Château Mouton-Rothschild '28, for instance, at ten dollars a bottle—but few people ordered them. Many of the passengers were French, returning home. They wore new suits, and when they were stretched out on their deck chairs, you could tell, by the almost unscratched leather on the soles of their heavy shoes, that they were new, too. Almost every member of the crew had stowed under his bed several packages, boxes, and small sacks filled with things he had bought in New York. René, my waiter, told me that he was making only seventy-five hundred francs a month—sixty-three dollars—but he didn't mind, because he liked working on a ship and it gave him a chance to pick up in New York such supplies as flour, sugar, oil,

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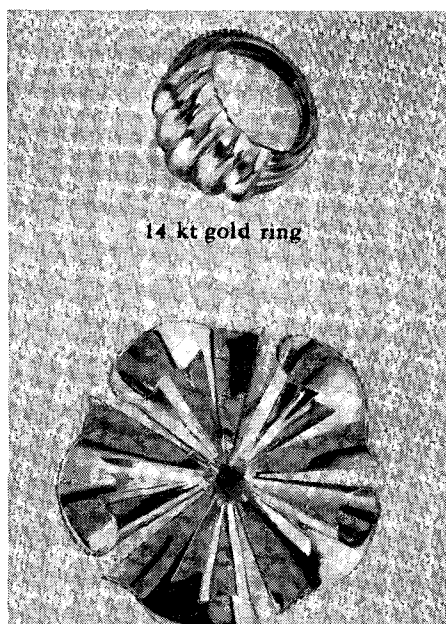
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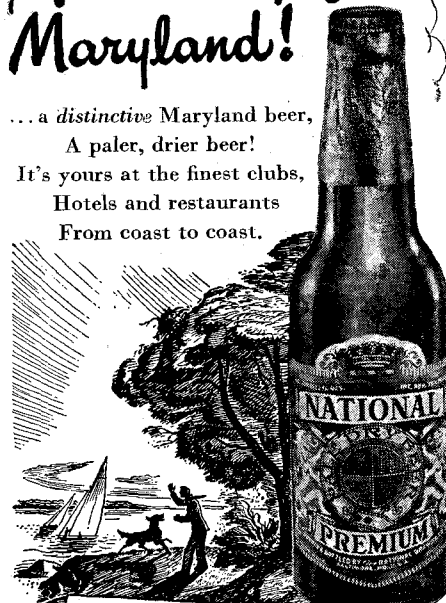
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chocolate, and a box of candy for the kids. "This winter, there won't even be enough bread in France," René said, "and we French are used to eating a lot of bread. For myself, I don't care. It's really the children I'm worried about. My grandfather fought in 1870, my father fought in 1914, I fought in 1939, and now I wonder when my son will fight." He shrugged the discouraged, almost hopeless shrug that in France has become almost a national gesture. "The other day, I went to get a haircut in Le Havre," he told me. "The price list said it would cost thirty-seven francs fifty centimes, but the barber, he asked me forty-seven-fifty, and when I wanted to know why, he said, 'The thirty-seven-fifty is just for cutting your hair, but if you want to have it combed, too, you've got to pay ten francs extra. You want to run out on the street with your hair all over your face?' There you are," René finished with another shrug. "No matter what you do, you can't beat the game."

THERE was the usual boat drill on the third day out. Few of the French passengers bothered to put on their life belts or to go to their lifeboat stations. As I walked around the promenade deck with Jean Le Manchec, the captain of the *De Grasse*, we passed an elderly Englishman who was explaining to his wife how to put on her belt. "Tighten the shoulder straps, dear," he was saying. "Pull the two ends together across the chest. Tie the tapes carefully." Captain Le Manchec, a delicately built, sad-faced man, shook his head. "The English passengers are the only ones who take the drill seriously," he said. "*L'habitude, sans doute*. They are always prepared. During the war, when I commanded the *De La Salle*, we were torpedoed by the *Boche* one night in 1943, near the coast of Nigeria. We had over a hundred passengers aboard, all English. When I gave the abandon-ship signal, they put on warm clothing and their life belts, as it says to in the instructions, and went to their stations as calmly as if the whole thing were just a drill. No shouts, no panic. Imagine what we would have had on our hands if they had been French people. Everybody would have been at the wrong place, swearing at everybody else, wearing his belt open across his chest." He raised his eyebrows deprecatingly. "Perhaps this individualism and lack of discipline are the weakness as well as the strength of France."

After the drill, we were joined by M. Bellet, who accompanied us up to

the Captain's panelled office behind the bridge, where a steward served us an *apéritif*. Captain Le Manchec remarked that he will reach the retirement age of fifty-five next year and that in a way he regrets this, because it will deprive him of the chance to command the biggest ship of the French Line, the *Liberté*, which was the German *Europa* before she was turned over to France by the Inter-Allied Reparations Agency. "They are going to strip her completely and make her practically a new ship," the Captain said. "They are going to make her a French ship."

"Just the same," M. Bellet said, "I wish they hadn't called her the *Liberté*. 'Liberty' has become an overworked word lately. Too much business is being done in the name of liberty. They should have named her the *Champagne*. Serve every passenger a bottle of champagne in his stateroom at sailing time. That would go over big with the Americans."

The Captain laughed. "M. Bellet knows about the bizarre ways of the Americans," he said. "His wife comes from *Chica-go*, and her family lives in—what is the name of it?"

"Texas," said M. Bellet.

DOWN in the *fumoir*, I found the orchestra playing Tschaikowsky's "Romance in F Minor," which had been a favorite with middle-aged ladies when I had last sailed aboard the *De Grasse*, and which, judging by the audience, still is. I went into the combination library and writing room, where a steward was handing out books to passengers. On the shelves were the familiar, musty, leather-bound volumes of memoirs that one always found aboard French ships before the war—Saint-Simon, Charles Benoist, Prince Bülow, and so on. I came across Sainte-Beuve's "new" (1852) edition of his "Portraits Littéraires," along with the usual medley of Joseph Conrad, Agatha Christie, and A. J. Cronin, to mention only a few names under the letter "C." The steward told me that many people ask for books about Franklin D. Roosevelt, and that a very popular work is Poincaré's "Au Service de la France," possibly because everybody in France has been praying for another Poincaré to save the country from her economic predicament.

The Tschaikowsky "Romance" came to an end and I went back to talk to the men in the orchestra. There were seven of them—a pianist, two who could double on violin and sax, an equally versatile cellist and saxophonist, a

trumpet player, a contrabass, and a drummer. The only one I'd known in the old days, though not on the De Grasse, was Tony Prothes, the drummer and head of the orchestra, a tall fellow with a face like Buster Keaton's, only smiling. I asked him to join me in a drink. "The regulations don't let us musicians sit down in first class with a passenger," he said. This surprised me, for when I was a ship's musician, I never heard of any regulations. In those days, you could always get a job aboard a French Line ship simply by playing the "Manon" fantasy for M. Arnould, the company's then musical director in Paris, and once you were aboard, you did pretty much as you pleased. I asked Tony whether he remembered M. Arnould's big audition room, with all kinds of instruments hanging from the walls to trap fakers who tried to get a job without an audition on the ground that they had forgotten to bring along their instruments.

Tony nodded. "I remember," he said, "but today things have changed. Now you must be a member in good standing of the Syndicat des Musiciens and you must work hard to keep your job. The fun is over, *mon vieux*. Sure, it used to be always free drinks with the passengers and there were always pretty women hanging around the musicians. Maybe some people didn't think much of us, but it hardly mattered. But now you've got to give the passengers something for their money, and what can we give them besides good service, since we don't have things like soap and caviar any more? Believe me, we work hard here. When the passengers get tired, around midnight, we pep them up with 'Mon Paris,' 'Auprès de Ma Blonde,' and 'Tipperary,' and they come to life again. In the old days, you tried to put them to sleep. Last night, a passenger asked me whether we were English. 'You musicians look so serious,' he said to me." Tony glanced nervously at his wristwatch and said, "We've got to play some more now. Why don't you go down to our quarters and we'll all have dinner together? We'll join you after the concert. You remember the way, don't you? We're still in the same place."

THE musicians' quarters consist of a small dining room, two staterooms for the members of the orchestra, and a stateroom for the leader. The place looked very new, the result, I realized, of the ship's overhauling. On one wall of the dining room, along which we used to stack up bottles for the party

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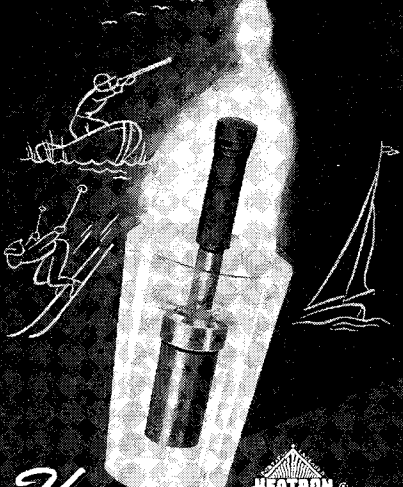
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we always gave in New York, was a bulletin board bearing two closely spaced pages of regulations governing the conduct and dress of French Line musicians. Reading through them to see in what other new ways poor Tony's life had been restricted, I noticed that "*Messieurs les musiciens*" were forbidden to smoke during working hours (observance of this rule would have had some of my former colleagues in strait jackets the first night out) and that they were strictly prohibited from entering a passenger's stateroom, "even if they should be invited," which seemed to me rather lacking in traditional Gallic warmth. A third regulation read, "Prescribed dress for daytime service: dark suit, white shirt, long tie, black shoes. At night: tuxedo." I recalled that on one crossing, for some reason that eludes me, I had worn sneakers.

On the wall opposite the bulletin board, where in my days had hung an unusually expressive portrait of Josephine Baker, was a photograph of a little girl. When Tony and the other musicians finally came down, I asked him who she was. "I take care of her," he said. "I used to work with her father. He used to be lots of fun, but when he came back from Germany after four years in a prison camp, he was changed. One evening last year, he told his wife that he was going down to the store to get some matches. He hasn't come back yet." Tony shrugged, as the waiter René had. "But look at these new pieces by Irving Berlin," he went on, riffling through some sheet music. "They're wonderful. *C'est un chic type, M. Berlin*. When we came to New York on our first trip after the war, I went to see him and he gave me some copies of his newest tunes, without charge."

Tony looked at his wristwatch again and said that it was time to eat. At dinner, I sat next to Pierre Baetz, the first violinist, who asked me how much ship's musicians were paid when I was one. I told him a thousand francs a month, and he nodded glumly. "We make that much a day now, but a thousand *balles* won't get you far when you have to dish out two hundred for a bottle of ordinary wine and nineteen for an egg. I could make two thousand francs a night in a *boîte* in Paris, but here at least I don't have to think about food all the time. A lot of musicians in Paris won't be working this winter, because many *boîtes* will be closed three nights a week for lack of electricity. *C'est la barbe*."

I went above with the musicians after



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dinner and sat down at a table by the orchestra platform in the *fumoir*. They started in right away, playing a number of new tunes and some of the old ones that I had played in the same room eighteen years before—"Always," "Singing in the Rain," "Valencia," "I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby." They worked hard, almost without pause. At one point, Tony turned to me and said, "Want to play with us, *mon vieux*? I don't ordinarily like passengers to fool around the platform, but for the sake of old times, how about it?" I got up. "Another night, perhaps," I said. He nodded, as if he hadn't expected anything else. I went out on the deserted promenade deck and stood by a window, through which a thin, salty spray was coming. The ocean, dark and magnificent, was the same as ever.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

NEW ENGLAND NOCTURNE

The valley's curve
Sinks shaded, yet
Cool spire, stone mill
Burn in sunset.

From leaning trees
Two last leaves twirl
Slow, balanced, caught;
Slow waters swirl

Already half seen;
The shadowy tide
Of different night
Begins to glide,

To steal thresholds;
Soon it will drown
The fires on windows,
Soon will bring down

The burning branch
Of sumac, still
Crimson on rock;
Soon it will kill

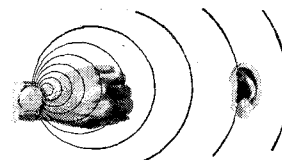
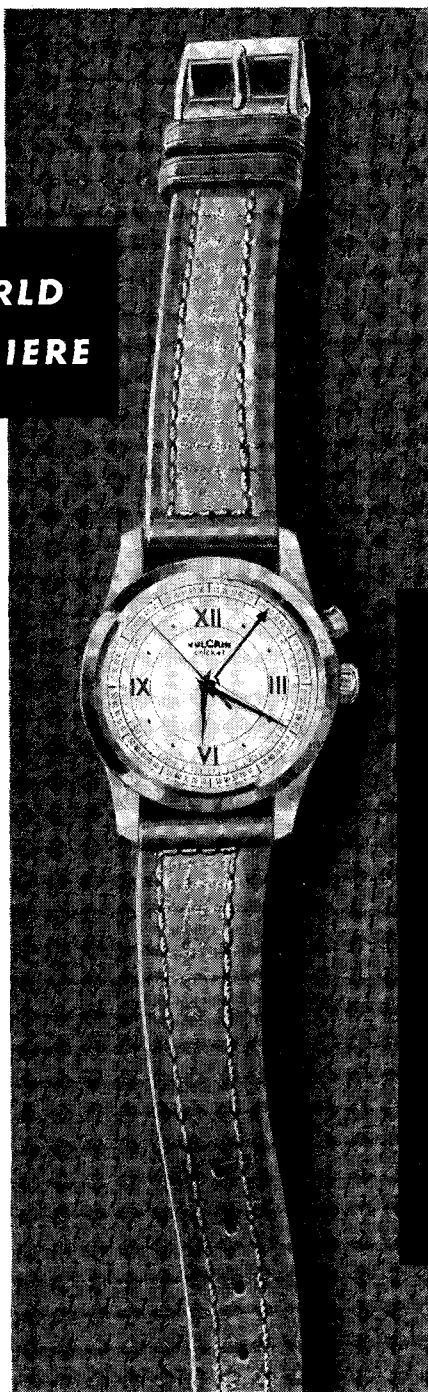
The last reflection
Of summer, caught
Glassed on stone rivers;
Soon, in still night,

While old rooftrees
Sink back in woods
Where farms are shut
By vanishing roads,

Pines, hills will drift
Dark, acres lost,
And skies of stars
Burn white with frost.

—THOMAS H. VANCE

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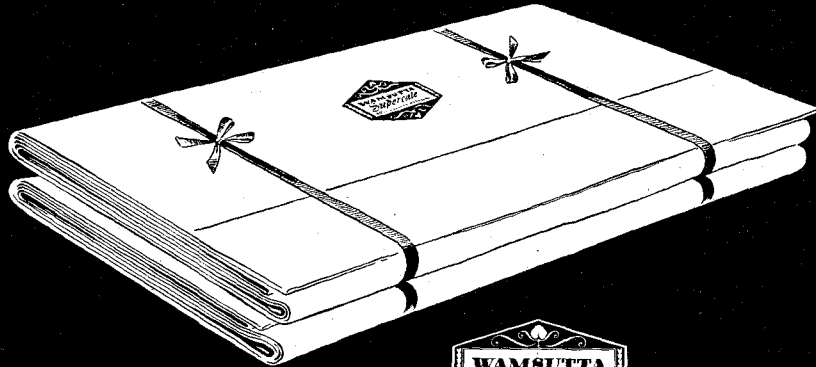
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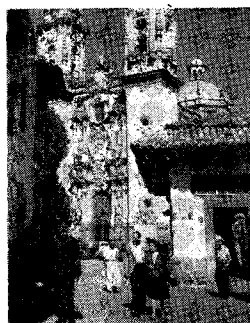
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## THE ART GALLERIES

*Picasso Before Picasso*



IN 1907, when he was twenty-six, Picasso painted "Les Femmes d'Alger," now generally considered the picture that inaugurated the Cubist movement, and almost immediately all hell broke loose in the world of European painting. As we see it now, the canvas, with its four stiffly posed nude maidens, is a novel combination of African Negro design and Expressionist color, and it seems, at first glance, closer to Fauvism than to abstraction. But for its day it had several totally new features of design. It did away with perspective and with almost all representational elements, and it foreshadowed in its composition the flat, angular patterns that were to be one of the main features of Cubism. The conservatives, their nerves already made raw by the works of the post-Impressionists and their followers, were as bitterly outraged by it as most of the avant-gardistes were delighted.

In a way, the picture was the making of Picasso. He had, since around the start of the century, been living off and on in Paris, but he had been broke most of the time and had achieved so little recognition that he had thought of giving up painting. Suddenly he found himself, and his friends Georges Braque and André Derain, at the head of a dynamic new art movement, and if his career thenceforward was to be a controversial one, it was also to be a distinguished one—so much so that his reputation rests almost completely on the work he has done since the famous "Femmes d'Alger."

Now the Knoedler Galleries, as if to remind us that his later production isn't quite everything, has hung a set of some thirty-five canvases in a loan-benefit exhibition called "Picasso Before 1907." It is not an entirely successful show, which is unfortunate, for there is much to be learned from a study of his early work. The dates of the pictures on exhibit range from 1898, when Picasso was still living in Spain and only seventeen or eighteen years old, to 1906, just before the great change in his painting style that was heralded by the "Femmes d'Alger." By and large, too, the exhibition offers a fair sampling of the



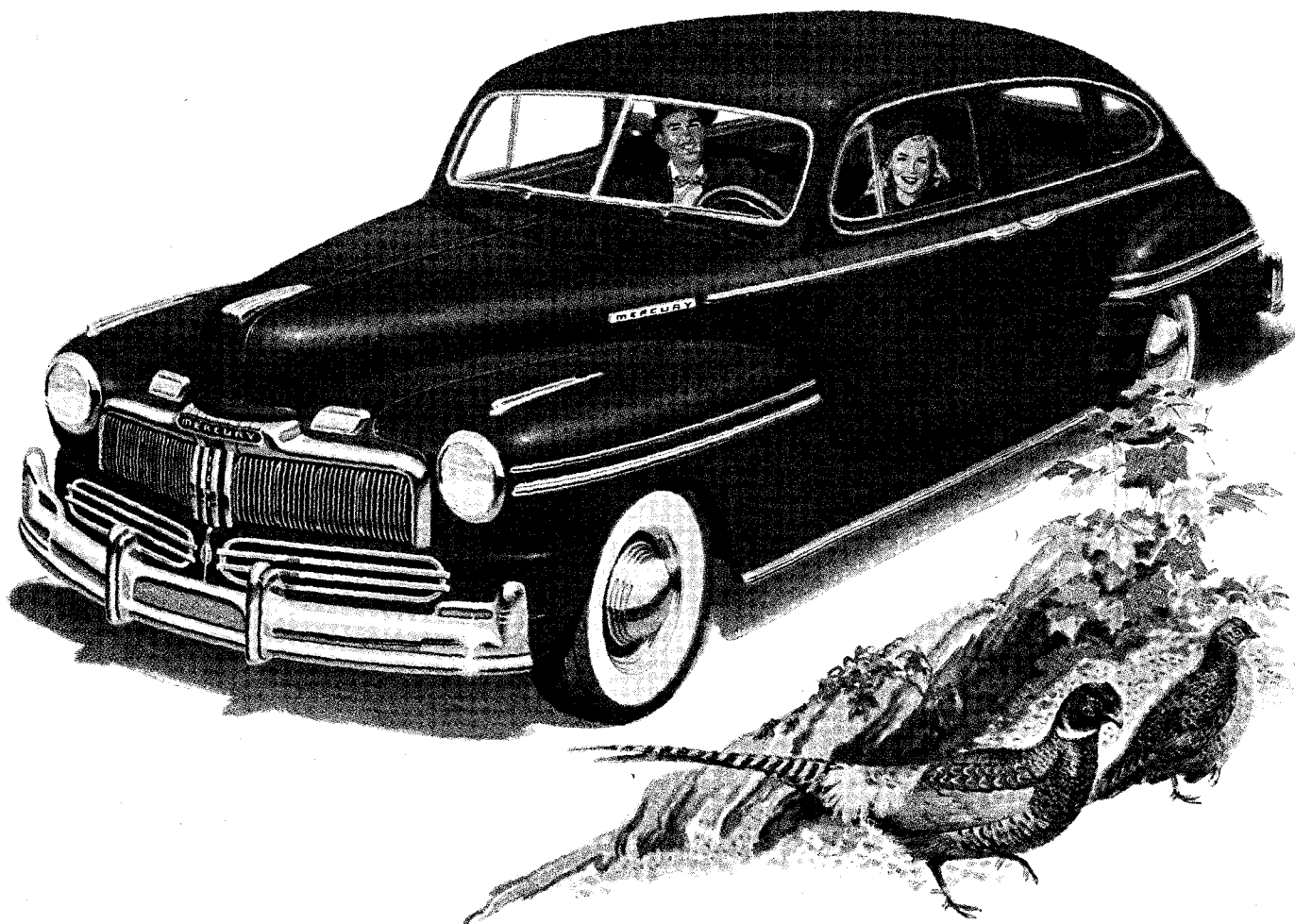


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various influences he came under during those years. The earliest piece on view is the small "Vase of Flowers," which indicates a youthful interest in Impressionism, and there is a slightly later Paris river-boat scene called "On the Upper Deck," which demonstrates the same tendency. His Blue Period, which ran from 1901 to 1905, is represented by a number of examples, of which "The Blue Room," "La Vie," and "Woman Ironing" are the most notable, and "Woman with Loaves" and "La Toilette" illustrate the Rose Period, which followed.

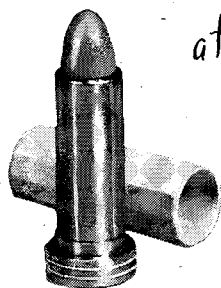
One also gets, though less clearly, a sense of some of the major impulses that have directed Picasso's career. A man of immense intellectual agility, he has always been a restless experimenter, as well as a willing borrower whenever it seemed to him that another man's style or methods might suit his purpose. The increasing boldness of his experiments and the growing eclecticism of his borrowings in later years are hinted at in his early paintings—in the dabbings, done in Toulouse-Lautrec's linear style, in "Harlequin Propped on Elbow," the Cézanne-like "Boy Leading a Horse" and the Manet-like touches in "Woman with Cape," and so on.

But the show fails to give any feeling of coherent purpose behind this urgent, greedy, adventurous drive for artistic expression, and I think the arrangement of the exhibition is largely at fault. That such a purpose was in the artist's mind can hardly be doubted. His great technical advances, and the enormous compositional suavity he developed, between such pieces as the "Mother and Child" of 1901 and the "Woman with Loaves," only five years later, could scarcely have occurred by accident or without the most ardent study.

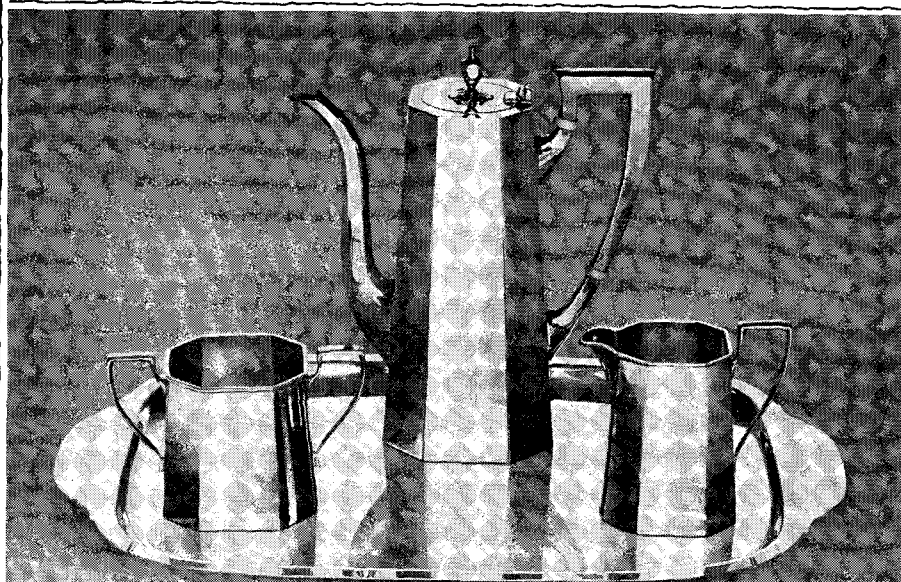
Yet, because of its rather haphazard arrangement—and, too, an emphasis on "important" pictures instead of truly significant ones—the show seems at times almost deliberately designed to conceal the processes of his advancement, and one has to hunt painfully from room to room to get any sense of consecutiveness. As it is, it's a better-than-average survey of an occasionally overlooked period in Picasso's career. With more careful and more understanding treatment, it might have been a superlative one.

**BYRON BROWNE**, who despite the rather brittle violence of his painting shows a healthy capacity for antic imagination, has been having a lot of fun with lions lately, as his new crop of

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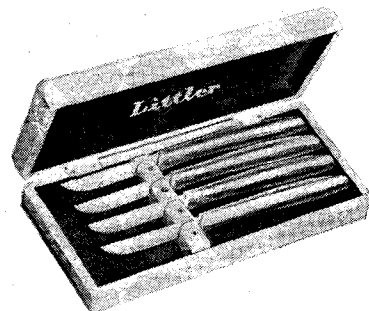
canvases at the Kootz Gallery indicates. He has also, I think, continued the improvement, in both style and content, that his work has shown in recent years. The lions represent, perhaps, an extension of the circus subjects that occupied him last year, and in concentrating on them he has played a good many intricate and interesting compositional variations on their manes, their heraldic poses, and the massive placidity of their heads. Occasionally, as in his "Clown and Lion," "The Dancers," and the large triptych called "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," the animation of his design is almost feverish. But when this exuberance is controlled, as it usually is, his painting has a rare forcefulness and considerable maturity. I liked especially the two studies in tempera, both called "Lion"—in one of which the mane flames out like a sunburst, while in the other the head is reduced to a series of squares—as well as his "Pink Lion" (rampant, this time) and the big, strongly contrasted "Performance," both of them in oil.

THERE are two modern primitives on the list for this week—Camille Bombois, the Paris painter, at the Perls, and Evelyn M. Mudgett, a new American painter, at the American British Art Center. It is the first time, except for a few scattered paintings, that Bombois has been shown here since before the war, and his work has improved noticeably in the interim. Bombois, always gifted with a good sense of color and an ability to invest landscape scenes with a telling effect of stateliness and serenity, has added to these qualities a textural smoothness that increases their impact tremendously. I liked best of all his large, calm "La Vieille Ecluse," and next to it his "Pont sur l'Île Adam," with its Dutch particularity of detail, and the pleasantly formalized "L'Île d'Amour à la Varenne." . . . The paintings by Miss Mudgett, mostly of the Vermont country where she lives, are small and almost miniaturistic in detail, and are organized with a really remarkable delicacy of design. This is her first formal showing anywhere, and I believe that she has been painting seriously for only a short time, yet her work has a neat, feminine quality that is quite charming. Note particularly "In the Hayfield," with its almost iridescently sunny background, as well as the placid "The Bell Cow" and the painstakingly painted little "Mud Hens in the Cove."

—ROBERT M. COATES

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# FOOTBALL

## *Trouble with the Applecar'*



IT would save a great deal of time, and perhaps some faces, if certain events of last Saturday could be blamed simply on the warm weather. For example, there was the game at New Haven, in which Yale, whose backfield looked as sharp-witted and deft as ever, was beaten, 9-0, by a very dogged Wisconsin team. Then, there was the mad third quarter in the match at Franklin Field, in Philadelphia, during which Columbia, though damaged mentally and physically from its game with Yale the week before, ran up two touchdowns in no time at all against Penn, which had been in charge of everything in the first half. Penn pulled itself together and came in an easy first, 34-14, but it must be still trying to figure out the reason for its lapse in the third period. Then, too, there was Harvard—beaten the Saturday before, about as badly as Harvard ever gets beaten, by a small outfit named Virginia—taking over Holy Cross, 7-0. And there was Navy, which hadn't won a game since the 1946 opener. Navy, a more widely ranging traveller this year than even Notre Dame, hopped up to Ithaca to meet a well-manned and hard-running Cornell team and, presumably, to accept one more defeat. The final score, however, was Navy 38, Cornell 19.

A SPOT of post-mortem work can explain some of these happenings. I went to New Haven on Saturday, since the Yale backs are my favorite magicians this season. Their act was especially good, because Levi Jackson, who had carried the ball only once in Yale's two previous games (he recovered just last week from the effects of that attempt), was back again to do some trick passing. The trouble was that the line behind which the Yale specialists were operating was a bit porous, and Wisconsin, a nice, big, heavy steam roller, found enough holes inside the tackles to make trouble. At that, Wisconsin's two scores came on fairly desperate gambles—a long-distance field goal about ninety seconds before the first half ended and a long-distance pass about eighty seconds before the game ended. There was something the matter with the Yale luck, too; in the fourth quarter, when Yale at last seemed to be



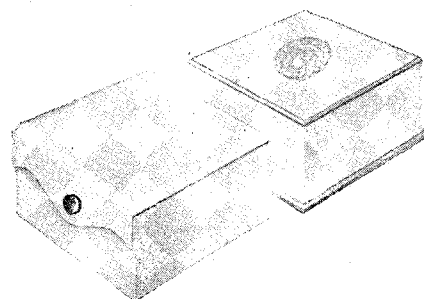
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on its way, Furse made a pretty run through most of the Wisconsin team but fumbled when a Wisconsin man hit him hard. The ball flew like a rocket toward the Yale goal, and a Wisconsin man, not a Yale man, fastened onto it. As for the Yale line, it looked tired from the start (it had two hard Saturdays behind it) and kept getting tired. Only a smart man could have told you, at any specified instant, exactly who was playing for Yale. There were so many replacements for weary and banged-up personnel that even those statisticians who can reconstruct a whole game from their graphs a year later began to lose track. It was obvious that some heavy thinking was going on along the sidelines; after one play both the Yale and the Wisconsin quarterbacks were removed, only to return after the next play had been run off. As someone sitting near me said, it was like one of those international conferences at which the delegates keep having to go home for instructions.

THE Navy-Cornell game was probably the best spectacle of the weekend. An operative of this department who saw it points out that Navy has a lot of excellent backs and the makings of a first-class line, though it hasn't always known what to do with them. Navy, which is celebrated for its hard tackling, seems to have been assertive indeed against Cornell, and drew a few stiff penalties for what the officials considered undue enthusiasm, but Cornell is reasonably rugged, and it can scarcely have been Navy's roguishness that caused the collapse. Incidentally, Dawson's ninety-two-yard run for Cornell's last touchdown must have been the most dazzling play of this fall. A Navy kick had gone out of bounds on Cornell's three-yard line, and Dean, of Cornell, dropped back into his end zone, ostensibly to punt. Instead, he let fly a pass to Dawson, who was home-free behind the Navy goal in a matter of seconds. I'd like to have seen that. I'd also like to have seen how the management got 35,500 customers into the small and pleasant stadium on Schoellkopf Field.

—J. W. L.

Sociology 182—Personal income and expenditure: an approach to American culture. 3 points Spring Session. Professor LYND.

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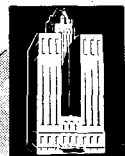
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The small nations make it clear that they are not having a good time in the General Assembly. They are sick and tired of hearing the U.S.S.R. and the United States argue about who will take care of them.

Mr. Byrnes' book "Speaking Frankly" provides some valuable facts about the origin of our trouble with Russia. The former Secretary of State gives the impression that he is trying to present both sides of the question—the American side and the wrong side.

Once again, Mayor O'Dwyer has earned the gratitude of the citizens. His energetic action and wise statesmanship quickly saved us from the unspeakable horrors of a race-track strike.

Georgia is to have a G.O.P. primary in the spring, and it is rumored that Dewey, Taft, and Stassen will go there to make speeches. Scoffers say that there will be more Republicans on the platform than in the audience.

James M. Curley's stay in a federal penitentiary may end in December. If the Mayor's behavior in jail is good, he'll probably be given back to Boston for Christmas.

The Union of South Africa is lending England \$320,000,000 in gold, to be used for paying American bills. The precious metal will probably make a brief stop at London on the way to its new Kentucky home.

The strategy of the Draft Eisenhower Committee is to encourage state delegations to make the General their second choice. The group plans to have a lovely party after all the little favorite sons have been put to bed.

Hollywood actors and producers summoned to testify before the Un-American Activities Committee were given a rousing sendoff before leaving for Washington. The film people seem to prize these subpoenas as highly as they do Oscars. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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## DEBT OF HONOR

"I DON'T mind a bit," Martha said. "Truly I don't. You just go ahead and play." She smiled at them all brightly. "I'll just sit right here," she said, "and knit. I'll be perfectly all right."

"You sure?" Howard said softly, over his shoulder.

"Perfectly all right," she said again, loudly, to them all. "I don't mind a bit—I'm used to it. I never did learn to play poker. I don't know why. I guess I just haven't got card sense—"

"King bets," said the man opposite Howard. He was a man she had not met before; she had thought when she came in that he looked interesting. Now that they were in the dining room, under the center light, she thought he looked rather coarse. (Dining room, she thought. That's New York for you. At home, we'd call it a breakfast nook.)

"King bets," he said again. "Come on, how about it? Let's go."

Very coarse, she thought, and bent her head over her knitting. She was sitting near the table, a little in back of Howard, in one of the dining-room chairs. (The most uncomfortable thing she had ever sat in, she thought, but exactly like Kate—smart and uncomfortable.) It held her at the wrong angle, since she, unlike the others, had no table to lean on. She felt very heavy, although as a matter of fact she had gained only a few pounds, and it seemed to her that the awkward position the chair forced her into must make her look ungainly and huge. She held her knitting high on her lap—soft blue wool on thin steel needles. (For heaven's sake, one of them would say at any minute, for heaven's sake, Martha, what are you making? And she would laugh, and they would know.)

The poker players were absorbed in their game. She heard Howard say deliberately, in his slow voice, "I'll raise."

"Goody!" she said. "Howie must have something."

"I'll see you," said the man whom Martha didn't know. She dropped a stitch, he spoke so suddenly and loudly, and by the time she had picked it up the man was pulling the chips toward him. The cards were coming down on the table again, one at a time, one to a person, and the man was saying, "Ev-

erybody up? Come on, fellows, let's get into it."

"I don't believe I know this gentleman, Kate," Martha said.

Kate was sitting sprawled carelessly in her chair at the end of the table smoking a cigarette in a long blue holder. "Mrs. Williams, Mr. Edwards," she said, around the holder. "It's Howard who isn't in."

"Sorry," Howard said, and tossed a chip into the middle of the table.

"It reminds me of tiddlywinks," Martha said.

After a while she heard Howard's voice again. "I'll see you," he said, so quickly that she thought he must have a winning hand, but the chips went across the table to Mr. Edwards.

A stupid game, she thought. She had never liked it. Howard had told her to say she didn't know how to play, but this wasn't quite true. The gang at home had played sometimes. They had played with beans because they didn't have enough poker chips, and it was fun. One of the boys had made a list, the first time they played, showing what cards were worth holding. They kept the list in the box with the poker chips and beans and would get it out every time they played. When the girls weren't certain what to do and nobody would tell them, they would reach for the list and study it before they made their bets. There was more variety in the game, too, the way they played it at

home—deuces and one-eyed jacks wild, spit in the ocean, Ma Ferguson, baseball. Things like that kept it from being dull.

Everyone was smoking except Howard—Kate and Harry at each end of the table, Mildred and Dick sitting side by side (that's hardly fair, she thought. Probably they cheat), Bill and Jennie, and

Mr. Edwards. The six of them—leaving Mr. Edwards out—Howard's best friends. Well, her best friends now. All the people she wanted to tell first. (How surprised they would be when they knew. They might even, because these people would say anything, start teasing her and counting on their fingers. Now, you needn't look at me, she would say, laughing. We've been married since March, and you know it.)

It was too bad Mr. Edwards was





here. It was too bad they were playing poker. It was too bad the room was so smoky and she was getting so sleepy.

Lots of sleep, the doctor had said. Lots of sleep and rest. You want to have a good baby, you know, while you're at it. She dropped her wool and said "Damn!" After a minute, she got down herself and picked it up.

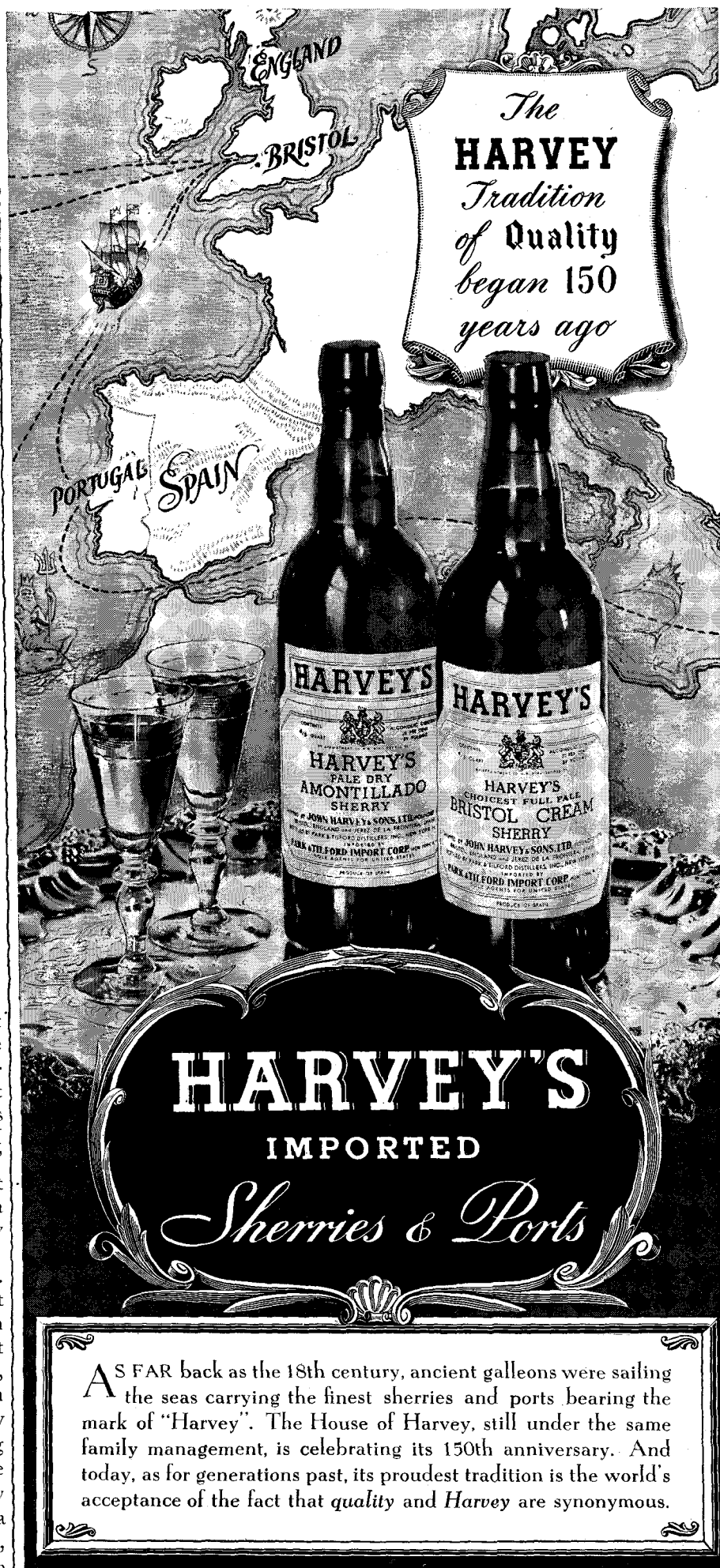
Probably she should be home and asleep right that minute, not sitting around in this awful, smoky room on a horrid, uncomfortable chair, knitting even though her eyes were so tired she could hardly keep them open. She shouldn't have come at all, and Howard knew it. But he had seemed so anxious to go out.

She looked at him, or at as much of him as she could see from where she sat, a little behind him. His glasses were steamed, she noticed, and she thought with satisfaction that she wasn't the only one who was too hot. I can't see why he wanted to come, she thought. He certainly isn't enjoying himself much.

THE game went on, forever and ever. At eleven o'clock, Kate got up to put some beer and cheese and crackers on the sideboard, and Martha sighed with relief. But the game went on anyway. After a while, Mildred said, "Bring me a cracker, will you, like an angel?" and Martha took her one. She put her knitting on the table, near Howard. Mildred, who was sitting next to him, picked it up and said, "Here, there's room for this on the sideboard. And bring me one more cracker, huh? I'm starving. Thank you, my sweet."

Martha rescued the knitting and put it on her chair. Then she spread cheese on crackers and took them to everybody. She opened beer and poured it carefully into glasses. (Howard always did it for her at home.) She said, "I guess I'd better not have any myself." And Jennie said, "Then I'll take that last one, if you don't mind. There's a dear." She sat down again, and they went on playing.

They started to stop several times. Somebody always said, "Why? It's not late." (There were lots of times when Howard could have said, "I'd better get this girl home. Late for her to be out, you know." *Dozens* of times.) When they stopped at last, she could hardly believe it. The adding up and settling went on forever, nearly as long as the playing, she thought. Why couldn't they just stop? Harry was reading from a piece of paper: "... so I'm plus fifteen, and you're minus twenty, and Dick's up



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thirty, and Howard's down—oh, boy, Howard's down forty-five! And Eddie—you didn't do as well as I thought, Eddie, you just about broke even." Why do they go on so? she thought. What does it matter?

And then there was some confusion and some talk about a check, and Harry went out of the room; she could see him in the living room, hunting through his desk, pulling things out with a tired sort of haste; and then he was back, giving something to Howard.

"It's not blank," he said, "but I think if you just cross off the name of my bank and write in the name of yours—"

"Right," Howard said. He took his pen from his pocket and wrote on the check in his methodical way; he looked up, his face expressionless, and said, "That was forty-five, wasn't it?"

"Forty-five what, for heaven's sake?" Martha said. And then, in the silence, she thought, *Forty-five dollars?*

"Has everyone had enough cheese and crackers?" asked Kate. "Jennie, there's more beer in the icebox, I'm almost sure."

"There's plenty more, but it's not cold," Harry said. "If you can use your beer warm, old girl—"

"Howard can't have lost forty-five dollars," Martha said.

"Rotten cards," Harry said. "Never knew anything like the way they were running for him. All evening long."

"But you can't pay that," Martha said.

"Can't be helped," Howard said, and smiled, so his teeth and some of his gums showed.

"But, Howie, you *can't*!" Her voice squeaked; she hadn't meant it to. "Now, look here," she said. "Howie, I know if you explain to them—" She was getting very hot. She could feel the sweat on her forehead and in the palms of her hands, and the wool she held felt sticky. "Why, the idea!" she said, and laughed a little. "It's not as though they were *strangers*, or cardsharps. It's not as though they didn't know how we were fixed. Why, Howie, they wouldn't take it! Of course they wouldn't take it!" She looked at Harry and smiled, though her eyes were stinging. "You wouldn't take it, would you, Harry?"

"Why—" Harry looked at her for a moment. Then he tore up the check and dropped the pieces in an ashtray.

"You see?" she said. "Harry never meant to take it, dear. For heaven's sake! Getting so worked up over nothing. If that's not just like you! Isn't that just like him, gang? Isn't it?"

"Oh, honestly—" Kate began. Mil-

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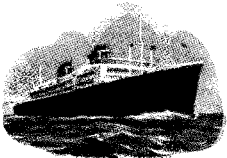
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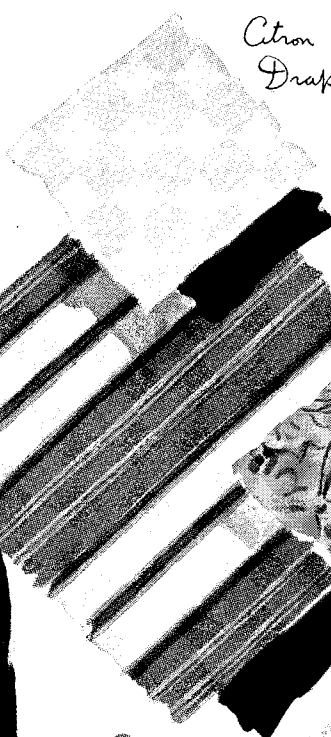






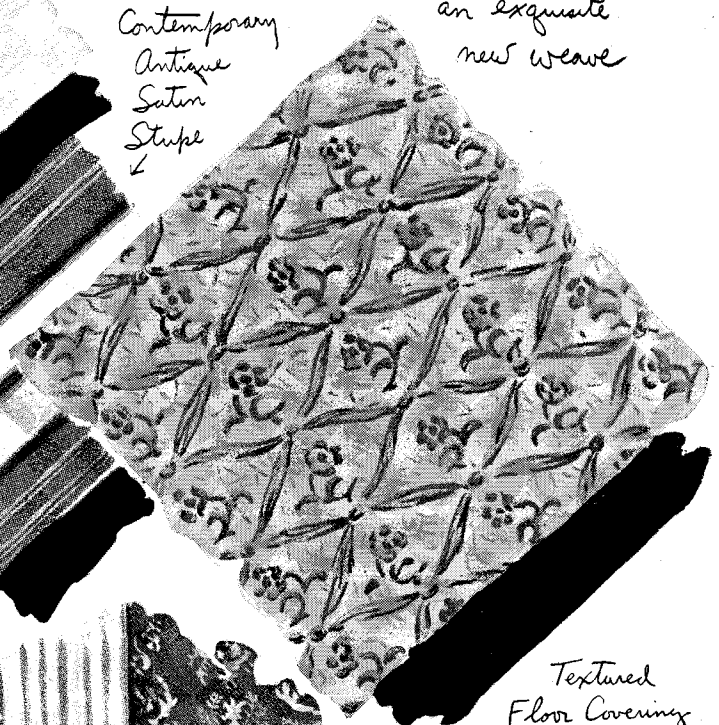
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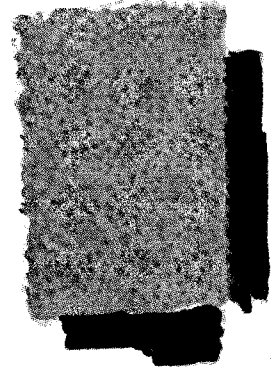


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dred was not looking at any of them; she was looking down at the floor. She said, "Kate, look at all that beer on the floor. It must have foamed over."

Harry brought a cloth and Kate mopped the beer up, and Mildred said she hoped it hadn't hurt the rug, and somehow, in the middle of everything, Harry found Martha's coat and Howie put it on for her and they were at the door saying goodbye.

She said, "Goodbye and thank you. I really had an awfully nice time," and kissed Kate's cool cheek. "I really did," she called back, as they stood waiting for the elevator, and laughed and waved.

She couldn't speak in the elevator because of the elevator man; she stood on the street and waited for Howard to take her arm and found that it was hard to speak, because she didn't know what to say. He didn't take her arm; he only walked along beside her, and as they walked she spoke. She said, "You *can't* be angry. You couldn't have paid it, you know you couldn't."

She was ready for anything he might have said, except what he did say. He said, "Oh, go to hell."

—ADELINE RUMSEY

(From Mrs. P. L. G., Chevy Chase.)

The other day, while riding on a bus, I could not help "eavesdropping" on a conversation in which one woman was giving a recipe made with dried fruit, prunes, figs, etc., some dried root obtained in a drugstore (sassafras?), 1 cheese glass of sugar, these to be put in a wide-mouthed crock. Unfortunately, at this point I had to get off the bus so never found out what this concoction was. All I know is that it had to be started immediately and would be ready by Christmas. Does any one out of the large circle of Clearing House readers know what this is by my bare description? Incidentally, if the companion of the woman giving the recipe would not have continually interrupted, I could have gotten it!—*Washington Star*.

Some people are rude beyond belief. From the description, however, we should say that the recipe was for sassafras fondue.

It is related that General Lafayette stopped here overnight on his return trip to New York after laying the cornerstone of Bunker Hill Monument in June of 1825. He obtained his first sight of cranberry vines in the meadow across the road. Previous to this he had supposed this fruit grew on bushes higher than a man's head.

—*Menu of a roadhouse on Route 1.*

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## ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS



PARIS, OCTOBER 9  
**R**ECENTLY, I went along to the salon of one of the big couturiers with a friend of mine, an American woman, who wanted to buy a dress. We looked at several, and the one that caught my friend's fancy was a black broadcloth affair; broadcloth is the thing this year. It was quite nice and had no embroidery or fur trimming, which meant that when she brought it home, the import duty would be only thirty per cent, the minimum. (Beads or other forms of *froufrou* would have hiked the duty up to ninety per cent.) The broadcloth "hinged" well, as they say here, which means that it followed gracefully every move of the body, but it was plainly too heavy for New York, where there's plenty of heat indoors during winter. The *vendeuse*, an extremely well-mannered woman who spoke effortless and accentless English, said that if the dress were made up in a lighter material, there would of course be a modest increase in price; she would talk to the bosses, however, and get them to give her customer, an old friend of the house, a nice *prix d'ami*.

At this point, I will offer any shoppers in Paris a gilt-edged tip: never agree to a *prix d'ami* unless you're willing to pay a little more than the hardest-faced stranger would be charged. In this case, the figure jumped six thousand francs. The *vendeuse*, flanked by the firm's accountant and *directrice*, both dapper and both smiling in apparently genuine friendliness, and by a production supervisor, a weary-looking elderly woman who was wearing a print dress of last year's length, explained it all by saying that the lighter fabric would be more difficult to work with, that it would take longer to fit the dress, that extra reinforcements of gros-grain would be required to make the skirt billow out below the waistline in the correct

new manner, and so on and on. My friend interrupted this melancholy catalogue to order the dress in the heavy-weight broadcloth. The captains and the kings bowed and departed, and we moved to a fitting room on another floor, where we launched into the first of many meetings with the lower orders of the institution.

During the next four weeks (I had by this time decided to follow the charade through to the end), we learned a great deal about the dressmaking business as it is conducted in Paris today. We also got fairly well acquainted, and had a number of mild misunderstandings, minor quarrels, and effusive reconciliations, with twenty-six more of the firm's employees, all of whom were somehow involved in turning out this single dress. It was a frustrating and discouraging ordeal, made up of emotional crises, shrill shoutings on the telephone, arbitrarily cancelled appointments for fittings, and petty recriminations all around, not to mention the hours and hours spent in the dismal isolation of the fitting rooms. But most disturbing to me was the price of the dress—seventy thousand

francs, or about five hundred and eighty dollars at the legal exchange rate. Seventy thousand francs will buy fifteen tons of coal or, according to a number of young French people at the Cité Universitaire, get a student of medicine or art through a school year, food and lodging included.

**P**ARISIAN dressmakers, I found out during my self-imposed exile in the fitting rooms, are well aware that seventy thousand francs is too much for a little dress with a full skirt and a thing at the neck, and they are very much surprised by the number of French people who are not only willing but aggressively eager to pay such a price at a time when the country is operating on what can hardly be called an economy of plenty. But the couturiers are caught between the evaporating value of the franc and their own expensive and archaic, but apparently inviolable, system of production, which employs hundreds and hundreds of people at obscure, niggling tasks. "Here," as one *essayeuse* told me with some satisfaction, "our artisans work in much the same way as they did in the Middle



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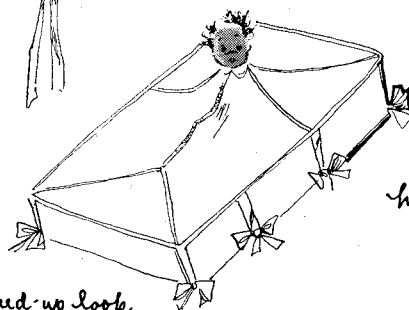


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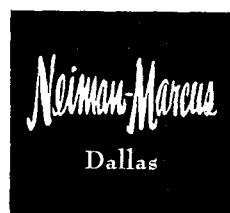


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Ages." Any appreciable lowering of prices would have to be done at the expense of these Middle Age artisans, who, after all, are the production line of an industry in which practically everything—even, sometimes, the weaving of fabrics—is done by hand, and who are already limited by wage ceilings to incomes that are hardly munificent. For example, the pay of a finisher, a job that requires from four to six years of training, is sixty-two francs (fifty-one cents) an hour.

In couture, as well as in other French industries that have to do with applied arts, the custom of starting young people at practically no pay and of carefully regulating their progress through the ranks has remained the same for years. Beginners, who start their training at about the age of fourteen by picking up pins and running errands, are called *lapins de couloir*, or "corridor rabbits." By the second year, their salary amounts to four hundred and twenty-one francs—about three dollars and sixty cents—a week, but they are presumably consoled by the knowledge that they are learning a skill. After two years, the *lapin*, if properly agile and alert, becomes a *petite main* and can look forward to gradually making her way through the various stages of being a hand—provisional second-class hand, qualified second-class hand, provisional first-class hand, and, finally, qualified first-class hand. The *premières mains qualifiées* are considered ready to assume small responsibilities, and from them are drawn the *petits ouvriers*, who are supposed to be useful not only as hands but as heads. When materials are so scarce, it takes judgment to know when to cut into expensive cloth and when to turn the job over to the *modeliste*, the all-important party in charge of translating the designer's sketches into finished models.

Nearly every youngster who works in a dressmaking house yearns to become a *modeliste*. After the first few years of training, the brighter aspirants can push themselves upward by getting diplomas and certificates from the schools run by the couture organizations. Out of about every thousand *premières mains*, no more than twenty will get to be *modelistes*—one step short of being a designer. There was a time when a *modeliste* could get along without being a businesswoman; today, when it costs more than six million francs to put together an average collection and when the boss of the firm is less often a designer than an impresario who runs a crew of designers, the decisions made

by the *modeliste* frequently determine whether the establishment will stay in the black. Not long ago, the head of one well-known couture house was considerably embarrassed because his *modeliste* refused to let him see some of the dresses that were to be shown in his collection until shortly before the opening, for fear that he would suggest changes and disrupt her hairbreadth schedule.

Practically every large house buys free-lance designers' sketches, sometimes to scout for new talent, sometimes just to keep track of what the field is up to. This practice is not much of a secret; four of the most successful unattached sketchers of original models are widely known, and at least two of them, at one time, designed entire collections for established houses, oversaw the making of the clothes, and took part in every phase of the operation—except, possibly, shaking hands with the customers on opening day. This sort of service is not, of course, performed for love, or even for art's sake; all four of those designers eat well and have nice places in the country.

**M**ONTHS ago, when my friend's black broadcloth dress was just a scribble on the designer's drawing board, no one had any idea what would have to be charged for it, except that the price would undoubtedly be high. It was, too, and I cannot truthfully say that my friend was overcome by the feeling that she had driven a hard, hard bargain as she handed over her check. —B. M.

## AND IN NEW YORK—

**T**HE artisans of the Middle Ages and the New York manufacturers of women's clothes haven't anything in common. In general, the industry here prides itself on its assembly-line productiveness. What good that efficiency does is another matter. I can hardly be staggered by the knowledge that a bit of fine handwork on a dress turned out by a Manhattan custom house is going to run the tab up to something like \$580, but I can be staggered by the knowledge that for all the mass-production efficiency of our manufacturers, the high cost of dressing is very much with us. Well, I'm grimly resigned to that fact, but I am still keeping on with a pet campaign of mine: There shouldn't be any balking about paying a small charge for fitting an inexpensive garment, but no one who is laying out a couple of hundred dollars for a dress that was made for Just Anybody should submit to a thumping extra



tap for alterations. Too much of this sort of thing is going on. Norman Edwards, of 38 East 52nd Street, is one proof that such submissiveness is unnecessary. He is offering a collection of his own urban and adult models, which he sells, made to your measurements, for from \$85 to \$165, and two fittings are thrown in. Not only that, but he's willing to take some of your suggestions for changes in the clothes—nothing revolutionary, of course—which gives you the agreeable feeling that you're doing your own designing. One of his more fanciful productions is a cocktail-length coat of green felt. The back, which ends in a low, full skirt, won't startle you, but the front will. There's a great open space on the diaphragm, for the coat is cut away to achieve a bolero effect. Below this gap, the coat resumes as though nothing had happened. Well, at least you can give friends on the street a peep at your dress without your having to bother to open your coat. This device has so enraptured Mr. Edwards' customers that it has been used in black wool street dresses with even hemlines and in cocktail dresses of bengaline, rayon satin, or taffeta. To keep friends from getting a peep at *you*, a camisole covers the area the dresses don't. The dozen or so other dresses here are the simple, straightforward kind you can wear with your basic pearls all day long. There are long-sleeved rayon crêpe ones, either tailored, with buttons down the back and a tucked panel in front, or, more often, artfully draped. Some of the latter have full, wrap-around skirts, caught up at one hipbone; others achieve a hobble-skirt effect with drapery low at the sides; and still others have a modest bustle in back or fullness in front. Mr. Edwards displays his collection between two and five-thirty, Monday through Friday, and takes a couple of weeks to fill orders.

**B**ERGENDORF GOODMAN's ready-to-wear department has an impressive collection of day, cocktail, and evening dresses at from \$40 to about \$90. For daytime, I admired most a double-breasted coat-dress of gray wool, with a turnover collar, long sleeves, a belt and buttons of imitation red lizard, and hip pockets; \$40. The main features of a black wool crêpe coat-dress, also double-breasted but princess style, are a collar that can either lie flat or stand up across the back of your neck, and box pleats down the front of the skirt; this comes to \$90. For a formal afternoon or dinner and the theatre, Bergdorf has a fairly splendid gold-and-gray dress of

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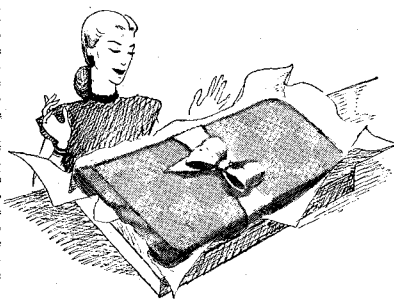


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rayon brocade that looks as if it had begun life as the upholstery of a Victorian sofa; the neck is square, the bodice is tight, the sleeves are short, and the skirt, slightly draped over the hips, has two loops in back that suggest a bustle, if you happen to be suggestible; \$50. At the same price, you can get a useful two-piece dress in black moire, with a U neck, a diagonal, double-breasted closing, and a straight skirt. A shirtwaist dress of the traditional pattern, in a soft, pale-blue wool, shot with gold thread, has a turnover collar, long sleeves, and inverted pleats down the front and back of the skirt; \$70. For semi-formal evenings, there's a three-piece arrangement—a blue-and-green Scotch-plaid wool skirt, cut on the bias; a tailored cotton blouse with a petalled jabot and frills at the wrist; and a long-sleeved black rayon velveteen bolero that you can wear or leave at home, as you choose. As for truly formal evening dresses, Bergdorf has a lot of really noble ones. A black rayon faille has a long, fitted, strapless bodice and a bouffant, shirred skirt, banded with black rayon velvet; a turquoise-blue rayon faille, with narrow shoulder straps, has a draped bodice adorned down the front with a rope of matching velvet roses, which trails onto one hip of the bouffant skirt.

**W**HETHER you believe in angular or in rounded silhouettes, you should find something you like in Stein & Blaine's assortment of tailored day dresses. If yours must be long and slim, there's a wool jersey number, in navy, black, brown, or green, that clings tightly to the body almost to the knees and then fans out into a pleated skirt. It has a small piqué turnover collar and long sleeves. (You'll have to be pretty self-confident to wear this one.) A similar dress, of Glenurquhart plaid wool, buttons down the front to the pleats that form the hemline. There are plenty of push-up dolman sleeves here, notably on a gray, green, brown, or black wool jersey dress with a hip-length bodice and a pleated skirt. You will also see a nice rayon velveteen coat-dress in delft blue, red, brown, or black, with a small turnover collar and two rows of gold metal buttons, shaped like jujubes, all the way down the front. For those in favor of dresses with full skirts, there is a navy or cocoa wool crêpe affair with a basque bodice and a skirt pleated in front and in back of the hips and also equipped with four low horizontal tucks that completely encircle it. Stein & Blaine have something for the

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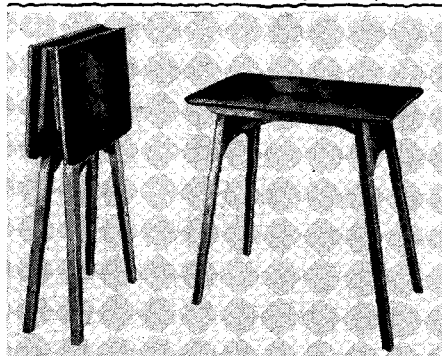
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middle-of-the-roader, too—a worsted jersey dress, in beige, dark green, carnelian, or royal blue, with a tuck forming a low, round yoke on the fitted bodice, and a skirt that flares only slightly. Anything in the collection will stand you from \$35 to \$50.

**B**ENDEL's Young-Timers shop is full of party dresses—mostly with the slanting, one-shoulder décolletages that the establishment dotes on—for youngsters to dance themselves footsore in. One ethereal white lace number has a single shoulder strap bearing a corsage of pink and white roses, and a bouffant skirt that is made even more bouffant by an underlying horsehair petticoat. There's also a more worldly silver and blue, pink, or white rayon brocade dress with a draped fold across the front of an off-the-shoulder décolletage. This has a puffed sleeve starting below the shoulder on one arm, but nothing at all on the other. Hip padding makes the bodice look all the slimmer. Another bouffant down-off-one-shoulder dress, in rayon faille, has a contrasting rayon velvet bow at the waistline in front and a single shoulder strap to match. It is nicest in white with an emerald-green bow. You don't, though, have to have these extreme décolletages. For example, there is a rayon faille dress, in emerald and chartreuse and so on, with a wide neckline, two small cap sleeves, and two folds that run all the way around you at hip level and are caught up on the left hip with a rose. Girls who like dresses with ballet-length skirts might like another rayon faille job, in forest green, royal blue, or red, whose décolletage is just off the shoulders and whose hipline is encircled by cording, or something in iridescent rayon taffeta, dully shaded in copper, plum, bronze, and the like, with a shirred bodice and short, shirred sleeves. The prices here run from about \$30 to \$70.

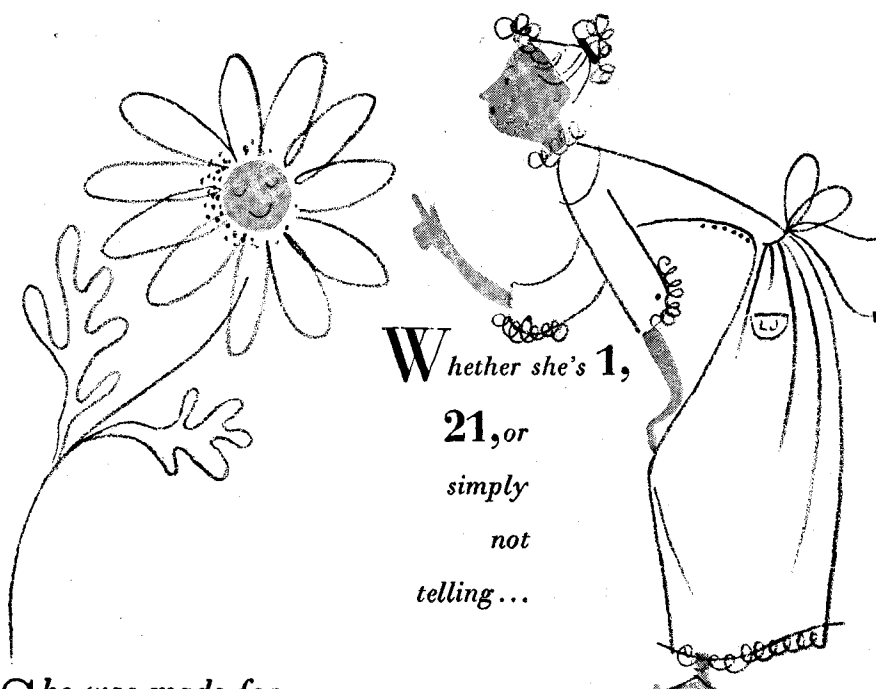
**F**OR *grande luxe*, it would be difficult to top Elizabeth Arden's custom lingerie department. It has a supply of silk ninon, something that is still on the hard-to-find list, and truly expensive, too. The department sent an envoy to Paris not long ago to get a few pointers, and the results are lovely indeed. There are nightgowns in pink chiffon and black lace, with three tiers of ruffles over the shoulders, like those on a rumba dancer's costume; there are wonderful tailored robes with a bold monogram for decoration; and there are long-sleeved nightgowns, robes, and bed jackets in demure challis with lace-edged

**Cartier**  
Jewelers  
1847-1947



**Cartier Medallions—**  
Top left: Virgin in ivory with pearls mounted in 18Kt. gold, \$250.  
From upper right: Virgin in mother-of-pearl, with diamonds and pearls mounted in platinum, \$190; Virgin and Child, in 18Kt. gold, \$56; Virgin in platinum with diamonds set in crystal, and mounted in 18Kt. white gold, \$295; Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, in 18Kt. gold, \$65; and St. John, \$26.  
Prices include Federal Tax

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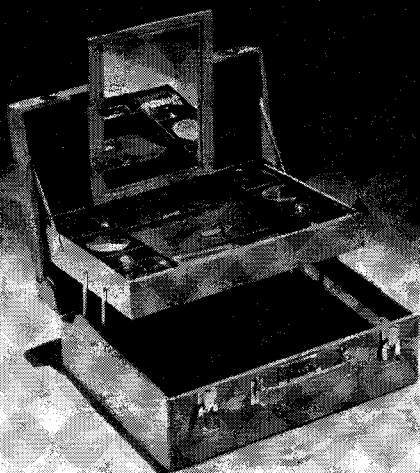
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ruffles. Women who loathe long night-gowns can have slip-length ones, either frothy or tailored. Long, separate, matching skirts go with them, in case you want to convert the gowns into negligees. Then we have the wrap-around slip, to be tied with slim ribbons about whatever waistline you are wearing these days; it's particularly fine in black satin edged with black lace.

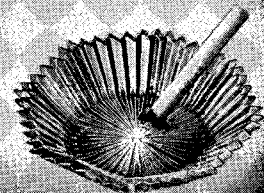
**S**UEDE oxfords with graceful lines are finally reappearing, and Delman has some. For walking, there are black or navy ones with four eyelets, cord laces, and sturdy two-inch heels. Dressier oxfords, scalloped high over the instep, have three-inch heels, five eyelets, and grosgrain laces. All of these are \$33.95. You also have your choice of pumps with, I'm glad to say, closed toes and heels. A black or brown suede model has a tiny, purely decorative strap and a patent-leather buckle on the vamp. For evening, Delman is again advocating T-strap sandals, in Persian brocades, white-and-silver brocade, and white satin (which can be dyed any color, if you want), as well as silver kid ankle-strap sandals, on low platforms, whose vamps are gold and silver mesh studded with rhinestones.

If you are really fond of clomping around on high platform soles and three-inch heels, a field trip to Gunther's new shoe department might be worth while. There are brown suede open-toe, open-heel pumps with a sunburst cutout, on the vamp, that is piped with gold kid, and black suede ones embroidered with jet medallions. Ankle-strap pumps appear in black suede with gold kid piping. For evening, there are ankle-strap sandals in black satin, or in white satin, also to be dyed as you please. If you are against platforms, Gunther has sandals of white satin (likewise to be dyed, if that's what you wish) combined with gold kid. They have double ankle straps that fasten with jewelled buckles. All these are either \$22.95 or \$29.95.

**I** MIGHT as well remind you again of the blouses at Martha West. At the moment, she has a fine group of silk ones at \$9.95. White silk printed with brilliant Persian figures and foliage is used in a long-sleeved *numéro* with a standing collar and bow tie; a short-sleeved blouse in a necktie pattern fastens with a larger bow; another, with a round neck and little jabot, has Chinese figures scattered across it. If you like Martha West's rayon crêpe blouses as much as I do, you'll be happy to know

**STYLE...  
AND A TOUCH OF GENIUS****Flatter-y****new dress-up flat**

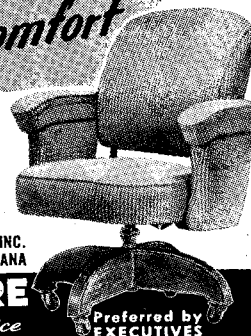
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that she has white and pastel tailored ones with convertible necks and short sleeves at \$6.95 and long-sleeved ones at \$9.95.

**F**OLDEROL: The lipstick makers are never content to sit back. To wit: Matchabelli, muttering something about the "longer look," has now brought out his lipstick in what he calls the Queen Size case, which stands three and a half inches high. . . . Bendel has produced a little giant, too. It has a lipstick at each end, one in a daytime and one in a nighttime shade. . . . Helena Rubinstein has put out a complicated bit of machinery that is supposed to solve all your problems of which lipstick to use with what costume. For each type of natural coloring (blond, brunette, etc.), there's a

set, called Four-Cast, of four lipsticks, each in a metal case colored to match the clothes you're to use the lipstick with. I don't know how well the system will work for such off-types as blondes with olive skins, or for dark-haired people with fair skins, but the lipsticks themselves are fine and the cases are gay. . . . Lenthéric's success with the perfume Dark Brilliance has inspired this house to put out a lipstick of the same name. It's a ripe blue-red. . . . Guerlain has a new face powder, smelling of Guerlain's old and reliable Shalimar and called Natural Blush, which is nice and rosy, and which should be particularly effective for counteracting the sallow look that steals over people at this time of year, when their summer tans are dwindling.

—L. L.

## THE LAW AND THE PROFITS

We're Harrison, Garrison, Bagle & Shaw.  
Solicitors, we, attorneys-at-law.

We may not know much about writers and such—  
Edgar A. Guest or James M. Barrie—  
But the wills we draw you could never touch.  
We can file a brief that would beat the Dutch,  
And we know a whereas from an inasmuch,  
And a *dies non* from a *certiorari*.

Oh, it's Harrison *tra*,  
Garrison *la*,  
Bagle *tra-la*,  
& Shaw!

Harrison? He takes care of the contacts.  
Garrison? He's the boy for the contracts.  
The ambulance beat is Bagle's meat,  
& Shaw does something with law.

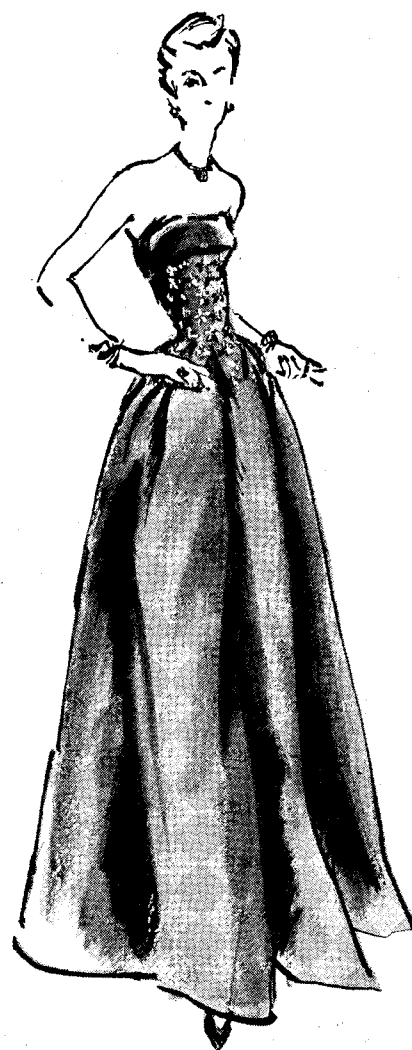
We don't go in for pianoforte;  
We can't assist you with Ethelbert Nevin.  
But watch us frammis a difficult tort,  
And get a load of our work in court.  
You want a divorce? Just try us, sport,  
Or give us a crack at a writ of replevin.

For it's Harrison *ha*,  
Garrison *cha*,  
Bagle *ha-cha*,  
& Shaw!

And now let's talk about money. Whee!  
The size of our lovely, lovely fee.  
One grand? Five grand? Ten grand? Twenty?  
Whatever you happen to have is plenty.  
Mr. Harrison's forty per cent,  
Plus forty more for the Garrison gent,  
Leaves twenty for Bagle.

With luck we'll finagle  
A fin for the law—  
& Shaw.

—PHILIP W. WRENN, JR.



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GOWN BASQUE-TOPPED,  
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SHOULDER-BARING, IN  
NIGHT-SKY BLUE — THE  
LUSTRE OF YARN DYED  
RAYON SATIN STARRED  
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80 proof

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Try Nuyens Blackberry Liqueur. Get the full flavor of rich, real fruit juice. Enjoy "America's finest cordials!" They're made domestically by a 145-year-old French formula.



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Say it once  
and you'll say it again

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*America's Finest!*

Sip... or mix delightful cocktails with... Nuyens Creme de Menthe. You'll say again—"America's finest cordials" are Nuyens! They're made domestically by a guarded, 145-year-old French formula.



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Creme de Menthe  
60 proof

Also 11 other fine flavors



## THE PECULIARITY OF MR. MORTON

MY parents were artists. My mother painted miniatures and my father was a landscape painter. Because of his profession, we moved from place to place in search of suitable subject matter for his pictures, and for several years from the time I was eight years old we lived in a rented cottage on a remote back road, three miles from the nearest village. The region was sparsely populated. On one side, our nearest neighbors were a farmer and his family, whose home was visible in the middle distance across broad meadows; on the other, in a house screened from our orchard by a half acre of woodland, lived an elderly couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Morton.

The countryside thereabouts appealed to Father. He worked out of doors a great deal, winter and summer, and used the barn behind the house for a studio. Mother, when not busy painting or reading, occupied herself with sewing, gardening, cooking, and preserving. My schooling was looked after, somewhat sketchily, by a college-bred young countryman who trudged a total of seven miles a day in order to teach me Latin, Greek, mythology, and the geography of the ancient world. Although I was an only child and had no playmates, I was not aware of any lack in my life, and bemused myself in a world of books and childhood fantasies.

It was Mrs. Reynolds, the farmer's wife, who unwittingly fired my interest in the Mortons. With no associates but adults, I had formed the habit of scrutinizing them closely. I searched their faces for every hidden meaning, listened to all that was said with abnormal intensity, and hoarded their words and looks as a squirrel stores hickory nuts. When, one July day soon after our arrival, Mrs. Reynolds dropped in to call on Mother with a friendly offering of freshly picked corn and a mess of string beans, I directed upon her my penetrating attention.

She was large, soft, and pink, with a swirl of hay-colored hair arranged on the top of her head like a robin's nest, and she had the voluble sociability of the rustic. She and Mother sat on the porch chatting and I on the steps watching them. In response to a casual question from Mother, Mrs. Reynolds told her that the Mortons had lived in the

district for thirty years, that they owned their house, had a tiny income, were childless, and had no friends, that Mrs. Morton was shy and never went anywhere, and that Mr. Morton was "a bit peculiar." It did not require much to ignite my fancy; this chance remark, accompanied by a sly lift of Mrs. Reynolds' eyebrows, set off inside my head a burst of invention and brought about my obsession with the Mortons.

The word "peculiar" conveyed so many things. Exactly what did Mrs. Reynolds mean? I guessed at once that Mr. Morton must be an unusual being—someone to watch and ponder. As soon as our visitor had departed, I raced down the lane to stare at the Mortons' house. It was a dilapidated structure, lean and grizzled, from which all traces of paint had long since worn away, and it was set down in a dreary clump of pine trees, which huddled close about it, screening it equally from the road and from the sun. I was delighted by the sight of a small turret jutting up from one corner of the roof and snuffed out at its top, like a candle, by an inverted cone of shaggy, scalloped shingles. This was the type of architectural device deplored by my elders as tasteless, but to me it seemed inspired and romantic. Anyone as steeped in fairy tales as I was knew at once that the Mortons dwelt exquisitely at the heart of a Black Forest, in a Castle with a Tower.

From that moment on, my worthless time and my far more worthless thoughts were devoted to an almost incessant study of this negligible pair. It was not long before I had the satisfaction of identifying Mr.



Morton. He was the gaunt person, dressed in a shabby dark suit and wearing an old black hat jammed far down over his eyes, who passed our house swinging a little tin can each morning just after breakfast. He was on his way to the Reynolds'

to get some milk, but though I would stand on the roadside bank waiting for him to go by, trying to catch a good look at his face and ready to say hello, he never once glanced in my direction. He looked neither to right nor to left; he seemed inscrutably and severely misanthropic. A while later, I would see him walking home, sometimes carrying, in addition to the full milk can, a bunch of beets or carrots, a



loaf of Mrs. Reynolds' bread, or a small basket of eggs. When a discreet interval had elapsed, I would lope up the road in his wake to dodge around among the pine trees and see what I could see. But there was little reward for my prying. By the time I got to the lane in front of the house, Mr. Morton invariably had gone inside and shut the door behind him.

Nevertheless, I returned again and again to wait and watch, prowling about at a safe distance, picturing strange doings within the Castle, fondly admiring the Tower, and indulging in sinister conjectures. Devoting so much attention to the Mortons, I was prepared for great discoveries, for wonders, perhaps—at the very least, for facts. Yet not only were there no marvellous manifestations on the property of this "peculiar" man but there seemed to be an astonishing dearth of indications as to what he and his wife were like and how they employed their time.

Instead of cooling my interest, the very meagreness of the evidence whetted it, and the more I watched the house for signs of life, the odder the absence of all such signs became. The doors and windows were kept tightly closed, the shades lowered. No letter box stood by the road; the Mortons received no mail. They raised no vegetables, they kept no hens, they had no dog or cat. No flowers grew in their yard except the thistles and wild geranium in the thicket along the fence. Mr. Morton never potted around outdoors, as other men do in the country. He never scythed the rank grass that sprang here and there through the matted, decaying pine needles. He chopped no wood. The stove logs and kindling heaped haphazardly in a huge, unsightly pile behind the house had evidently been purchased by the cord and dumped there from a delivery truck. I overheard no fragments of conversation. The only sound that ever came from within was the occasional squeal of a hand pump somewhere in the back, probably in the pantry or kitchen. I never laid eyes on Mrs. Morton. Once, through the half-opened kitchen door, I heard her speak a few words in a low voice to the butcher who drove his wagon along the road each Thursday, stopping at every house. Except for the slender thread of smoke that rose spasmodically from the narrow chimney, the place might have been deserted. It appeared empty, dead, and even haunted.

BY the middle of August, I seemed to have reached the limit of my ingenuity as a detective. Fortunately,

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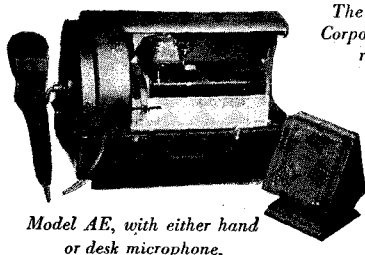
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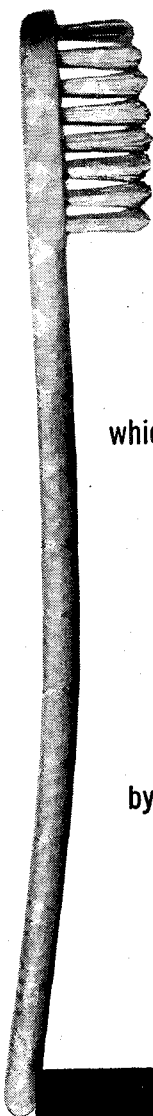
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at the moment that I was beginning to feel discouraged, Mrs. Reynolds appeared again with a stimulating fresh contribution to the case. This time, she brought Mother a big bunch of zinnias. The day was warm, Mrs. Reynolds was pinker than ever, and while Mother stood beside the veranda table, arranging the flowers in various vases, Mrs. Reynolds sat in a rocking chair nearby, fanning herself with her handkerchief and telling with evident relish a remarkable item of news. She had never been so surprised in her life! You could have knocked her over with a feather! Mrs. Reynolds had been canning peaches when what should she hear but a knock at her door. Her first thought was that it must be my mother, but when she went to the front door, who should it be but Mrs. Morton! Here Mrs. Reynolds paused, and she and I looked anxiously at Mother, who seemed to be taking the tidings much too calmly. I appreciated the drama of this event far better than she did. Mrs. Reynolds sighed. I could see she was disappointed, and to let her know that I was properly excited, I asked her quickly what Mrs. Morton was like.

"Why, Peggy," she said to me, recovering her spirits immediately, "she's a real nice little woman, but she's awful shy and it took her a good while to get around to telling me what she came for. Well, she hummed and hawed a bit, and finally out it came. She says she's subject to spells, like, and it seems Mr. Morton is deaf as a post—although I can't say as I ever noticed it, but then he was never a one to talk or answer a body. There wouldn't be no way to tell, really, if he was deaf or not. Anyway, this is what she wanted. Their upper window in that little tower thing, sticking up over the treetops on the side that faces this way, is in sight of our barnyard, and if ever she gets one of her bad spells and can't make Mr. Morton hear her call, she's going to try to get up the stairs inside the tower and hang a towel out that window. She asked would I kindly look out for it now and then, and if I see it, would I mind coming over." This time, the other half of Mrs. Reynolds' audience reacted satisfactorily.

"Oh, the poor woman!" cried Mother, stricken with pity. "How frightened she must be about herself! What sort of spells has she?"

On that point, Mrs. Reynolds was vague. Mrs. Morton hadn't exactly said and Mrs. Reynolds hadn't liked to ask. Maybe it was her heart, maybe her liver. She didn't look strong at

all, and was white, as if she never went out of the house. "And no more she does," said Mrs. Reynolds. "I told her she'd ought to get her husband to spade her up a little plot of garden, so she'd have something to work at to fetch her out in the air. But she didn't act like she was going to do it. Anyway, every morning, when I feed the pigs, I'll step to the fence and take a look at that window. But I've got her on my mind and I was thinking, seeing as you're right next door, so to speak, maybe you or little Peggy here would keep an eye out, too, in case she gets sick and needs some help in a hurry."

It may be imagined with what alacrity I agreed to watch for the white towel. I lingered about the Mortons' place more than ever, focussing on the side of the house that faced the Reynolds' farm, and the morbid beauty of Mrs. Morton's plight refuelled my smoldering fancy. I was sure she must be lovely as the dawn. (Mrs. Reynolds did not seem to have the faculty of describing people very vividly.) Mrs. Morton suffered from "bad spells," and that term meant but one thing to me—witchcraft. Who in the neighborhood could possibly cast spells on the unhappy woman? Who, indeed, but grim Mr. Morton, in his black raiment, lurking in his lonely castle? I owned all sixteen volumes of the Andrew Lang fairy books, the folklore of the ages, and was well versed in their medieval terminology. Obviously, Mr. Morton was a wizard, a wicked necromancer, practicing the Black Arts. I could picture him in his gloomy lair, weaving his wiles, conjuring up evil spirits to do his bidding. Very likely, Mrs. Morton was not his wife at all but a captive princess drugged by magic potions, held in thrall for years by Mr. Morton's powerful enchantments. His deafness I discredited at once. It was an inharmonious modern touch, prosaic, mundane, and improbable. Naturally, he would not reply when his victim called for help. How I longed to be the first to spot the white towel fluttering from the tower window and hasten to the aid of the wretched prisoner!

The months passed uneventfully. Waiting for something to happen can be a tiresome business, but the weird nature of this vigil sustained my interest. During the following winter, the snow lay in heavy drifts for weeks on end around the Mortons' house. Sometimes it was difficult to get through, for Mr. Morton never shovelled paths, but every day, in my galoshes, I managed to plow



my way near enough to take a look at the window. In the end, it was not I who saw the towel.

NEARLY a year must have gone by, for it was June. One sunny morning, I spent some beautiful hours in the wood behind our house, building a little stone cabin for elves to live in. I furnished it with carpets of moss, with benches and tables made of twigs, and couches of dandelions. When it was all arranged to my satisfaction, I left, so that the elves could take possession. Clutching a tired nosegay of buttercups and daisies, I came around the corner of the barn in time to see Mrs. Reynolds climb the steps to our veranda, plump down in the rocking chair, and start swaying back and forth in a strange way. I ran up breathlessly and saw that she was shaking and crying in a most ungrown-up manner. Mother was sitting stiffly in a straight chair, looking pale and shocked, while Mrs. Reynolds told her story.

It seemed that Mr. Morton had not come to get the milk for three days running and Mrs. Reynolds had thought to herself maybe the man was sick. If so, his wife would have her hands full, likely enough, and it would be only neighborly to go and see if there was any little thing Mrs. Reynolds could do for either of them. Up she'd gone and knocked on the front door. No answer. She'd turned the knob, but the door was locked. She'd walked around to look at the tower window. No sign of anything there. Then she'd walked around to the other side of the house, and there, in a second-story bedroom window, half hidden by the pine boughs, where no one could hardly see it, was a towel. What a turn it had given her! It was hung outside and no mistake, with the sash shut down to hold it. Her heart began to pound, and she started to shout and holler for Mr. Morton. Both of them must be sick, poor mortals! She'd run from the front to the back and again to the front, pounding on the doors till her knuckles ached. She'd tried some of the downstairs windows, but they were stuck, like as if they'd never been opened for years. Then she'd scurried home, as frightened as she could be, and got Mr. Reynolds and her eldest son and a couple of the farmhands, and together they'd gone to the Mortons' house and one of the men had managed at last to get a window up and crawl inside and unlock the door for them.

And—would you believe it?—there

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sat Mr. Morton in the kitchen as cool as a cucumber and Mrs. Morton locked in upstairs—dead, as they soon discovered! One of the men fetched the doctor, and he sent for the sheriff. The doctor said she'd passed on days ago. She'd had heart trouble for years, but she'd died of starvation. And it had turned out, too, that Mr. Morton wasn't deaf. He'd heard what they said to him well enough, but all he would mumble was "She was sick too much. What's the good of a sick woman?" Imagine!

"Oh, Mrs. Bacon!" wailed Mrs. Reynolds. "To think of that poor creature laying there ailing and feeble and nobody to help her, and that fiend simply turning the key in the bedroom door, so she couldn't even get to hang out the towel where I could see it, and leaving her there to die of hunger and thirst! And here Mr. Morton's been living among us all these years, and us thinking him a harmless old thing, just a bit peculiar!"

Mrs. Reynolds stopped talking. She groaned and blew her nose. Mother shot an apprehensive glance at me, dreading the impact of such awful disclosures on the tender sensibilities of her child. But then, and for long afterward, my imagination was not of the sort to trouble me with the horrors of actuality. Had it been fed by life instead of literature, had I heard of insanity and insane asylums, I might have grieved for Mr. Morton's condemned soul and the fate so soon to overtake him, as well as for the sufferings of his wife. To me, the events were only what might have been expected, and I was enjoying the smug sensations of an infant Cassandra. The wizard's deeds had followed an accepted pattern, with the unseen princess as his classic victim. He had imprisoned her and left her to perish; she had signalled for help in the time-honored way. Up to that point, I found the story delightful. Thereafter, it lacked style. It was regrettable that a handsome prince had not rescued the lady in distress, slaying her evil persecutor and winning her hand in marriage. Though the tale had not ended with the proper flourish, nevertheless it was in the great tradition, and if the Castle had not been haunted before, it would certainly be haunted henceforth.

—PEGGY BACON

MEAT PRICE DRIVE  
DEPRESSES CATTLE  
—Chicago Sun.

Well, it perks us up no end.



# LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 14



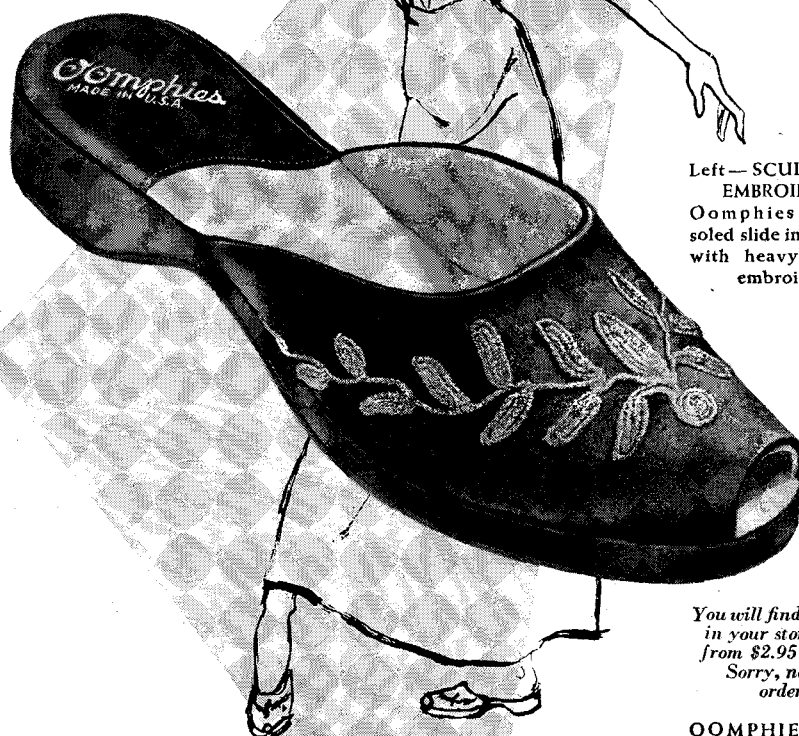
**T**HE Prime Minister's not unexpected remodelling of his Cabinet on the eve of the dreaded winter has had a pretty good press. There were many rumors a short time back that Attlee was going to remodel himself out of it. Instead, he has drawn up a significant new diagram of authority, which people are calling the A.B.C. Government, because of the last initials of its three principal components—Attlee, Bevin, and Cripps. It looks as though Attlee is going to be the apex of the alphabetical pyramid, whose real weight will rest on the strong line from B to C. His reconstructed setup, which also brought in some of the younger intellectuals, of the Cripps type, appears to have favored economic brains over the fanatical Party loyalty of the Old Guard, a fact noted with some disappointment in the Left Wing press. The rearrangement even looks like a victory for moderation, a word that it is quaint to hear being used by many Britons who, in the past, have regarded Cripps with misgivings.

To the public, less interested in politics than in the changes politics may bring about in their lives, the names of the newcomers meant little. The only big and cheerful news for most citizens was Attlee's dropping of Shinwell, which occurred on top of the former Minister of Fuel and Power's windy assertion that he intended to stay right where he was. Shinwell, whose departure was supposed to have been decided against because of his popularity with the miners, had certainly not endeared himself either to the working-class housewives, who found that all the love flying between Westminster and the pit heads had not improved the empty look of their coalbins, or to the middle classes, at whom he never failed to take a bitter dig. There is much speculation about how he will get along as the new service chief of the War Office, a fair share of whose personnel belongs to the non-trade-unionist section of the community, for which Shinwell on a famous occasion declared that he did not give a "tinker's cuss." What is clear is that the Government dared not risk, even with a patient people, a repetition of last

it's fun  
to have feet  
...in

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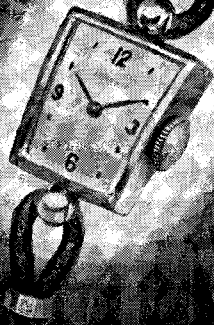
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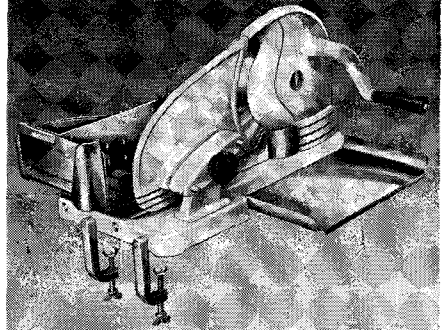
winter's crisis with Shinwell still in office as Fuel Minister.

The Conservatives, plainly getting in trim to take advantage of such a crisis if it should break, sounded a whole lot livelier at their recent conference among the Regency pleasure domes of Brighton than they have at any time since they sank from sight in the general election of 1945. A startled consciousness of this awakening twitch of the Tory Party has been shown by many of the journals of the Left, which have been uttering as a warning the novel phrase "if the Conservatives return to power," a possibility that, until lately, nobody saw any likelihood of coming true for another generation. There is now every sign that the Tories have more than a hope of cashing in on the purely negative vote of any Britons who might be disposed to try the old mixture again because the new one doesn't seem to be soothing the aching spot, either. The Conservatives' Industrial Charter, a newly adopted statement of the Party's economic principles, is their positive attempt to attract the workers' votes. Their opponents, however, say that it is simply a bit of clever window dressing, behind which sits the same old Tory employer in his top hat, behaving in much the same old Tory way.

At the moment, it seems as if the Government, in order to go on governing, is leaning quite noticeably to the Right, while the Opposition, in its efforts to get back into office, is willing to cant fairly far over to the Left. The Liberal Party, which should be the logical answer to the shortcomings of Labour and the Conservatives, goes on being trounced in the by-elections and is felt to be out of any future political struggles.

LADY READING, the energetic chairman of the Women's Voluntary Services, has just launched a scheme intended to turn thousands of English-women's spare time into dollars for Britain. The idea was suggested by an elderly country lady, who got to thinking how many others like herself must be wanting to help out in the export drive but did not know how to go about it. The result was an appeal to women all over Britain to send in examples of their fine needlework and other home industries, which would be sold to American and Canadian commercial buyers. The cream of the first batch, including some needlepoint chair seats worked and signed by Queen Mary, is now on view at the W.V.S. headquarters in Westminster, where harassed

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workers are trying to cope with the sacks of parcels that roll in every day. The organization plans to market only the very best specimens of typical English craftsmanship and design, such as embroideries using the traditional English stitches, needlework carpets (on which whole groups can be set to work), the superb quilting done by the Welsh and Durham miners' wives, and the famous Fair Isle sweater sets. There will be no special shop in New York or elsewhere for selling the things, since it is felt that this would make the program seem like a charity drive instead of a business venture. The workers will be paid well, and will be furnished by the benign Board of Trade with coupon-free, "export only"-quality materials, of a sort they haven't laid eyes on since before the war.

THE London theatres, after a lull at the start of the dollar crisis, have started to boom. The brightest of the revues is the acid "Tuppence Coloured," starring the witty Joyce Grenfell, a comedienne who combines the wild and willowy look of a Zasu Pitts with the unerring eye for social oddities of a Ruth Draper. The Stratford Memorial Theatre Company, which is in town for a short season, has presented its much discussed production of "Romeo and Juliet," supervised by the remarkable and youthful Peter Brook and offering a Juliet who has the unusual distinction of being as appealingly childish as Shakespeare visualized her. The critics felt, however, that the actress's technique is not yet entirely equal to the task of speaking Juliet's lines beautifully.

Of the new plays, the two most diverting are the work of relatively new dramatists. "Happy as Larry," at the tiny Mercury Theatre, at Notting Hill Gate, is by Donagh MacDonagh, a thirty-four-year-old Irish district-court judge and the son of the poet Thomas MacDonagh, who was one of the leaders of the rebellion of 1916 and was subsequently executed by the British. "Happy as Larry," which is in verse, is the latest in the series of dramas by poets that the Mercury group has been putting on, including T. S. Eliot's "Family Reunion" and Ronald Duncan's "This Way to the Tomb." The MacDonagh drama has a sort of merry-Hibernian Hamlet theme; a young tailor dives backward through time to avenge himself on the lecherous, mustache-twirling Victorian villain who put poison in Grandfather's poteen so that he could marry Grandmother. The most appealing character is a charming

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TO H. M. THE KING

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young widow, who is first seen in a deserted churchyard, hopefully fanning her late husband's grave in order to keep her promise that she will not marry again until the clay is dry above her Johnny. Londoners are also packing in to see "The Chiltern Hundreds," a comedy by Douglas Home, the young man who had a winner last season in "And So Barabbas," a grimmer work, which gave an inside view of prison life. In his current play, Home has achieved another success, by giving people an opportunity to come and laugh unrestrainedly at both the Socialists and the Tories. His types are not new—the absent-minded peer, the American girl who is keener about old titles and customs than the British are themselves, and the Jeeveslike butler who stands for Parliament as a Conservative and wins the local seat from his employer's son, a sprig of the ancient nobility who has forgotten his place sufficiently to stand as the Socialist candidate—but the relief of finding anything funny in politics today makes it all seem better than it is. The title, incidentally, refers to a nominal crown stewardship for which a Member of Parliament has the ancient privilege of applying when he wants to resign his seat in the House of Commons. The best piece of acting is by A. E. Matthews, in the role of the vague earl, an amiable fellow who doesn't much object to the changing social pattern but who frequently tries to sneak out of making his own bed in the morning.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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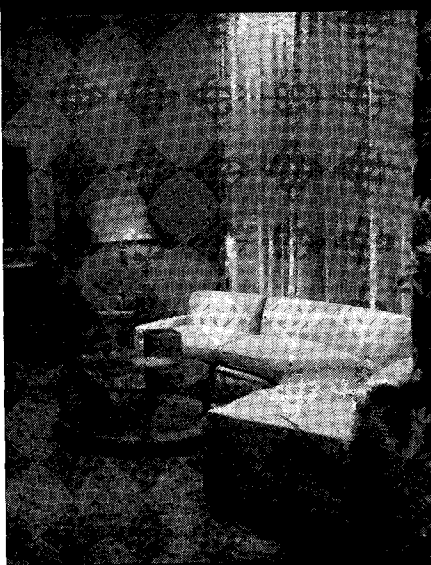
For a minute you had us worried.

#### NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

[William Brady, M.D., in the *Boston Traveler*]

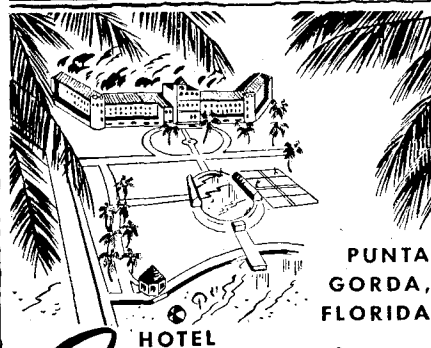
For that matter, if you dear kind people who accept that hokum in lieu of a diagnosis or at least an honest admission by the doctor that he doesn't know as yet what the patient is coming down with but whatever it may prove to be the chances are it is communicable, and since all respiratory infections are most communicable, most infectious, in the early stage, the stage of onset, before the nature of the illness becomes obvious, let everyone concerned beware.

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# THE RACE TRACK

## Strike



I SUPPOSE it was inevitable that racing should run into more strikes and picket lines. Last week, at Jamaica, the grooms and exercise boys went on a four-day walk-out that by Saturday forced the track to close, which left a lot of horseplayers at loose ends. Finally, the owners of stables, or their trainers, agreed to increase the pay of their employees and improve their living conditions, and now the tote is clicking merrily again.

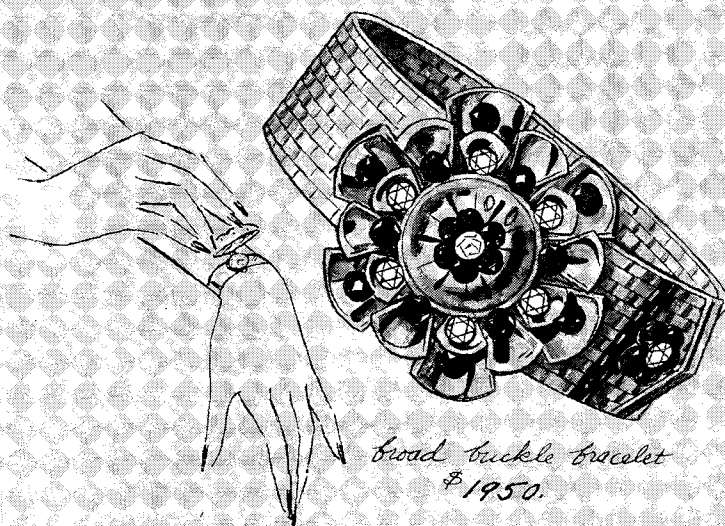
I must say that the demonstration was mild compared to one I saw at Santa Anita the winter before last, when the grooms there protested against the California Horse Racing Board's refusal to consider the complaints of their colleagues at another track. During the first race that day, the Santa Anita grooms threw stones, which were meant to hit or narrowly miss the horses, and beat on tin pans. The track's security police moved in, and there was practically a pitched battle. At Jamaica, during the early part of the trouble, you hardly knew that there was a strike on. The only sign was a somewhat abnormal number of scratches, which occurred because union truck drivers declined, out of sympathy for the grooms, to bring horses in from other tracks, but even so there were runners enough for show betting on every race. The horseplayers paid scant attention to the picket lines; 17,388 crossed them on Friday. Several years ago, in Lexington, Kentucky, where bookmaking is as illegal as it is here, I saw a man wearing a placard announcing that a certain bookmaker was unfair to his clients walk up and down for hours in front of the bookie's office. Nobody crossed that line, not even a policeman.

TO get back to racing, the best performance at Jamaica last week was Miss Kimo's, in the Correction Handicap. One couldn't help cheering the way she wore Beaugay down in the stretch, and won comfortably. I don't suppose it will make Beaugay's backers any happier to know that it was sheer luck that Miss Kimo ran at all. First off, she had been racing at Garden State Park, where the horses were quarantined because of a swamp-fever scare. The

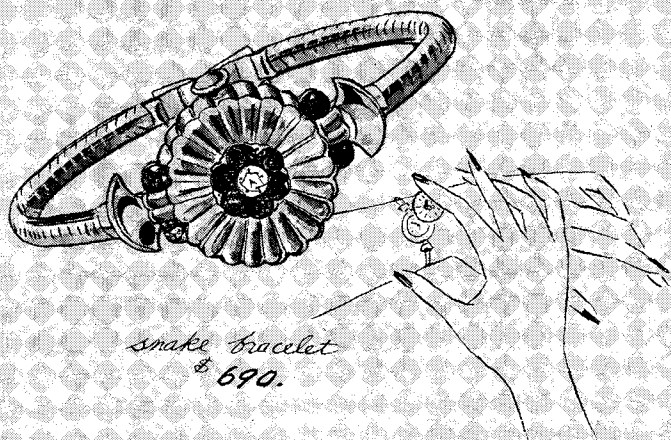
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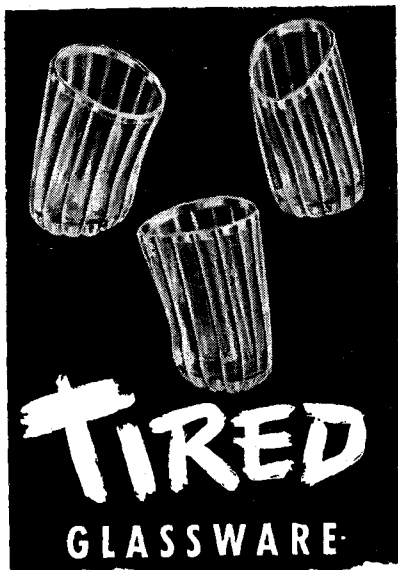
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quarantine was lifted in time for her to start in the race at Jamaica and she made a quick trip from Jersey. Then, there was considerable delay before a non-union truck driver could be found to take her across the picket lines. Incidentally, Miss Kimo was one of the selections of the *Daily Worker's* brand-new handicapper, a fellow identified as Al, who picked six out of seven that afternoon. The next day, he had only one winner, and it wasn't Russian Valor, who took the seventh and paid \$65.30.

THE United Hunts never had a more successful meeting, financially, than it had at Belmont last week; there were more than fifty-four thousand spectators, who bet over four and a quarter million. (On Monday, the attendance was 37,119 and the mutuel handle \$2,705,381.) It was fun, too, although some old-timers seemed a bit distressed because it had the look of a professional meeting. "Not much like what we had years ago at Belmont Terminal," one gentleman rider remarked wistfully. He was right. It's at least a quarter of a century since the United Hunts operated at Belmont Terminal, a turf course (it's a parking lot now) across the Hempstead Road from the present track. Well, holding the meeting at the big course is all right with me, for most of the profits go to support the other hunt-club meets, where I hope there are better jumping races than there were at the United Hunts. The flat races, fortunately, were good enough to make you overlook the others.

—AUDAX MINOR

Moscow has been on daylight-saving time without interruption since the pearly part of the recent war.—*The Herald Tribune*.

Ixnay on the nostalgia.

She had resided for seventy-five years on Joy Street near the State House on Beacon Hill. For years Mrs. F— had cooked doughnuts and sent them to the Joy Street police station. There are no known survivors.—*The Times*.

Bad as that, eh?

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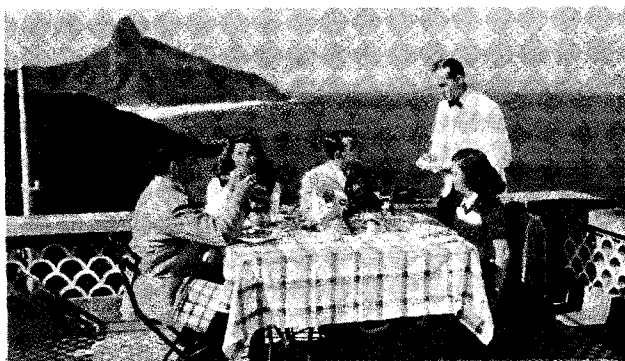
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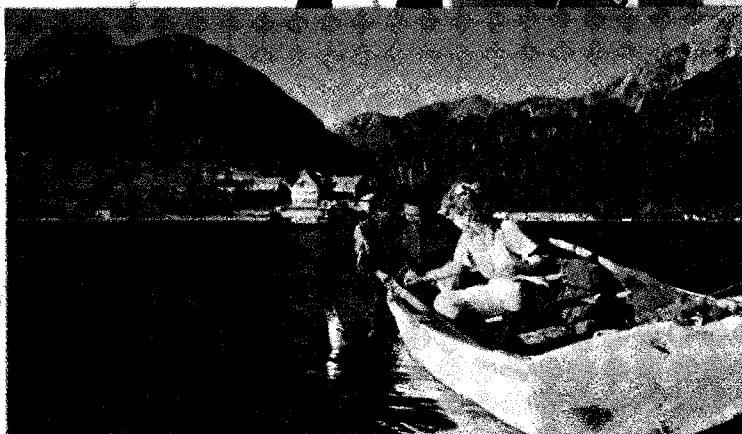
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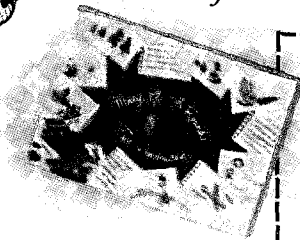
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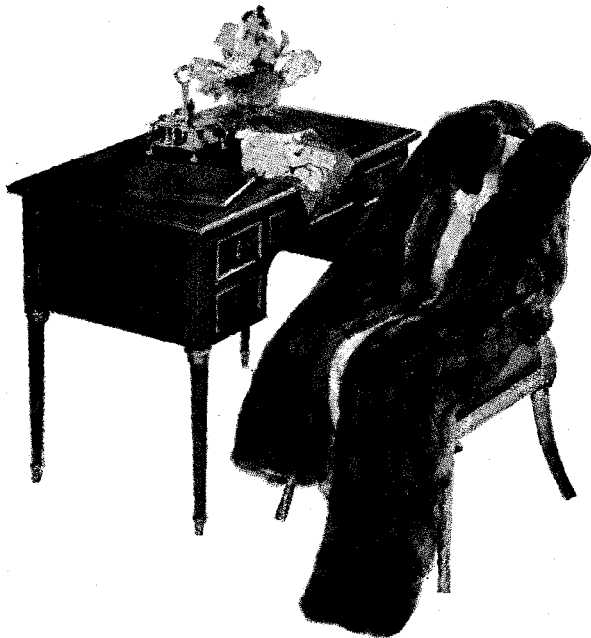
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# MUSICAL EVENTS

*New or Nearly So*



ALMOST every-body receives applause at concerts these days—not only conductors, instrumentalists, soloists, and composers but stagehands, adjusters of piano lids, and an occasional frightened page-turner. Audiences have reacted enthusiastically even to their own efforts in community singing with an orchestra. But last week, in Town Hall, something new happened. At the first concert of the season in the Elementary Series of the Philharmonic-Symphony's Young People's Concerts, Walter Hendl, the conductor, asked the members of the audience to rise in tribute to their own exemplary behavior as listeners. The session, which was attended mostly by children no older than nine, combined a pleasant course in the proprieties of listening and a lively, unconventional program. Before the concert started, Mr. Hendl offered a special formula, which the children enjoyed and obeyed—"You make noise at the right time, and we make noise at the right time."

The program consisted of Alex North's "Little Indian Band," Morton Gould's "Holiday Music," two excerpts from Arthur Kreutz's "Paul Bunyan Suite," and Mr. Hendl's own "Little Brass Band"—all having their first concert performances and all agreeably short and easy to assimilate. David Brooks and Frank Gallop, who were narrators for the North and the Hendl pieces, respectively, provided valuable assistance to the orchestra, which gave a uniformly fine performance.

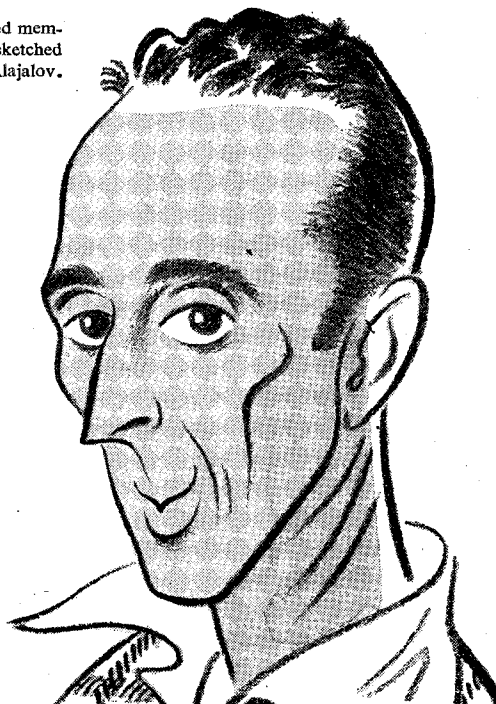
ANOTHER group of young people—a choir of thirty-five boys, called the Little Singers of Paris—presented a delightful concert at Carnegie Hall a week or so ago, under the direction of the Abbé Maillet, who brought them to the United States. They handled some rather complex arrangements of folk songs and other familiar airs, as well as modern works, by Poulenc and Milhaud, with charm and precision. Their conductor, doubling as a lecturer from time to time, made a few interesting comments on

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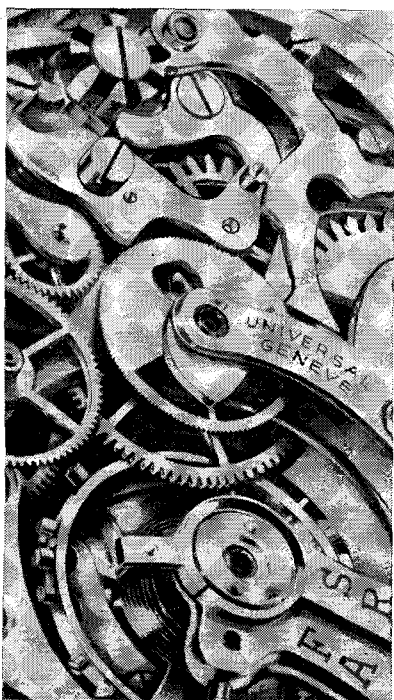
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both their contemporary and their traditional selections.

**T**HE Philharmonic-Symphony last week came up with its first première of the season for a grown-up audience—a five-part suite adapted, or perhaps “assembled” is the word, by Aram Khatchatourian from his own music for “Masquerade,” a satiric play written by the nineteenth-century Russian dramatist Lermontov. The suite is made up of a waltz, a nocturne, a mazurka, a romance—which is simply a tale set to music—and a bouncing, off-to-the-races *galop*. All of them are effective, although they are, in varying degrees, obvious. The score is not one of Khatchatourian’s most important works, but it does register, and it will probably be played here frequently. The performance, which was conducted by Leopold Stokowski, was first-rate. Stokowski’s interpretation of Tchaikovsky’s Fifth Symphony, earlier in the concert, was so imaginative that it made that familiar number seem almost new; his settings of the Shostakovich E-flat-minor piano prelude and of excerpts from Moussorgsky’s “Boris Godunoff” were similarly original and expert.

**W**ALTER PISTON’s violin concerto and Debussy’s First Rhapsody for Clarinet and Orchestra—works that have been played in New York so seldom that they are practically novelties—were offered last week by the New York City Symphony, under the direction of Leonard Bernstein. Mr. Piston’s concerto is a finely fashioned composition, lyrical at some moments and brilliant at others, and now and then pleasantly aloof. The solo was played masterfully by Hugo Kolberg. In the Debussy piece, which was written to be an examination for students of the clarinet at the Paris Conservatory, David Oppenheim was equally competent as the soloist. —ROBERT A. SIMON

### CONCERT RECORDS

#### *Babes in the Wood*

**A** PERFORMANCE in English of Humperdinck’s “Hänsel and Gretel,” announced as the first of a series of recordings of complete operas by the Metropolitan Opera Association, has come along on twelve large records in two Columbia albums (MOP-26). It’s an attractive job. Constance Bache’s adaptation of the Adelheid Wette libretto is a particularly good piece of work, with few irregularities in idiom, and a suitable cast has been assem-

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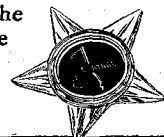
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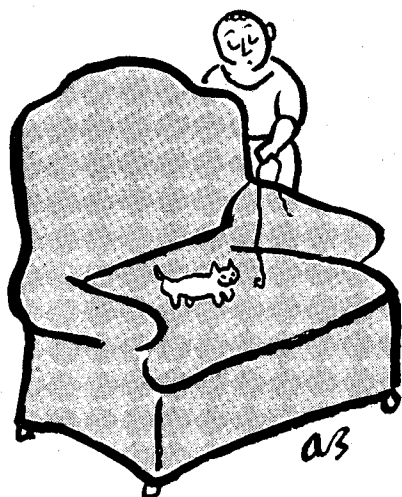
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bled—Risë Stevens and Nadine Conner in the title roles, John Brownlee and Claramae Turner as the Father and Mother, Thelma Votipka as both the Witch and the Sandman (a bit of economy that could raise ideological hell with any youngster who spotted it), and Lillian Raymondi in the part of the Dew Fairy. The chorus and orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera, which also participate, are under the leadership of Max Rudolf.

The Misses Stevens and Conner are capable and charming as the children, but I'd like to make an undoubtedly fruitless objection to the custom of scoring young boys', and occasionally youths', roles for sopranos.

**B**ENJAMIN BRITTEN, the young Englishman, who is, in my opinion, one of the most gifted of contemporary composers, a couple of years ago worked out a theme-and-variations (the theme was originally one of Purcell's) for a British educational film. The piece has come to be known as "The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra," and it has now been recorded by the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Malcolm Sargent (Columbia album 703). It's a delightful, occasionally brilliant work, whose purpose is to demonstrate the sound and the function of individual and related instruments in a symphony orchestra. The statement of the theme, which begins the proceedings, and the closing fugue are played by the full group. The variations, each one of which is executed by a different section of the orchestra, are sharply contrasting and all excellent. The final side in this album is taken up by a superb performance of Bach's popular "Air" from the Suite No. 3 in D Major, as arranged by Sargent for orchestra. Britten is, of course, the composer of the remarkably fine



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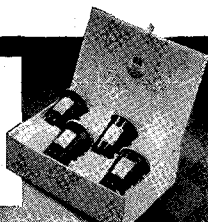
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opera "Peter Grimes," produced in this country at last year's Berkshire Festival, and if you aren't acquainted with his style, this set offers an opportunity for sampling it.

**R**AVEL's "Valse Nobles et Sentimentales," eight enchanting short piano pieces—some of which he later orchestrated for a ballet, and others of which eventually found their way into "La Valse," one of his major works—are exceptionally well set forth by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Pierre Monteux, in a new Victor set (No. 1143) that also includes Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" Suite No. 1, played by the same orchestra and with equal grace. The waltzes are delightful, and though they sound purer and more intimate on the piano alone, they have within them a marvelous, sweeping quality that is emphasized in the orchestral version. Debussy's stately "Sarabande," orchestrated by Ravel, is on the last side of the album.

**M**OZART's Concerto for Piano in B Flat (K. 450), issued by English Decca in album No. 25, is one of the most satisfying performances of Mozart in some time. Kathleen Long is the soloist, and the orchestra is the National Symphony, directed by Boyd Neel. . . . Another set I think you may like contains the Concerto in B Minor that Henri Casadesus, in 1925, said he had elaborated from a long-lost Handel manuscript. As far as I know, nobody else has ever seen the Handel piece, but no matter whose baby the viola concerto is, it has an andante theme as lovely as any in all eighteenth-century music, preceded by an allegro moderato and followed by an allegro molto that are exemplary. In Victor album 1131, William Primrose plays it richly, as soloist with the R.C.A. Victor Orchestra, under Frieder Weissmann. I enjoyed it enormously. On the final side, Primrose, accompanied by a piano, offers Kreisler's "Praeludium and Allegro in the Style of Paganini," a piece I can get along without. . . . The only thing I found at all impressive about Leonard Bernstein's "Facsimile," a recent ballet score that now turns up in an album (Victor 1142), was the opening and closing theme, a wry melody played on the oboe. The rest, I have a strong feeling, is nonsense. At least, it sounds like nonsense. It's a rather jazzy, disjointed work. The composer conducts the R.C.A. Victor Orchestra in what I suppose is a truly interpretive performance. . . . There should be enough re-

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cordings of Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony to keep everybody happy, but I think you should know that a dandy one—Paul Kletski conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra—has been put into the field by Columbia (Album 701). The performance is vigorous but not sloppy, as performances of Tchaikowsky often are, and it's very well recorded. . . . Keynote has come up with a two-record album (DM-1) of the "Dumbarton Oaks Concerto," a work for chamber orchestra that Stravinsky finished in 1938. He named it after the Washington estate and dedicated it to the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss, on the occasion of their thirtieth wedding anniversary. I don't know how the Blisses felt about it—honored, probably—but I'll bet they haven't given it a hearing since it was first performed, on that day of celebration, for it's dry stuff. Stravinsky conducts a group of musicians who call themselves, in recognition of the occasion, the Dumbarton Oaks Festival Orchestra. . . . A Keynote single record (DM-2) of Vivaldi's Concerto Grosso in D Minor in its original form may interest you, as it did me. The Concerto is usually heard today in transcriptions for symphony orchestra, but it is offered here by an ensemble identified as the Dumbarton Oaks Chamber Orchestra—less festive cousins of that other group, I assume. The orchestra is directed by Alexander Schneider, who also plays first violin, and Eddie Bachmann, second violin; Bernard Greenhouse, cello; and Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, are the other performers. I found the playing proficient and the music ingratiating. . . . A selection of piano music by Schumann, Brahms, and Liszt is engagingly played by Artur Schnabel in a new set (Victor 1149). Among the Schumann pieces are "Arabesque," Opus 18; "Träumerei;" and "Widmung." Liszt is represented by his enlargement, for piano, of the last song. The three Brahms pieces are the "Wiegenlied," the Rhapsody in G Minor, and the Hungarian Dance No. 4.

—D. W.

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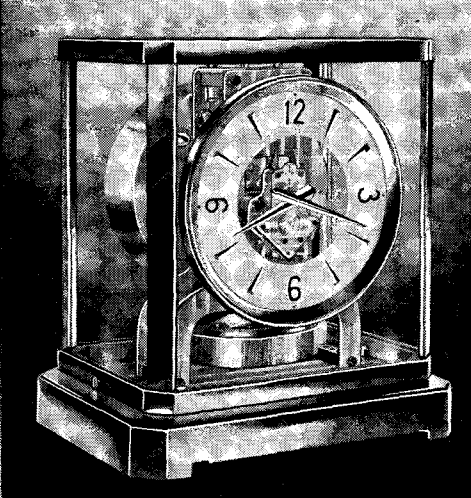
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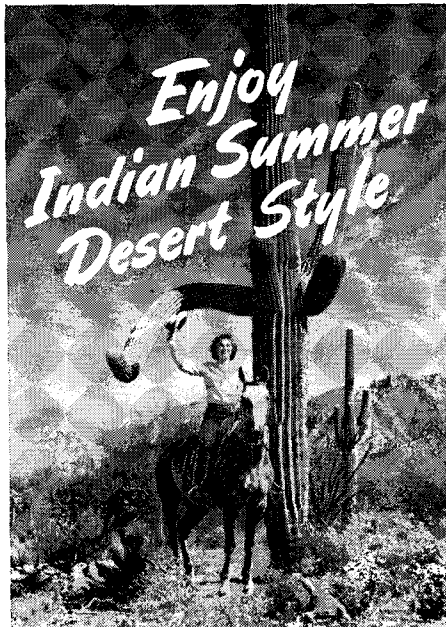
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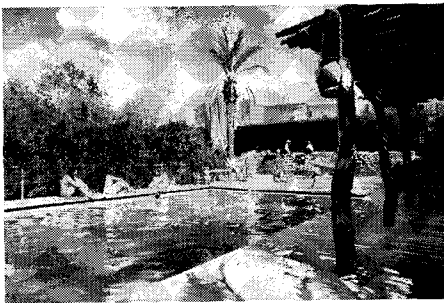
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## HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

*Of Time and the Races*



NATURALLY enough, the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, which has been holding fall hunt races on the Main Line, outside Philadelphia, for eighty-eight years, is proud of its antiquity. The horses race over a figure-eight, or dumb-bell, course, which, it is said, was modelled on the one at the extinct Jerome Park track, in New York. They finish on an old-fashioned, uphill homestretch, running in a clockwise direction, which is sometimes called, with no regard for English racing rules, "the wrong way." The old stone farmhouse of the club and the aged shade trees around it often seem to give members the idea that organized American fox-hunting started at Rose Tree. Actually, the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club, established by Sam Morris in 1766 at the Philadelphia Coffee House and now defunct, was the first such outfit in this country to keep regular records. (Some of the more scholarly Rose Tree men console themselves by tracing the ancestry of their club back to this group, which started its hunt from the Gloucester Point Ferry, over in New Jersey.) However, Alexander Higginson, an authority on the sport, says America's first organized fox-chasers were the Brooklyn Hunt, who apparently were flourishing in the seventeenth-fifties. These fellows didn't bother with records, but Higginson has dug up a comparatively late notice, dated November 19, 1781, which says, "Hounds will throw off at Denyse's Ferry, on the estate of Denyse Denyse, Esq., at the Narrows at nine o'clock Thursday morning, and a guinea will be given for a good, strong, bag fox. (Signed) Charles Loosely." Anyway, I would like to say that last week's Rose Tree races were good, clean, and somewhat ancient fun.

THE Rose Tree Hunter Challenge Cup was won by Maker of Time, a big brown gelding owned by Bliss Flaccus, who rode at Rose Tree himself until he took to growing citrus fruits in Arizona. Maker of Time's legs were badly scarred some time ago by a fall over a stone wall in Virginia, but that didn't stop him from out-

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sprinting his three rivals, all of whom bounced cautiously over the timber fences of the three-mile course in trotting-horse time. Miltiades, a thirteen-year-old veteran owned by Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr., was supposed to win the race, according to the experts, but that uphill run at the end finished him. The two-mile brush race for the Foxcatcher Plate was won, for the second successive year, by Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott's smooth bay Compass Rose, who appeared to be the smartest horse on the grounds. He had little trouble with the eight other starters, half of whom fell down en route.

The biggest surprise of the day (to the bookies, at least) occurred in the one-mile flat race for the Riddle Cup, which drew so many entries that it had to be split into two divisions. Pete Bostwick's Frere Markette was shipped down from Long Island for this event and, on past performances, seemed a sure thing in the first division. He didn't like the corkscrew turns, however, and finished second to Mrs. John Strawbridge, Jr.'s, Hada Bar. The second division went to Walter Wickes, Jr.'s, Kaltain. In many ways, I enjoyed the Agricultural Stakes—a hundred-and-fifty-dollar race for simple farm steeds—more than anything else on the program. Some of the horses entered by the presumably innocent sod-turners must look strange between plow shafts. The winner was Jerry Taylor's bay gelding Spuyten Duyvil, a son of Gallant Fox. I was rooting for a horse of unknown pedigree named John.

One of my pleasantest moments at Rose Tree was spent in renewing old friendships with some boys who came down from Manhattan to set up their betting slates under a giant oak tree. After the races, they were a disconsolate group. Following their custom, they had quoted all the favorites at such prohibitive prices as 1-2, and most of the Philadelphians refused to play at these odds. "Imagine," said one bookie in awe, "coming to a hunt meet and not being able to do good." —T. O'R.

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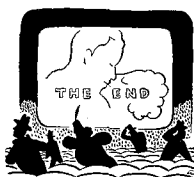
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## THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fill Them Up Again



HOLLYWOOD, which ordinarily takes a dim view of toping, has come out foursquare for stupefying guzzling, in "Green Dolphin Street." The hero of this flimsy epic is a lad who gets laced with rum in New Zealand and then can't remember his sweetheart's first name. All he knows is that she's one of two sisters called Marguerite and Marianne and that she lives on St. Pierre, an island off the Newfoundland coast. Feeling lonely, amorous, and confused, he decides that Marianne is probably the party he's after and writes her a letter inviting her out to New Zealand. Well, sir, he certainly blundered that time, because Marianne isn't the lady he loves but her sister. Marianne happens to be played by Lana Turner, and why anybody in New Zealand should complain about receiving her by mistake is something I am unable to explain. Anyhow, Richard Hart, who has the role of the drunk in New Zealand, doesn't like her. This doesn't prevent him from marrying her, which leaves Sister (Donna Reed) at the post, a situation she remedies by becoming a novice at a nunnery. Putting all this foolishness together, you might conclude that our boy and his unwanted girl are bound to wind up dismally. As a matter of fact, the marriage is quite successful, and the lovers presently have not only a fat, chipper daughter but a handsome bank roll, which represents their profits from raising sheep. Before they lay hands on all this cash, though, they unquestionably have a time of it. While Miss Turner is supposed to be *enceinte*, for instance, there's a fierce earthquake, and, later, the Maoris, all of whom inexplicably make the sort of racket that you've heard echoing from the Hawaiian Room of the Hotel Lexington, decide to kill every Caucasian they can catch. Fortunately for Miss Turner and Mr. Hart, they have an influential pal (Van Heflin) who sees to it that the aborigines maintain their proper distance.

The acting in "Green Dolphin Street" is dreadful, or perhaps I should say there is no acting at all. Miss Turner passes the time by pouting, Miss Reed by weeping bitterly, and Mr. Hart by pretending that he is Edwin Booth. Mr.

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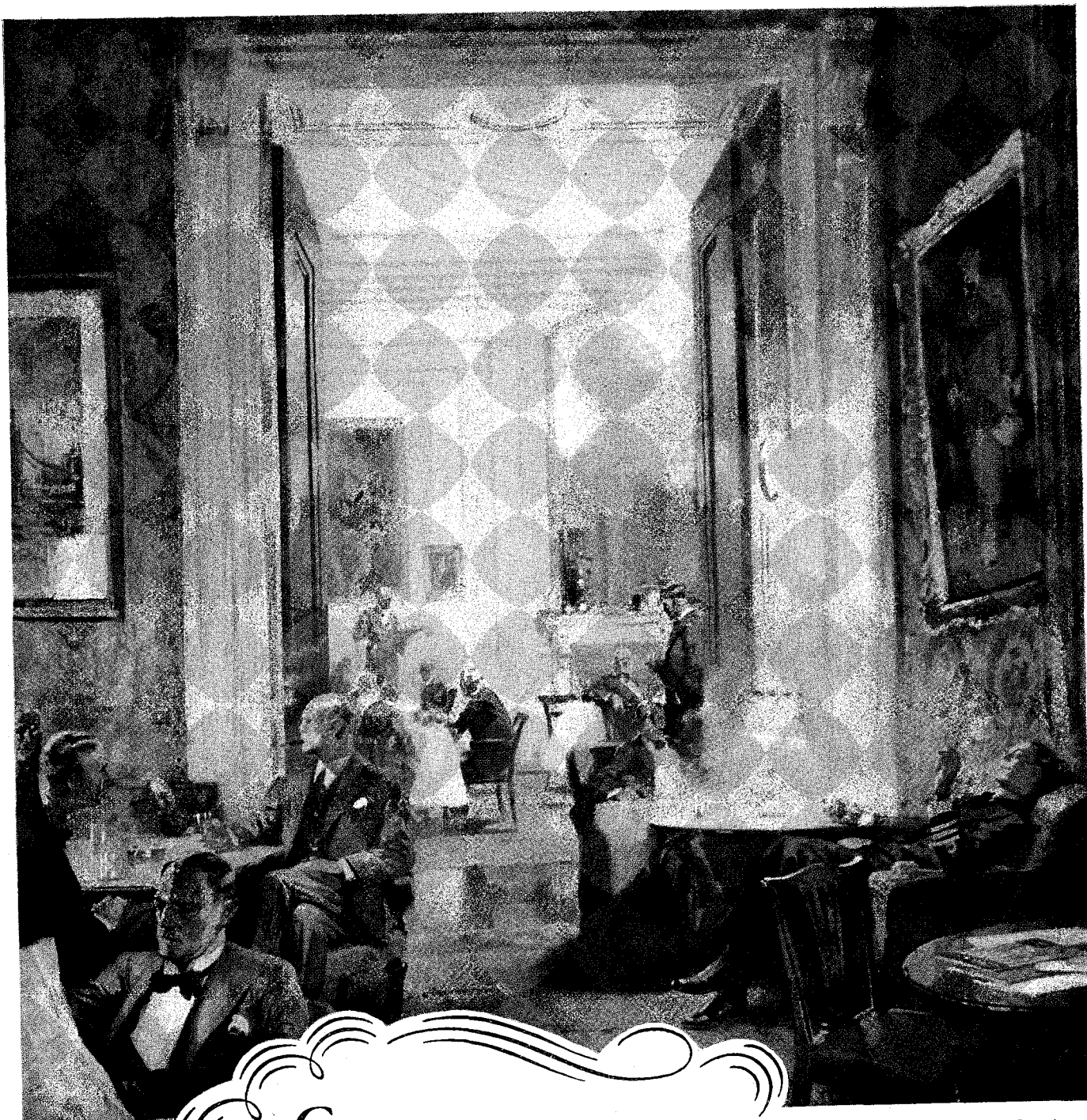
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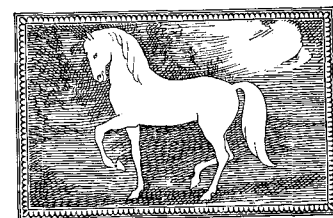
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Heflin is often completely inaudible, which is probably just as well. The picture was adapted from a piece of unleavened dough kneaded into a novel by Elizabeth Goudge, and was directed by Victor Saville. Mr. Saville, far from improving matters, has made the whole business even flatter than did Miss Goudge.

IT would be hard to match the egregiousness of the novel "Forever Amber" in any medium more elevated than Port Said postcards, but the movies have made the try. The film, which has the same name, is tawdry, colorful, and gamy. It follows Kathleen Winsor's story as if her words were sacred observations carved in stone, offering us, of course, a back-fence interpretation of the Restoration, when, apparently, all males were so feeble-minded that a sudden glance from a female reduced them to gibbering lust. As the heroine of "Forever Amber," Linda Darnell is gracefully rounded and doesn't trouble her pretty head about trying to act. Come to think of it, the rest of the cast doesn't trouble, either. Among those sauntering through the piece, I noticed Cornel Wilde, Richard Greene, George Sanders, and Richard Haydn. They certainly make an actor's life seem easy.

ALL done up in kilts and sporrans, the players in "The Swordsman" run through a few Scottish variations on Hollywood's old Wild West theme. Except for the costumes, this one doesn't vary a whit from any chaps-and-mustang number that's been made in the past thirty years.

—JOHN McCARTEN

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[From "The Story of Mrs. Murphy," by Natalie Anderson Scott]

...he peeled off a fiver and threw it across to her. —Page 57.

Red threw the two single bills ... on the bar. —Page 82.

Jimmy threw the dollar bill. —Page 89.

He threw a buck. —Page 100.

He threw two bucks. —Page 101.

He threw them a fiver. —Page 109.

...he threw him an extra dollar bill. —Page 116.

...he threw another dollar. —Page 116.

...he threw the driver two bucks. —Page 169.

Jimmy threw him a fiver. —Page 192.

...he threw the money to him. —Page 262.

...he threw a coin on the counter. —Page 334.

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## BOOKS

*Two Journeys and a Pastoral*

THE first novel by Mr. Lionel Trilling, "The Middle of the Journey" (Viking), will, I suspect, receive a wide and favorable reading. Its interest seems to me topical rather than aesthetic. It is a novel of ideas, but the ideas are current coin, and few of them are likely to startle those who have an acquaintance with the works of Professor Arnold Toynbee, James Burnham, M. Nikolai Aleksandrovich Berdyaev, Don José Ortega y Gasset, C. S. Lewis, and Søren Kierkegaard. Some of these readers, though, may be as perplexed as I was by a few of the subtleties of Mr. Trilling's technique.

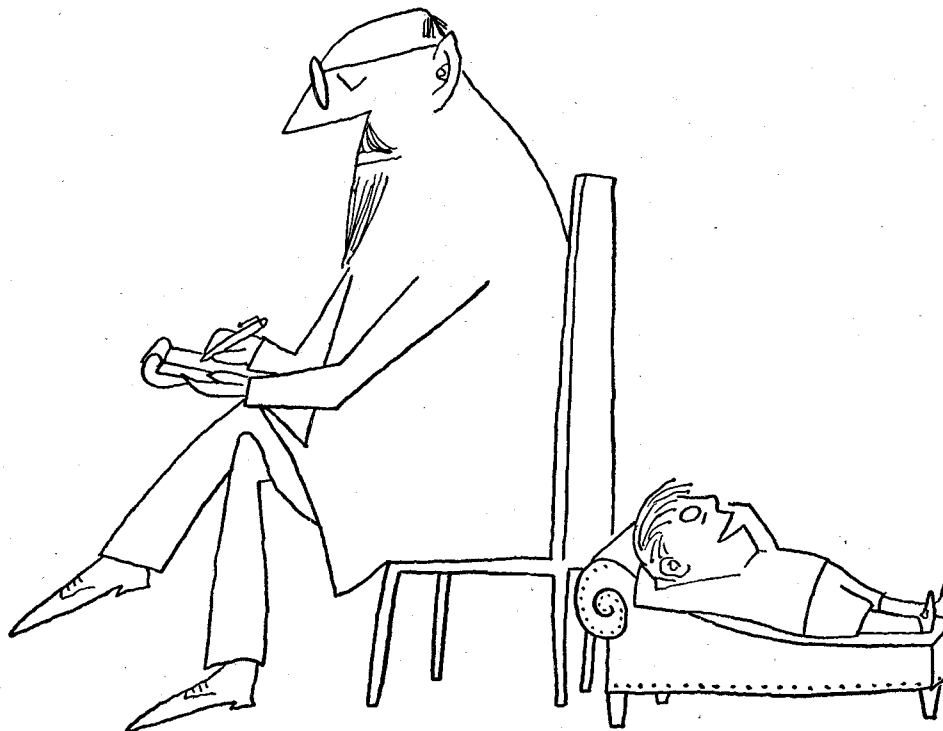
The milieu of the story is a farming district of the Connecticut Valley in the late nineteen-thirties. Mr. Trilling's small cast of characters is about evenly divided into natives and summer residents. The latter are New York intellectuals of the Left-liberal variety, as I think they were then called, who have been seriously shaken by the conflicting emotional impulses engendered by the Spanish Civil War and the Moscow purge trials. One of them is John Laskell, through whose consciousness the narrative is projected, although Mr. Trilling tells the story in the third person. For a good part of the novel, the other characters seem to have no objective existence and to be prepared to vanish from the universe should Laskell cease to think about them. Laskell has become a boarder at a farmhouse near the summer home of his friends Arthur and Nancy Croom. He is convalescing from an almost fatal illness, and I cannot decide whether the effect of enervation and debility in Mr. Trilling's style is deliberate. Laskell is of too independent a mind to be a devout Communist, but he is sympathetic to several aspects of the movement. The Crooms are what I suppose is meant by fellow-travellers; though they are not members of the Party or subject to its disciplines, they feel that they are under a spiritual compulsion to support it on every point. Gifford Maxim, who is mentioned frequently from the very beginning of the book but is rather slow about materializing, if such a word can be used in connection with any of Mr. Trilling's characters, is a renegade Communist—not a mere sectary or ideological dissident but

a thoroughgoing apostate. Without ever actually saying it, Mr. Trilling gradually encourages us to believe that Maxim is already among the prize catechumens of the redoubtable Monsignor Sheen. Maxim, it appears, has been associated with the conspiratorial wing of the Party; he has either had a hand in some of the dirty work or knows enough about it to feel that he is in danger of being erased by the G.P.U., and he is now regarded with mild repugnance by his friend Laskell and with hatred by Nancy Croom.

In the other category, we have Laskell's landlord, Mr. Folger, and his wife and daughter, all cheerfully indifferent to the apocalyptic politics of the summer folk and secure and happy in their private universe and their archaic loyalties. We have also Duck Caldwell, a local scapegrace, handyman for the Crooms, and a degenerate and pauperized descendant of a once important Yankee family. Duck is lewd, cunning, and envious, and at once insolent and subservient. Nancy Croom's attitude toward Duck is one of compassionate indulgence, for she perceives in him the victim of a cruel and intolerable social order; the professional eye of Maxim recognizes in him a type that is extremely useful to the manipulators of revolutions at certain stages but that becomes in the end a nuisance that must be liquidated. There are, furthermore,

the millionaire editor Kermit Simpson—anachronistic liberal in the tradition of J. S. Mill—and Duck's wife, Emily Caldwell, an almost equally anachronistic bohemian romantic of the Greenwich Village school of the early nineteen-twenties. Neither of them belongs wholly to either category.

For three-fourths of the book there is little or no action. As a substitute, there are long, ideological conversations and philosophic analyses of the political attitudes represented by the various characters. Mr. Trilling's method of narration is remarkably oblique; some portions of the story are told and retold, each time examining a different facet. His characters seem almost incapable of speaking a straightforward sentence; the idiom employed by most of them is that of elegant journalism, and much of the dialogue reads as if it were a pasting together of excerpts from the *New Masses* and the *Partisan Review*. There are some hints of symbolism and of varied planes of meaning. The title, for example, seems to imply that the radicalism of the nineteen-thirties represented a halfway station on the road to the new society, but I presently found myself wondering whether it is also meant to allude to the "*mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*," at the opening of the "Divine Comedy." And, because of repeated mentions of Saint Paul, I wondered whether the



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journey has anything to do with the road to Damascus. The characters, too, appear to have vague allegorical functions, which scarcely increase their verisimilitude.

In his own way and in his own good time, Mr. Trilling contrives to assemble all his characters in one place. The sudden and pitiful death of Emily Caldwell's daughter, Susan, provides the catalysis that brings them into action, in the course of which their natures are more fully revealed. Only Emily and Simpson benefit in the reader's estimation as a result of the revelations. The selfishness beneath Nancy's façade of idealism and morality is exposed; so is the corrupt opportunism of Maxim's new obsession with crisis theology. His change of creeds has not changed his motives; the lust for leadership that impelled him into the Communist Party has taken him out of it. He is merely perceptive enough to recognize, earlier than most of his contemporaries, that the historical tide he has been riding is nearing its flood and presently must turn, and that the time accordingly has come for a new ideological allegiance.

TO pass from Mr. Trilling's novel to one by the late C.-F. Ramuz is to pass from an extreme of sophistication to an extreme of simplicity. But this is the simplicity of a magnificent artist, and there are subtleties in it profounder than any of Mr. Trilling's. "When the Mountain Fell" (Pantheon) is the title given to Sarah Fisher Scott's translation of "Derborence," which has to do with Swiss Alpine peasants who are quite unconcerned about the social order. Their antagonist is no political abstraction but a concrete reality—the mountain with which, for generation upon generation, they have waged an inconclusive struggle. Derborence is the name of the valley where in the summer the villages of Aire and Premier graze their goats and cattle. One night, a great avalanche descends upon the valley and buries all its goats and cows under millions of tons of rocks. It also buries twenty or so herdsmen, asleep in their cabins, among them old Seraphin Carrupt and his young friend and kinsman by marriage Antoine Pont. The two villages go into mourning. The most sorrow-stricken of all is young Antoine's pregnant bride, Thérèse, the niece of old Seraphin.

Nearly two months later, Antoine Pont crawls out of the debris and slowly makes his way down the valley to Aire. His appearance there throws the

village into panic, for there is a local superstition that the mountain is haunted by the ghosts of the men who have died on it. Not until the priest has confronted Antoine with the Host and monstrosity are the villagers willing to believe that he is alive. During his long imprisonment, he subsisted on the bread and cheese with which his cabin was stocked. It is soon evident that the experience has deranged him, but his madness is a noble one contrasted to the dismal anxieties and frustrations of Mr. Trilling's intellectuals. Antoine wants to recruit men to return at once to Derborence to rescue Seraphin, who he insists is still alive. The men of the village refuse to accompany him, but he goes back alone with a borrowed pick and shovel, saying that he will not come home until he has saved his friend. It seems certain that he will die in Derborence after all, but his young wife, despite her pregnancy, climbs up after him, and her tenderness and tact prevail upon him to come down.

That is all there is to this little tale of love, grief, and primitive fears, but in Ramuz's hands Thérèse's victory over the mountain acquires not only a wonderful beauty of form but a dramatic intensity and a spiritual richness that move the reader to terror and exaltation. I have not yet been able to find a French edition of "Derborence," but even in this English version there is evidence that we have here a novel that in beauty surpasses even "Pêcheur d'Islande"—or, in a word, a masterpiece.

"ONE FINE DAY," by Mollie Panter-Downes (Atlantic-Little Brown), has neither Mr. Trilling's athletic cerebration nor M. Ramuz's emotional grandeurs, but it has its merits, part humorous, part melancholy. It is another of those exercises in localism that are so much favored by literary Englishwomen, but Miss Panter-Downes has made it into something special by her power to invest the trivial and commonplace with a sudden freshness and wonder. The pattern of her novel was possibly suggested by "Mrs. Dalloway." It considers a day in the life of Laura Marshall, an amiable if slightly scatterbrained young matron who lives in a picture-book village called Wealding, where not very long ago "artists happily set up easels" and "cyclists dismounted and purchased picture post cards at the post office to send to their little nieces." Laura; her husband, Stephen; and their daughter, Victoria, inhabit what, before Stephen went to war, was a charming house with a re-



markable garden. Now the war is over and Stephen is home, and they are trying, with not much success, to reweave the threads of their old, pleasant existence. Their gardener was killed in battle and the garden is overgrown with weeds; the other servants have gone and new ones are not to be had, though husbands believe otherwise. The house is surrendering to decay. The war has brought the maladies of modernity to Wealding. "Uneasiness made the charming, insanitary cottages seem unsubstantial as rose-painted canvas in an operetta; uncertainty floated on the air with the voice of the wireless, which had brought the worm of the world into the tight bud." The young people are deserting the village; the boys to whom the war has shown the wide world have been infected by its promises; the girls who have served in the Wrens or the Waaf or in the factories have lost their taste for domestic service. As we follow Laura Marshall in her ineffectual struggle with the problem of housekeeping in a servantless world and of marketing in a time of stringency, in her futile quest for another gardener, in her encounters with acquaintances, in her miserable lunch of coffee and rock cake in a teashop, we get a rather intimate look at a long-established society in process of dissolution and a picture of a social class that is moving as gracefully as the tempo permits toward extinction, its sins acknowledged and perhaps repented. But the value of Miss Panter-Downes' book as a historical record is merely incidental. You will find yourself more taken by the geniality of her prose, with its new and spontaneous tropes, her lively observation, and her skillful strokes of portraiture.

—J. M. LALLEY

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

A VIEW OF THE HARBOR, by Elizabeth Taylor (Knopf). In her two brief and totally dissimilar previous novels, Mrs. Taylor studied, with engaging wit, the feelings of extremely small groups of people; in this book, she takes on a whole English seaside village of characters—a likable woman novelist whose husband is having an affair with her best friend, a paralyzed, bawdy old woman, a lonely young widow, a predatory retired naval officer, and a funny, intolerable brat, among others—and produces not only a subtly observant study but a highly original narrative. If you needed any further proof of Mrs.



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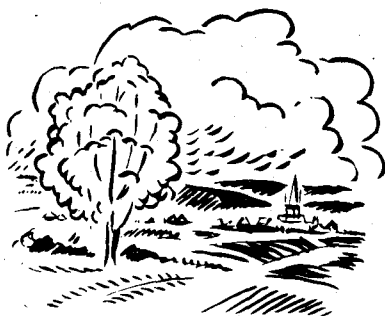
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**EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE**, by Marcia Davenport (Scribner). Real moral stamina, a lot of overeasiness writing, more taste than is commonly met with in current novels, and an almost complete absence of humor come into balance in Mrs. Davenport's highly readable new work. The story, which takes place just after the war, concerns an intelligent and wealthy young New York woman who, weary of her philandering husband, meets and falls in love with a serious Army officer recently returned from eastern Europe, where he worked with a group of Czech Partisans. The author's excursions into political ideology are a hindrance to the story, but her picture of the greedy, reckless life in this city in the first days of peace is admirably done.

**A CERTAIN RICH MAN**, by Vincent Sheean (Random House). Mr. Sheean is such a superlative reporter that it is a pity that he periodically feels obliged to set his not very fertile imagination and his very fuzzy brand of idealism to work on fiction. His latest novel is about a man of great wealth, approaching middle age, whose perspective on his soft and rather purposeless life is brought into focus by his relations with two women—a cheerful young welfare worker with a social conscience and an aging but desirable nymphomaniac of his own exalted station. In the end, desertion and death leave the hero without a girl, but by that time he has embarked on a career of good works, in which he appears more absorbed, fortunately, than the reader is likely to be. Mr. Sheean is not much of a hand at character and cannot seem to keep his social viewpoint in leash, but he has turned out a smooth and deft enough story.

**A FOOLISH WIND**, by Francis Askham (Macmillan). In deceptively clear, straightforward prose, Miss Askham tells a story that is neither clear nor straightforward about an Englishman who visits a Balkan country after the war to seek information on the life of an obscure native poet, now dead. His search leads him through a series of curious adventures, the bizarreness of which is pointed up quite effectively by the author's matter-of-fact style. Whether Miss Askham intends this odd story of a quest as an allegory or a symbolic fable, or whether she has just been study-

ing Kafka too hard, is difficult to decide.

**FRIDAY AT NOON**, by Benedict Thielen (Holt). The members of a large family attend the auction of their household goods, with which they have lived since childhood. Each object put up for sale evokes a different association in the minds of the brothers and sisters, and as their memories of the familiar objects are recorded, an unhappy tale of bitterness and frustration is unfolded. The device that Mr. Thielen has employed can't be said to be unique, nor is his unprepossessing family's story any more interesting for being so elaborately woven around a batch of candlesticks and Dresden shepherdesses.

**THÉRÈSE**, by François Mauriac (Holt). A new translation of this work, which has been out of print since 1928. In it, M. Mauriac lifts the sordid story of a mentally unhealthy, mismatched woman to the height of austere tragedy. If you have liked the author's other novels about the Landes section of France, you will probably want to read this one.

### GENERAL

**MONA LISA'S MUSTACHE**, by T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbins (Knopf). An urbane and frequently humorous frontal attack on modern art, by the author of "Goodbye, Mr. Chippendale." Mr. Robsjohn-Gibbins maintains that abstractionism, surrealism, and other advanced forms of art are closely related to witchcraft, that the cultivation of the special and the mystic has implications of Fascism, and that the whole business is a fake anyway.

**WE CALLED IT MUSIC**, by Eddie Condon and Thomas Sugrue (Holt). A combination autobiography (Mr. Condon) and history of jazz (Mr.





Sugrue). Mr. Condon's fast-running and often funny memoirs, which make up the largest and best part of the book, pretty much cover the story of the jazz movement during the past twenty years. Mr. Sugrue's contribution is several "narrations," which are supposed to fill in the historical background of jazz music. An appendix contains Mr. Condon's preferred list of jazz records. Illustrated.

**STAVROGIN'S CONFESSION**, by F. M. Dostoevsky (Lear). Three hitherto unpublished chapters from Dostoevsky's "The Possessed," dealing with Nikolai Stavrogin's rape of a little girl and her subsequent suicide—a terrible and powerful section of the story that was deleted by the author for reasons that perhaps will never be determined. The book includes a psychoanalytic essay, "Dostoevsky and Parricide," by Sigmund Freud, who was a great admirer of the Russian's novels and whose theories about the unconscious were curiously anticipated by Dostoevsky in such works as "Notes from the Underground."

**THE PORTABLE RUSSIAN READER**, edited by Bernard Guilbert Guerney (Viking). An honest anthology rather than a quick pasteup of threadbare material. Mr. Guerney, an industrious admirer of Russian literature, translated each of his selections, and introduces each author with a spirited note. Among the entries, which are both pre- and post-revolutionary, are novelettes, short stories, examples of folk humor, and proverbs—nearly all of them unfamiliar. There is a good general introduction.

**THE PORTABLE CHEKHOV**, edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky (Viking). Another first-rate collection, assembled by a distinguished scholar and translator. The book comprises two plays, a group of letters, and twenty-eight short stories, giving an idea of Chekhov's versatility and range of interests.

**HORACE PIPPIN: A NEGRO PAINTER IN AMERICA**, by Selden Rodman (Quadrangle). Pippin, who died last year, was one of the most talented of the so-called "modern primitives." Despite the brevity of his painting career (he never picked up a brush until 1930), he had a range of emotional expression far beyond that of most other unschooled artists. This book provides an extremely sympathetic and carefully documented account of Pippin's career, along with

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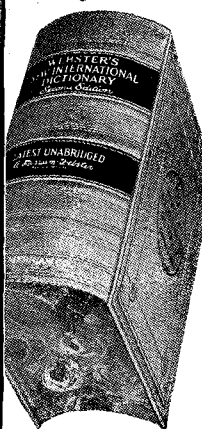
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NOTE: "The New Yorker Book of War Pieces," a collection of seventy articles about the war that were first printed in these pages, has been published by Reynal & Hitchcock. The selections, which are arranged in approximately chronological order, make up this magazine's informal history of the war.

#### MYSTERY AND CRIME

**TOO MANY WOMEN**, by Rex Stout (Viking). Archie Goodwin, still doing Nero Wolfe's leg work for him, poses as a personnel expert in a big Wall Street concern in an effort to smoke out the details of an old murder. Most of Goodwin's time, as the title indicates, is given over to dalliance with the firm's female help, but he does manage to get enough data to enable Wolfe to explain the murder, and a later one as well. Disappointing stuff, though, especially for readers who remember examples of more solid detection on the part of the Wolfe-Goodwin team.

**CLEVELAND MURDERS**, edited by Oliver Weld Bayer (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). The sixth in a rather uneven series of regional stories dealing with actual murders. Cleveland, it seems, is noted chiefly for its passion for civic reform, which sometimes becomes quite violent. Many of the pieces are based on good material, but the treatment of few of them is better than routine; "The Kagy Case," by Charles and Dorothy Bodurtha, is the best of the lot.

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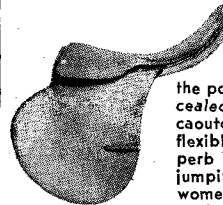
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